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READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES

BOOK II

THE GLORIOUS COURAGE OF BALTO IN THE LAST SIXTY MILES OF THE DASH FOR NOME.

[See page 369]

READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES
BOOK II

BY

HOWARD C. HILL

LABORATORY SCHOOLS, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ROLLO L. LYMAN

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

AND

NELLE E. MOORE

DEPARTMENT OF SUPERVISION, PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
WILMETTE, ILLINOIS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN DREW

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS

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J

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following authors and publishers for permission to use selections from their copyrighted publications: Milton Bradley & Company, for selections from *America First*, by Lawton B. Evans. The Century Company, for a selection, "Heroes of Peace," by Gustav Kobbé. Thos. Y. Crowell Company, for a selection from *Book of Holidays*, by J. Walter McSpadden. Daughaday & Company and the American Red Cross, for a story from *Red Cross Stories for Children*, by Georgene Faulkner. Dodd, Mead & Company, for a selection from *The Boys' Book of Firemen*, by Irving Crump. George H. Doran Company, for a story from *Corporal Cameron*, by Ralph Connor, and for a selection from *First Days of Man*, by Frederic A. Kummer. Doubleday, Doran & Company, for a selection from *Forest Neighbors*, by William D. Hulbert. Ginn & Company, for a selection from *Wood Folk at School*, by William J. Long, and for a selection from *Ways of Wild Folk*, by William J. Long. Harcourt, Brace and Company, for a poem, "Flag o' My Land," from *McAroni Ballads*, by T. A. Daly. Harper & Brothers, for a story from *This Way to Christmas*, by Ruth Sawyer, for a selection from *The Adventures of Buffalo Bill*, by William F. Cody, and for a poem, "Little Lost Pup," from *The Laughing Muse*, by Arthur Guiterman. Highway Education Board, for a selection, "My Share in Making the Highway Safe," by Theodore Poole. Henry Holt & Company, for a selection from *The Bent Twig*, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. By special permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers, for poems by Ralph Waldo Emerson and by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and for a selection from *Wild Animal Ways*, by Ernest Thompson Seton. *Junior Red Cross News*, for a story by Frances W. Fox. Alfred Knopf, for a selection from *Told Again*, by Walter de la Mare. Little, Brown & Company, for a selection from *Robin Hood, His Book*, by Eva M. Tappan, for a story from *Spinning Wheel Stories* and for a story from *Jack and Jill*, by Louisa M. Alcott, for a selection from *The Light Bringers*, by Mary H. Wade, and for a selection from *Pilgrims of Today*, by Mary H. Wade. The Macmillan Company, for a story from *Good Citizenship Through Story Telling*, by Mildred P. Forbes, for a selection from *Rain on the Roof*, by Cornelia Meigs, for a selection from *A Friend Indeed*, by Julia A. Schwartz, and for a selection from *Three Young Crows and Other Bird Stories*, by

Ernest H. Baynes. A. C. McClurg & Company, for a selection from *Widow O'Callaghan's Boys*, by Gulielma Zollinger. Charles E. Merrill Company, for a story, "The Boy of Mont St. Michel," by Charles E. A. Winslow. *Nature Magazine*, for a selection by William L. Finley and Irene Finley. *North Carolina Teacher*, for a selection by Jessie L. Hodges. Charles Scribner's Sons, for poems by Henry van Dyke and by Eugene Field, for a selection from *Washington, the Young Leader*, by George W. Gerwig, for a selection by Enos Mills, for a selection from *Letters to His Children*, by Theodore Roosevelt, and for a selection from *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Frederick A. Stokes Company, for a poem by Annette Wynne, from *A Year Round Treasury of Verse for Children*. Harold Vindal, for a poem by Morris A. Beer. World Book Company, for a story from *Educative Story Telling*, by Katherine D. Cather, for a selection from *Jimmy and the Junior Safety Council*, by Stella Booth, and for a selection, "The Live Wire," by Roy R. Bailey.

PREFACE

Reading and Living, a series of basal readers for the middle and upper grades, is designed to outline instruction based on the following principles.

Good Books Help Us to Live Together

At home or at school, at work or at play, we spend most of our waking hours with other people. Happiness depends largely upon our success in getting along with companions; problems and difficulties usually come from human associations. Indeed, a successful life is chiefly the result of living well with other folk.

Books help us to understand the meaning of life and aid us in getting along well with other people. Stories, poems, essays, and novels usually deal with the lives of men and women, and with the ways in which they live together. Books give us pictures of boys and girls, of men and women as they play and work together, and help us to understand the problems of life. In short, good books are the mirrors of life.

Units of Instruction Are Determined by Life Values

Reading and Living brings out the values of literature in portraying life by grouping selections in thought units. Grouping selections merely in accord with their factual content, as for example, Dog Stories, Animal Literature, Tales of Fancy, and the like, is of secondary importance. Instead, units of thought based on the fundamental meanings of selections, on their interpretations of life as intended by the writers themselves, are substituted.

Reading and Living for the middle grades has for its organization the following themes of happy and successful living:

MAJOR THEMES	BOOK I	BOOK II	BOOK III
1. *Adventure:*	Discovering	Adventuring	Inventing
2. *Stability:*	Being Reliable	Steadiness	Being Steadfast

MAJOR THEMES	BOOK I	BOOK II	BOOK III
3. *Helpfulness:*	Friendliness and Kindness	Comradeship	Good Will
4. *Happiness:*	Fun and Fancy	Good Times	Enjoying Life
5. *Security:*	Keeping Well and Strong	Safety	Saving
6. *Heroism:*	Pluck	Bravery	The Roll of Honor
7. *Duty:*	Being Faithful	Being Loyal	Citizenship and Service

These twenty-one units are presented by means of children's literature of high order. Without being unduly emphasized, ideals of right living are developed through carefully chosen selections and through a rich variety of pupil activities centering about the foregoing themes. Literary materials and pupil activities are thus closely associated with training in ideals, character, and citizenship.

Systematic Training Is Given in Reading Abilities

Reading and Living definitely continues training in the fundamental reading skills begun in the first three grades. Growing command over printed symbols is systematically provided for throughout the series. In the middle-grade books reading becomes in the main a succession of overlapping mental activities which are best considered in three main divisions: adequacy in rate, in comprehension, and in appreciation. The first is primarily a matter of economy of time; the last two involve fundamental processes of thinking; all three are essential in effective reading.

Reading and Living for the middle grades treats comprehension and appreciation in an elementary way, through practice always, and only occasionally through explanation and analysis. Pupil experiences are systematically planned to develop the following reading capacities.

I. Adequacy of Recognition and Reading Rate
   1. Ability to recognize instantly printed or written symbols.
   2. Ability to make suitable adjustments in rate of reading.

II. Adequacy of Comprehension and Interpretation.
   1. Ability to discover purpose and motive in reading.
   2. Ability to grasp the organization of an author's ideas.

3. Ability to choose or select the outstanding elements of an author's thought.
4. Ability to visualize, to picture, to recreate in imagination scenes read.
5. Ability to supplement what the author says.

III. Adequacy of Appreciation and Application.

1. Ability to find enjoyment in reading.
2. Ability to evaluate an author's thought.
3. Ability to apply what is read to life situations.

Guidance of Pupil Activities Is Systematic

Reading and Living provides many questions, challenges and projects, based upon scientific studies in this field, and designed to arouse the pupils' thought, stimulate worthwhile discussion, and to focus attention upon the meaning of selections. Memory questions are reduced to a minimum. Instead, throughout the series, a carefully planned distribution has been made of elementary problems involving selective recall, application of principles, causal reasoning, comparison and contrast, imagination, and other thought-provoking types.

Reading and Living does not depend merely upon questions and problems for discussion in the study program, but motivates a variety of activities in related fields. Oral activities, such as floor talks, dramatization, committee meetings; written activities, such as making outlines, writing reports, letters, and original poems; manual activities, such as constructing models, performing experiments; general activities, such as collecting materials, maintaining a bulletin-board, holding exhibits, keeping records, and making excursions, are suggested throughout the series. The projects provide for variety in individual tastes and abilities, and insure a desirable minimum of co-operative group activities.

Provisions Are Made for Independent Reading

Reading and Living helps schools supplement the "recitation" with laboratory exercises and work-shop procedures. For this purpose the series employs three methods to make possible a wide variety of independent reading by individual pupils, the use of which is desirable, but not indispensable.

A *Class Library* of carefully selected titles is suggested for each book. The contents of the books have been analyzed, and suitable reading references given for each of the units of the respective volumes. This means that every pupil in the class can dip repeatedly into the class-library books.

Independent reading may also be secured through a series of *Read-a-Book* lists, one of which is placed at the opening of each unit. The books listed are found in many public and school libraries. Through the lists "free reading" is carefully selected and is correlated with class reading.

Suggestions for *Volunteer Readings* are also placed after specific selections. A large number of such readings are provided in order that pupils may choose stories along the lines of their special interests.

It is not necessary that all of the books suggested in the three lists be available. The small outlay required for the *Class Library* will provide a departure from the "one book" English class. Schools desiring to build up their libraries may to advantage consult the book lists. All titles have been compiled from scientific studies of children's interests in reading.

The Outgrowth of Classroom Experience

Reading and Living is the outgrowth of years of experience in English classes. The series is offered as basal reading textbooks in the belief that their modern program will meet the needs of middle and upper grade instruction. The *correlation* with life problems, the indirect training in *character traits*, the *socialization* through co-operating groups of pupils, the *individualization* of reading and expressional projects, the wide provisions for *free, independent reading*, the systematic *training in the higher reading processes*, the *integration* of expressional experiences with reading are all suitably subordinated to two major objectives: (1) The *introduction* of boys and girls *to the fascinating world of books*, and (2) by this means the development in them of the fundamental *traits of good conduct and citizenship*.

TO THE TEACHER

Reading and Living is designed to furnish instruction in line with modern progressive thought concerning the teaching of reading. The outstanding features in the series are given below, with suggestions as to how the materials may be used to provide instruction in accordance with this thought.

I. The chief value of literature lies in its content and message.

1. Ask your pupils to turn to the Table of Contents on page xv. Talk over with them the titles of the units. Call attention to the fact that each selection has a definite relation to the central thought of the unit. In this way pupils will get an idea of the book as a whole, made up of related parts, rather than of unrelated stories and poems.
2. Ask the pupils to turn to the beginning of the first unit, "Adventuring." Examine the picture, read together the foreword and the introductory paragraphs on pages 1–4. In this way lead the pupils to understand the meaning of the theme of the first unit. Have the pupils again look over the Contents of Adventuring on page xv, noticing that all the selections develop the basal theme, Adventuring.

II. Silent reading needs emphasis in the middle grades; whenever oral reading is introduced, it should be looked upon as *interpretative reading*.

1. Most of the directions throughout the text call for silent reading; but ample opportunity is also given for *selective* oral reading for the purpose of clarifying or verifying points raised in class discussion. Use such opportunities frequently; see examples in this book, on pages 101, 109, 211, and in the Manual.

III. Reading does not consist of one general ability, but of many specific abilities. Classroom experiences should give regular and progressive training in the different reading skills and study habits.

1. Increased speed in silent reading should be developed in the middle grades.
   a. The primary grades train pupils to recognize the fundamental printed vocabulary. Practice which tends to improve this skill is continued throughout the middle grades in *Reading and Living*. For rapid recognition utilize the games given on pages 87, 131 of the text and similar ones given in the Manual.
   b. Have pupils practise recognizing phrases and clauses as single groups. Use the games suggested in class activities, text, page 159, and in the Manual.

c. Give occasional practice in recognizing whole sentences or paragraphs at a single glance. See text, page 156, and the Manual.

2. The reading rate should vary in accordance with the reader's purpose and with the nature of the selection. Use exercises to develop a habit of adjusting the reading rate to varying situations; see text, pages 16, 39, 190–191, and the Manual.
3. Reading is a process of thinking; emphasis in teaching reading should be given to adequate comprehension, interpretation, and realization of the ideas presented by the author. Utilize the abundant exercises, which are arranged in series and gradually increase in difficulty, to develop the different reading abilities in comprehending, interpreting, and realizing what is read.
   a. Ability to discover purpose and motive in reading; see text, pages 147, 339, and the Manual.
   b. Ability to grasp the organization, the sequence, of an author's thought; see text, pages 359, 425, and the Manual.
   c. Ability to choose or select the outstanding elements of an author's thought; see text, pages 79, 88, and the Manual.
   d. Ability to visualize, to picture, to recreate in imagination scenes read; see text, pages 52, 140, 201, and the Manual.
   e. Ability to supplement what the author says; see text, pages 23, 255, and the Manual.
4. Reading should provide experiences in which the reader finds enjoyment, forms opinions, and makes applications of what he reads. Have pupils participate in such activity through the exercises provided in the text.
   a. Finding enjoyment in new facts, people, lands, and life experiences found in books; see text, pages 23, 39, 218, and the Manual.
   b. Estimating the reliability or the validity of the author's information or reasoning; see text, pages 150, 217, and the Manual.
   c. Tying up reading with personal problems and with life situations; see text, pages 96, 179–180, and the Manual.

IV. The middle grades should provide opportunity for wide and varied reading experiences with materials suited to the different capacities and interests of the pupils.

1. Read a Book. Have the class examine the book list before beginning the reading of any unit. Suggest that each pupil obtain from the library a book which appeals to him and read it while the class is studying that particular unit. Provide a class period for informal conversation about the books read; plan occasional assembly programs in which book reports, posters, and dramatizations are used. See Read-a-Book lists on pages 5, 77, of text, and recommend easy books for the more backward readers as provided in the Manual.

2. Class Library. At the beginning of each unit, you will find specific references to the books called Class Library (p. xiv). Secure as many of these books as you can for use in the classroom. When you introduce a new unit to the class, call attention to the class library references. Assign references to different pupils, ask for volunteers to read the references, or use the references for additional reading for fast-reading groups. Provide opportunity for telling the stories read in these books.
3. Additional reading. On pages 130 and 153 you will find examples of lists called "Additional Readings," consisting of references to reading matter closely related to the selections to which they are attached. When possible, have pupils volunteer to look up such references and report their findings to the class. Such practice encourages pupils to work more nearly up to capacity.

V. Greater progress is made in the development of any skill when the learner notes his own progress and is conscious of his successes and his failures. Pupils should be kept informed of their progress in the development of reading skills and habits. To this end utilize the informal tests provided in *Reading and Living* and the accompanying Manual. Encourage pupils to keep their own records of rate and comprehension. See text, pages 15, 191, and the Manual.

VI. Reading should result in free expression in the form of reports, floor talks, debates, written compositions, and dramatizations. Use the suggestions for correlating oral and written expression with the reading program; see text, pages 146, 153, 159.

VII. A unit of learning embodies an idea to be grasped, or a principle to be understood. The themes of each unit should be "rounded out" at the end of the study of the unit. Through the rounding-out exercises lead the pupils to summarize the principles of living, pictured in the selections of the unit; set up with the pupils the study-habit of reviewing units of work; and secure for yourself greater insight into the tastes, ideals, abilities, and efforts of your pupils. Use a variety of rounding-out exercises; see text, pages 72–73.

1. Summarize the principles of happy and successful living and train in forming judgments through discussion and class voting; see text, pages 132, 200.
2. Provide for pupil leadership in committee work for completing the study of a unit; see suggestions on pages 201, 325 of text.
3. Give opportunity for enlarging the understanding of the theme of a unit through individual reports of additional readings, and display of projects completed during the study of the unit. See suggestions on pages 73, 266, 325 of text.

CLASS LIBRARY

These books have been selected because of their interest and value as supplementary material. Many direct references to them appear throughout this volume. It is recommended but not required that at least one copy of each book be in the school or the class library.

1. Adams, Florence and McCarrick, Elizabeth (Editors), *Highdays and Holidays*. E. P. Dutton & Company: New York, 1927.
2. Alden, Raymond M., *Why the Chimes Rang*. Bobbs-Merrill Company: Indianapolis, 1908.
3. Armfield, Constance S., *Wonder-Tales of the World*. Harcourt, Brace & Howe: New York, 1920.
4. Bailey, Carolyn S., *Stories for Every Holiday*. Abingdon Press: New York, 1918.
5. De la Mare, Walter, *Told Again*. A. A. Knopf: New York, 1927.
6. Evans, Lawton B., *America First*. Milton Bradley Company: Springfield, Mass., 1920.
7. Hodgkins, Mary D. (Editor), *Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories*. Atlantic Monthly Press: Boston, 1924.
8. Miller, Olive B. (Editor), *Through Fairy Halls of My Bookhouse*. The Bookhouse for Children: Chicago, 1920.
9. Olcott, Frances J., *Good Stories for Great Birthdays*. Houghton Mifflin Company: Boston, 1922.
10. One or both of these:
    The Book of Knowledge. 20 vols. Grolier Society: New York, 1928.
    Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. 10 vols. F. E. Compton and Company: Chicago, 1928.

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READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES
BOOK II

From a drawing, "The Yankee Clipper," by W. J. Aylward

ADVENTURING

So, Westward ho! for Trinidad and Eastward ho!
for Spain,
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be and round the world
again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way!

—HENRY NEWBOLT.

ADVENTURING

Have you ever had an adventure? Of course you have, for every one has adventures. Sometimes we do not recognize the adventures that happen to us until they are over, and sometimes we never see them at all. But nevertheless each day brings such events, if we could but recognize them. Life itself is an adventure.

What, then, is an adventure? And what does adventuring mean?

An adventure is a going-out into the unseen. It is an event in which danger and excitement enter. It is an enterprise which requires a strong and daring heart. It is an experience which calls for quick thinking and self-reliance.

To go adventuring is to face the unknown with joy and courage, no matter what may come. It is a way of meeting life which marks all happy and successful people. Adventuring is greeting the unseen with a cheer!

READ A BOOK

Find the book which looks most interesting to you and read it at home while you are studying this unit.

1. *The Adventures of François*, by S. Weir Mitchell. Century.
   A happy rascal who tells the story of his life as a juggler and a fencing master.
2. *Otto of the Silver Hand*, by Howard Pyle. Harper.
   A boy in the Middle Ages and his adventures in court and on the battle-field.
3. *The Adventures of Ulysses*, by Charles Lamb. Macmillan.
   Crafty Ulysses and his adventures on land and sea.
4. *The Story of the Golden Fleece*, by Andrew Lang. Altemus.
   The search for the Golden Fleece by Jason and the Argonauts.
5. *The Boy's Froissart*, by Sidney Lanier. Scribners.
   Knights and ladies and romances in the days of castles and tournaments.
6. *Adventures of a Grain of Dust*, by Hallam Hawksworth. Scribners.
   How nature makes rocks into soil.
7. *Little Boy Lost*, by A. W. H. Hudson. Knopf.
   Adventures of a boy lost among swamps and jungles.
8. *The Flying King of Kurio*, by William Rose Benét. Doran.
   Adventure, mystery, bandits, airplanes, and the good King of Kurio.
9. *The Fortunate Days*, by Ethel M. Gate. Yale Press.
   Tales of adventure and magic.
10. *Stories of Great Adventures*, by Carolyn S. Bailey.
    Tales of adventure in the days of knights and castles.
11. *The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter*, by Padraic Colum. Macmillan.
    Ean and Bird-of-Gold and their adventures when serving a famous enchanter.
12. *The Story of David Crockett*, by Jane Corby. Barse.
    Bears, Indians, hunting-trips, and war in the West a hundred years ago.
13. *The Forest Castaways*, by Frederick O. Bartlett. Century.
    Two boys, lost in a forest, find food and shelter. One of the boys is wounded in a fight with a wild cat.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "Leif, the Lucky," L. B. Evans, *America First,* 1–3.
2. "The Conquest of Peru," *ibid.,* 10–15.
3. "The Adventures of Miles Standish," *ibid.,* 45–51.
4. "Sir William Phips and the Treasure Ship," *ibid.,* 81–87.
5. "Blackbeard the Pirate," *ibid.,* 118–121.
6. "An Indian Trick that Failed," *ibid.,* 212–216.
7. "Columbus," Frances J. Olcott, *Good Stories for Great Birthdays,* 7–15.
8. "The Wonderful Kite Experiment," *ibid.,* 170–171.
9. "A Boy in the Valley," *ibid.,* 191–194.
10. "The Discoverers," Carolyn S. Bailey, *Stories for Every Holiday,* 28–37.
11. "Christopher Columbus," Annette Wynne, Florence Adams, and Elizabeth McCarrick, *Highdays and Holidays,* 212–214.
12. "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," Olive B. Miller, *Through Fairy Halls of My Bookhouse,* 399–407.
13. "Little Diamond and the North Wind," George MacDonald, *ibid.,* 422–437.
14. "America: Three Hundred Years of Discovery," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* 1:109–111.
15. "How Alice Rode to the Golden Gate," *ibid.,* 2:582–587.
16. "The Lore and Lure of Camping," *ibid.,* 2:594–600.
17. "The Men Who First Crossed the United States," *ibid.,* 5:1989–1990.
18. "The Romance and Tragedy of Polar Exploration," *ibid.,* 7:2859–2864.
19. "The Conquest of the Sea," *ibid.,* 8:3207–3320.
20. "Over Wild Trails with the Trappers," *ibid.,* 8:3527–3530.
21. "The Boy Who Walked to China," *Book of Knowledge,* 1:84–85.
22. "Explorers of North America," *ibid.,* 1:241–254.
23. "The Men Who Found Australia," *ibid.,* 3:859–864.
24. "Two American Pioneers," *ibid.,* 6:2189–2198.
25. The Story of the Microscope," *ibid.,* 13:4669–4678.

1. WHEN YOU MEET A BEAR

WILLIAM J. LONG

What would you do if you came face to face with a huge bear when you were walking along a narrow path with a steep cliff at one side and a swift river at the other?

Read the selection as quickly as you can without missing the story or forgetting its details. When you finish, raise your hand. Do not begin to read until you hear the signal, "Go!"

It was late afternoon and I was hurrying along the path, giving chief heed to my feet in the ticklish walking, with the cliff above and the river below, when a loud *Hoowuff!* brought me up with a shock. There at a turn in the path, not ten yards ahead, stood a huge bear, blocking me in as completely as if the mountain had toppled over before me.

There was no time to think; the shock and scare were too great. I just gasped *Hoowuff!* as the bear had shot it out of his deep lungs a moment before, and stood stock-still. He was startled as well as I. That was the only thing that I was sure about.

I suppose that in each of our heads at first there was just one thought: "I'm in a fix; how shall I get out?" And in his training or in mine there was

absolutely nothing to suggest an immediate answer. He was anxious, evidently, to go on. Something, a mate perhaps, must be calling him up river; else he would have whirled and vanished at the first alarm.

Had I been a moment sooner, or he a moment later, we should have met squarely at the turn. He would have clinched with me and that would have been the end of one of us. As it was, he saw me coming and, being peaceably inclined, had stopped me with his sharp *Hoowuff!* before I should get too near. There was no snarl or growl, no savageness in his expression; only intense questioning in the look which fastened upon my face and seemed to bore its way through, to find out just what I was thinking.

I met his eyes squarely with mine and held them, which was perhaps the most sensible thing I could have done, though it was all unconscious on my part. In the brief moment that followed I did a lot of thinking. There was no escape, up or down; I must go on or turn back. If I jumped forward with a yell, as I had done before under different circumstances, would he not rush at me, as all wild creatures do when cornered? No, the time for a yell had passed, with the first instant of our meeting. The bluff would now be too apparent; a yell must be given without hesitation, or not at all. On the other hand, if I turned back the bear would follow me to the end of the ledge, growing bolder as he came on; and beyond that it was

A LOUD "HOOWUFF!" BROUGHT ME UP WITH A SHOCK

dangerous walking, where he had all the advantage and all the knowledge of the ground.

I have wondered since how much of my hesitation he understood; and how he came to the conclusion, which he certainly reached, that I meant him no harm, but only wanted to get on and was not disposed to give him the path. All the while I looked at him steadily, until his eyes began to lose their intentness.

My hand slipped back and gripped the handle of my hunting knife. Some slight confidence came with the feel of the heavy weapon, though I would certainly have gone over the cliff and taken my chances in the current, rather than have closed with him, with all his enormous strength, in that narrow place. Suddenly his eyes wavered from mine. He swung his head to look down and up, and I knew instantly that I had won the first move—and the path also, if I could keep my nerve.

I advanced a step or two very quietly, still looking at him steadily. There was a suggestion of white teeth under his wrinkled chops, but he turned his head to look back over the way he had come and presently he disappeared. It was only for a moment; then his nose and eyes were poked cautiously by the corner of the rock. He was peeking to see if I were still there. When the nose vanished, I stole forward to the turn and found him just ahead, looking down

the cliff to see if there were any other way below.

He was uneasy now; a low, whining growl came floating up the path. Then I sat down on a rock, squarely in his way, and for the first time some faint

HE WAS PEEKING TO SEE IF I WERE STILL THERE

suggestion of the humor of the situation gave me a bit of consolation. I began to talk to him, not humorously, but as if he were a Scotchman and open only to argument.

"You're in a fix, Mooween, a terrible fix," I kept saying softly; "but if you had only stayed at home till twilight, as a bear ought to do, we should be happy now, both of us. You have put me in a fix too, you see; and now you've just got to get me out of it. I'm not going back. I don't know the path as well as you do. Besides, it will be dark soon, and I should

probably break my neck. It's a shame, Mooween, to put any gentleman in such a fix as I am in this minute, just by your blundering carelessness. Why didn't you smell me anyway, as any but a fool bear would have done, and take some other path over the mountain? Why don't you climb that spruce now and get out of the way?"

I have noticed that all wild animals grow uneasy at the sound of the human voice, speaking however quietly. There is in it something deep, unknown, mysterious, beyond all their powers of understanding; and they go away from it quickly when they can. I have a theory also that all animals understand more about us than we give them credit for; and the theory gains rather than loses strength whenever I think of Mooween on that narrow pass. I can see him now, turning, twisting uneasily, and the half-timid look in his eyes as they met mine, as if ashamed; and again the low, troubled whine comes floating up the path and mingles with the rush and murmur of the salmon pool below.

A bear hates to be outdone quite as much as a fox does. If you catch him in a trap, he seldom growls or fights or resists, as the lynx and otter and almost all other wild creatures do. He has outwitted you so often that he is utterly overwhelmed and crushed when you find him, at last, helpless and outdone. He seems to forget all his great strength, all his frightful

power of teeth and claws. He just lays his head down between his paws, turns his eyes aside, and refuses to look at you or to let you see how ashamed he is. That is what you are chiefly conscious of, nine times out of ten, when you find a bear or a fox held fast in your trap; and something of that was certainly in Mooween's look and actions now, as I sat there in his path, enjoying his confusion.

Near him a spruce tree sprang out of the rocks and reached upward to a ledge far above. Slowly he raised himself against this, but turned to look at me again sitting quietly in his own path—that he could no longer consider his—and smiling at his dismay. Then an electric shock seemed to hoist him out of the trail. He shot up the tree in a succession of nervous, jerky jumps, rising with astonishing speed for so huge a creature, smashing the little branches, ripping the rough bark with his great claws, sending down a clattering shower of chips and dust behind him, till he reached the level of the ledge above and sprang out upon it. There he stopped and looked down to see what I would do next. And there he stayed, his great head hanging over the edge of the rock, looking at me intently till I rose and went quietly down the trail.

It was morning when I came back to the salmon pool. Unlike the mossy forest floor, the hard rock bore no signs to tell me—what I was most curious to

know—whether he came down the tree or found some other way over the mountain. At the point where I had stood when his deep *Hoowuff!* first startled me, I left a big salmon, for a taste of which any bear will go far out of his way. Next morning it was gone; and so it may be that Mooween, on his next journey, found another and a pleasanter surprise awaiting him at the turn of the trail. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

READING RATE

How long did it take you to read the selection? Divide 1,448, the number of words in the story, by the number of minutes you took to read it. The result will be your reading rate. Now test the thoroughness of your reading and memory by answering the following questions. Then go over the selection to check your answers, and give yourself one point for each correct response.

TEST QUESTIONS

1. What was the first thing the man did when he saw the bear?
2. What would probably have happened had the man and the bear met a moment sooner, or a moment later?
3. Was the bear angry when he met the man?
4. Why did the man not jump and yell at the bear?
5. How did the man first make the bear turn back?
6. Did the man talk loudly or softly to the bear?
7. What name did the man give the bear?
8. What did the bear do at last?
9. What present did the man leave for the bear?
10. Did the bear try the path later on?

READING RECORD

Copy the form given below in your note-book. Put your reading scores in the proper divisions. Add to the record from time to time during the year.

DATE	TITLES OF SELECTIONS	WORDS PER MINUTE	NUMBER OF CORRECT ANSWERS

A MATCHING GAME

Find for each group of words in List I a group of words in List II which means the same or nearly the same. Write on your paper the numbers and the letters of the matching groups of words. For example, "an immediate answer" and "a prompt reply" mean nearly the same. You may show this by writing 1-c on your paper.

LIST I	LIST II
1. an immediate answer	*a*. great surprise
2. whirled and vanished	*b*. turned and disappeared
3. intense wonder	*c*. a prompt reply
4. without hesitation	*d*. great force
5. enormous strength	*e*. an idea supposed to be true
6. to be apparent	*f*. to be easily understood
7. humor of the situation	*g*. watching closely
8. a theory	*h*. without pausing for thought
9. gave me consolation	*i*. appeared to lift him
10. seemed to hoist him	*j*. the funny side of the affair
11. looking intently	*k*. comforted me

If you find that the meaning of any group of words in List I is not clear, reread the sentence in the story containing those words and see if you can get a clear idea. Try to put the group of words you choose from List II into this sentence and see if the meaning remains the same.

2. THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON

WASHINGTON IRVING

Read the story twice, the first time rapidly and the second time slowly. During the second reading jot down details that show what kind of man the mason was.

There was once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Granada, who kept all the saints' days and holidays, and Saint Monday into the bargain. Yet with all his devotion he grew poorer and poorer and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it and saw before him a tall stranger.

"Hark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger; "I have observed that you are a good Christian and one to be trusted. Will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Señor, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection. So, being hoodwinked, he was led by the stranger through various rough lanes and winding passages until they stopped before the portal of a house. The stranger then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and

opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was guided through an echoing corridor and a spacious hall to an interior part of the building.

Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a court dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the center was the dry basin of an old fountain, under which the stranger requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose.

The mason worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak the stranger put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, led him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Señor, provided I am so well paid."

"Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the stranger, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words. He followed the stranger with trembling steps into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on seeing only three or four jars stand-

ing in one corner. They were full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the stranger carried them forth and put them in their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work were covered up.

The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The stranger then put two pieces of gold into his hand.

"Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll. If you uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you"; so saying, he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its peal, he uncovered his eyes and found himself on the banks of the Xenil; whence he made his way home and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work; after which he was as poor as ever.

The mason continued to work a little, and pray a good deal, and keep saints' days and holidays from year to year, while his family grew up, as ragged as a crew of gypsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old fellow who was noted for owning many houses and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed

HE AND THE STRANGER CARRIED THEM FORTH AND PUT THEM IN THEIR TOMB

him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious, shaggy eyes.

"I am told, friend, that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Señor,—it speaks for itself."

"I presume, then, that you will be glad of a job and will work cheap?"

"As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada."

"That's what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, which costs me more money than it is worth to keep in repair, for nobody will live in it. I must patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible."

The mason was taken to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreamy recollection of the place came over him.

"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord; "it was an old miserly fellow, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich. He died suddenly, and nothing was found but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for since his death the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent. The people pretend to hear the

clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old man slept, as if he were counting his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason sturdily; "let me live in your house rent-free until some better tenant appears. I will put it in repair and quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man and am not to be daunted by the Devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money!"

The offer of the mason was gladly accepted. He moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored the dwelling to its former state; the clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the former tenant, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Granada. He gave large sums to the Church—by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience—and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his deathbed to his son and heir.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

A CHARACTER IN A PARAGRAPH

Write a paragraph telling the kind of man the mason was. In your paragraph include the details you jotted down as you read the story the second time.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Mention details that prove that the stranger wanted to keep his home hidden. Suggest reasons for his secrecy.
2. Describe the work the stranger wanted the mason to do. How long did the job take? How much pay did the mason receive?
3. What kind of man was the owner of the house? Why was he willing to let the mason occupy the place rent-free?
4. Did the mason do right to use the money in the vault?

VOCABULARY GAME

Choose the correct word or words from the list below to fill each blank in the sentences:

hoodwink	vault	deserted house
interior	miserly fellow	restore
ghastly spectacle	reveal	apply
portal		

1. A storage place may be called a .....
2. To blindfold is to .....
3. The inside may be called the .....
4. A stingy person may be called a .....
5. To make a fact known is to ..... the fact.
6. An entrance is a .....
7. To bring back to life is to .....
8. To use is to .....
9. A house which people have left may be called a .....
10. A deathlike figure may be called a .....

3. SEEKING HIS FORTUNE

WALTER DE LA MARE

As you read, think of other adventurers like Dick Whittington.

In days of old, there was a boy named Dick who was an orphan. His father and mother had died when he was young. The only living he could get was by keeping pigs in the forest. He had little to eat, only rags to wear, and he watched his pigs with envy as they nuzzled and grunted after their beech-nuts and acorns, and grew fat and hearty. The only friend Dick had in the world was his cat.

Now this cat of Dick's was a fine, sleek, black cat, very wary on her feet, and with bright green eyes. She never meowed and seldom purred. But she was exceedingly fond of her master, ragged Dick, and would sometimes bring him a wild bird out of the bushes, and, laying it at his feet, look up into his face, as if to say, "Share a bite with me, master."

Then Dick would laugh at his cat, and scratch her head. He loved her company.

One day in his ramblings with the pigs through the forest, Dick met a charcoal-burner, who gave him a bit of bread to eat. Dick stayed to talk, and as they sat together the charcoal-burner told of his travels and adventures in all parts of the country and in

other countries too. Then Dick asked him about London.

"London's a fine city," said the charcoal-burner, "full of rich men and fine ladies and great houses, and a fine wide river with boats and bridges, and streets paved with gold. Oh, it's a fine city!"

"What would a boy like me find to do there?" said Dick Whittington, for that was his full name.

"Why," says the charcoal-burner, stirring up the fire with his foot, "make his fortune." And he laughed.

When Dick had gone back to his pigs, he began thinking about what he had heard. He built a London in his mind. Half-believing the charcoal-burner's stories, he vowed he would take the road next morning and tramp off to London, and when once Dick had decided on anything he did it.

Early next morning he left his pigs in the forest, and with his cat under his jacket, set off for London. When he reached the city the sun was shining clear and low in the west, so that the streets with their churches and mansions looked as dazzling as gold; rich men were walking about in the streets or were riding on horseback; by the river were carts and peddlers. That night he saw the Lord Mayor go by—with boys carrying torches—in his great gilded coach, and footmen like fat porpoises.

But next day the city seemed different. He came

to filthy alleys and courts where thieves and beggars lived, and where half-starved children played in the streets. Try as he might, Dick couldn't find work.

"OH, IT'S A FINE CITY!"

Nobody would look at him because of his rags. They thought him a sneak-thief or a pickpocket. The women in the houses where he knocked slammed the door in his face. The curs in the streets snapped at his heels because of his cat, and Puss was soon in a worse temper than ever before.

But night came down, the noise of the streets ebbed away, the lights went out in the windows, and after a short nap Dick's cat stole off and had a hearty meal off a slab of fish she managed to steal from a fishmonger's stall. Puss then caught a black rat and brought it to Dick as he lay asleep on the doorstep of an empty shop.

Now it chanced that the next morning a certain merchant passed by the place where Dick lay, and saw the lad huddled asleep on the doorstep, with his cat curled up beside him. There, too, lay the black rat, dead upon the step. Smiling to himself at the sight of the cat and the rat, the merchant stooped and looked closer into the boy's face. Grimy though it was, Dick's face looked gentle and honest, and not sharp or cunning. The merchant liked the looks of the lad.

Shaking the boy gently by the shoulder, the merchant woke him and asked, "Would you like a chance to work in my warehouse? A chance, my lad, to prove what you're made of."

Tears of joy came into Dick's eyes, for he was footsore and hungry. But the first thing he said was, "Please, sir, if I come may I bring my cat?"

"Why," said the merchant heartily, "Puss will be as welcome as you are, for my warehouse is packed with grain and oil and flour and bacon, and contains rats by the hundred and mice by the ten thousand.

SAW THE LAD HUDDLED ASLEEP ON THE DOORSTEP

It will be a fine brisk living for your cat, and good for my merchandise."

For a time Dick was happy at his work. But at night the huge warehouse was dark and solitary—nothing to be heard but squeaks and scamperings and creakings, and the chuckle and gentle drumming of the tide on the stones and timbers of the walls of the warehouse, for it was built out upon a wharf in the river. After some months Dick began to be restless and ill at ease.

At last, one night in spring, he could bear the loneliness no longer. Forgetting the merchant's kindness he took his cat under his arm, crept out of the warehouse into the moonlight, and ran away as fast as he could.

When morning broke, Dick found himself sitting under a hedge on the hill of Highgate, a few miles out of London, but not so far that he could not hear the bells ringing. He listened to the sound stealing over the fields, and as they rang the bells seemed to say:

"Turn-a-gain-Whit-ting-ton!
Come-back-Dick-Whit-ting-ton!
Lord-Mayor-of-London-town!"

And as Dick listened to the bells, he thought of his master. His cat was cleaning her face with her paw. Four and forty times Puss passed her paw over the ear on that side of her face toward London. Dick

counted, still listening to the bells. When, for the last time, Puss passed her paw gently over the same ear, she paused and looked up at her young master. Puss seemed to be listening too, while once again the bells sang out:

"Turn-a-gain-Whit-ting-ton!
Come-back-Dick-Whit-ting-ton!
Lord-Mayor-of-London-town!"

Dick could resist their call no longer. With a sigh, partly because he did not wish to go back, and partly because he was sorry he had run away, he got up, turned back to the warehouse, and in the early morning crept in through a window, thanking God to find everything safe. And what a scurrying and squeaking there was in the back part of the warehouse when his cat leapt in after him!

So all went well until the merchant said to Dick one day as he paid him his wages: "Well, Dick, you have been with me for a full year now, and I'm satisfied with you. Next week I have a ship sailing for the Indies. Would you like to see the world and go too? The ladies have packed a little chest for you. You shall be cabin boy, and you shall take Puss."

Dick was overjoyed. In a few days the ship put off from the quay and out of the Port of London, gliding over the sparkling Thames, and so out to sea. After many weeks of calm and storm, she came in sight at evening of an island where a certain Blackamoor was

King, named King Ponmageelza, who had a prodigious store of gold and pearls and precious stones, and huts full of ivory.

Next morning the Captain went ashore to trade with this mighty Blackamoor. The ship had been sighted far out at sea by the savages, and the Blackamoor in his feathers and paint sat waiting for the Captain under a kind of canopy with his wives, while his slaves fanned him with peacock's plumes. He traded with the Captain and entertained him, too, with good things to eat and drink.

But while the Captain and the Blackamoor sat at table, rats were everywhere—long-nosed, ravenous, cunning rascals, that gave them not an instant's peace. Such was the impudence of the rats that two of them, while the Captain was talking to the King, scrambled up and nibbled at the yams on his plate. The Captain could scarcely talk or think for the botheration of them, they were so bold and nimble. Indeed, the King had six slaves whose sole work was to keep off the rats.

When the Captain had come back to the ship, Dick heard him telling about the rats.

"Such a lot of rats you never set eyes on!" he said. "They'd pick your teeth while you ate!" he said.

Then Dick made bold to speak to the Captain:

"If you please, sir, may I go ashore and take my cat with me, and see the King?"

The Captain said, "Go, my boy; but be back when the gun fires." The Captain liked the lad.

So Dick put his cat into a biscuit bag, after scratching her head and whispering into her ear that all was well. Then he was put ashore from the boat, the sea calm and the sands with their tufted palm trees yellow as gold. He found the Royal Blackamoor asleep on a couch, his slaves drowsing on either side of him, and the rats everywhere. Dick watched them, hardly knowing what to do, standing there, and King Ponmageelza asleep, for he felt Puss scrabbling like half a dozen witches in the bag. But the rats made no more of Dick than a dummy.

Presently, indeed, one of them, even bolder than the rest, climbed up on the royal couch, and began, as if in sheer bravado, to gnaw at the King's toe, at which the King woke up in a rage and saw Dick standing there. Then Dick ducked his head, and said:

"If you please, your Majesty, I have something in this bag that will keep down the rats."

But the King merely rolled his black eyes at this, not understanding a word he said, for Dick spoke English and not the Blackamoor's language. So the King sent for an old silver-wigged savage who was a wizard and a witch-doctor. Dick repeated what he had said about the rats, and the wizard told the King what Dick had said. And the King said, "Oh!"

Then Dick showed the King what he had in his biscuit bag. Indeed, the very instant he loosened the string of the bag Puss sprang out with a growl like a gholliegrampus, the first growl Dick had ever heard his cat utter, and in a moment seventeen rats lay stricken on the floor, and the rest had scuttled back into their runs. If this was mere day-work, what of the night?

The King was pleased beyond measure. His black face shone with joy. He said he would buy the cat. But Dick shook his head; he would lend his cat, but not sell her. The King still wished, but Dick kept on and wouldn't, and said, "No." At length it was agreed between them that King Ponmageelza would borrow and keep the cat for one whole year, and in return the Blackamoor would give Dick twelve casks of gold and silver and precious stones, and a good bundle of tusks of ivory. Dick thought he was getting a marvellous price for the loan of his cat, but the King, having more wealth than was good for him, thought the arrangement a bargain.

At that moment the gun sounded from the ship, and Dick, having bidden Puss good-by, went down to the beach where a boat was waiting for him. He told the sailors to fetch twelve empty casks; so the sailors rowed back to the ship and brought back the empty casks, and the King's slaves filled them with gold and silver and precious stones, and then carried down the bundles of ivory.

AND THE KING SAID "OH!"

When Dick reached England again, and the ship had sailed up the Thames to the wharf he knew so well, the merchant heard his tale to the end, and was delighted with his good fortune.

"See here, Master Whittington," he said, clapping him on the shoulder. "You and I will trade together, and if you do well you shall marry my daughter, and when I die you shall be my heir."

And Dick, who owed all his good fortune to his master, blushed and said, "Yes." Of his own free will—and glad he was to do it—he gave the merchant two of the casks filled with the riches he had received from the Blackamoor, and seven tusks of the best of his ivory. Then he picked out from what was left enough great pearls for a necklace that would go round a slender neck, and he gave them to his master's daughter. At which she blushed more even than Dick had. After that he worked harder than ever.

At the end of the year, when the ship came back again from her voyage to the Indies, the Captain brought with him Dick's cat, more sleek and shapely than ever, and wearing a collar of sharkskin studded with emeralds round her neck. When Dick took Puss into his arms again he could not keep the tears out of his eyes; and Puss nuzzled his face and purred.

For a present, and in gratitude for the cat, the black King had sent Dick twelve more casks of

precious stones, and another great clump of elephants' tusks, some of them carved with animals and palms. Dick and his master prospered more and more, and in due time Dick married his master's daughter, and became London's greatest of merchants, and at last Lord Mayor.

On the very day he became Lord Mayor, as he sat in his coach, rolling over the cobbles, with the great gold mace at the window, the bells clanging in the steeples, and the people huzzahing from the streets, windows, and housetops, he went back in thought to the ragged boy called Dick who had come with only his cat out of the country to the great city and who was now Sir Richard Whittington, the most beloved of her freemen, and a friend of the King himself. As he sat in his coach listening to the bells, he heard no more the shouting and huzzahing of the people, but only what the bells in their distant chimes had said to him years and years ago, that spring daybreak on the hill of Highgate, when by night he had run away out of the warehouse:

"Turn-a-gain-Whit-ting-ton!
Come-back-Dick-Whit-ting-ton!
Lord-Mayor-of-London-town!"

He rejoiced at the thought, but at the same moment felt quiet and humble.

When he got back to his mansion in the city, and

before he made himself ready for the great banquet that evening, he gave his cat, who was now, alas! long past mousing, a tender young roast pigeon for supper—a pigeon especially stuffed and garnished with rats'-tails. He had the bird served, too, on a silver platter—though Puss as soon as she set teeth into the bird pulled it off on the floor. At sight of this, Lady Whittington, who stood beside Dick, kissed him on both cheeks and laughed out loud. Nor was Dick chosen Mayor of London but once. He was Mayor four times, was loved and revered by all men in the city, and was famous not only in England but in all the world.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Which of Dick's adventures was most interesting to you?
2. Tell about adventures you thought of as you read the story.
3. Mention incidents that show that much of Dick's success was due to himself. Tell three things he owed to his cat.
4. Find four passages where the author gives a touch of fun to the story.
5. Point out details that indicate that at least parts of the story are make-believe. Mention parts that you think may have actually happened.
6. Tell a story about a pet cat you once had at home.

DRAMATIZATION

Chose a committee to act out Dick's adventure with King Ponmageelza.

4. ROMANCE

GABRIEL SETOUN

Does this poem belong in a unit called Adventuring?

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;

On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses[1] down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Does this poem belong under Adventure? Give reasons. Would Adventure be as good a title for the poem as Romance? Explain.
2. Tell a story you thought of as you read the poem.
3. Read the line which shows the direction the ship was sailing. What do you think became of the vessel? Make up a story to answer the question.

[1] *cutlass*, a short, heavy, curved sword, used by sailors.

5. FINDING THE NORTH POLE

MARY H. WADE

For a hundred years and longer men tried to reach the North Pole. This selection tells how the feat was finally accomplished. Study the account carefully, noticing the difficulties and perils in the way. Try this plan:

1. Go through the selection rapidly to see the main parts of the story.
2. Read the account slowly and try to remember the important steps in the adventure.
3. Glance over the selection a third time to fix the details.

On the sixth of July, 1908, one of the hottest days ever known in New York City, the *Roosevelt,* with Captain Bartlett in charge, sailed out of the harbor carrying Peary toward the coldest and most dreary part of the world. Small and black was the ship, slow and ungraceful, but as strong as she could be made for the coming fight with the Ice King.

The expedition had been provided with everything that could possibly be needed, except the supplies which the cold lands of the North could furnish—quantities of seal and whale meat. The *Roosevelt* was equipped with comfortable furniture, and magazines in plenty, and a pianola to furnish music. Great care had been taken about the food. Peary had prepared to be away a long time if need be.

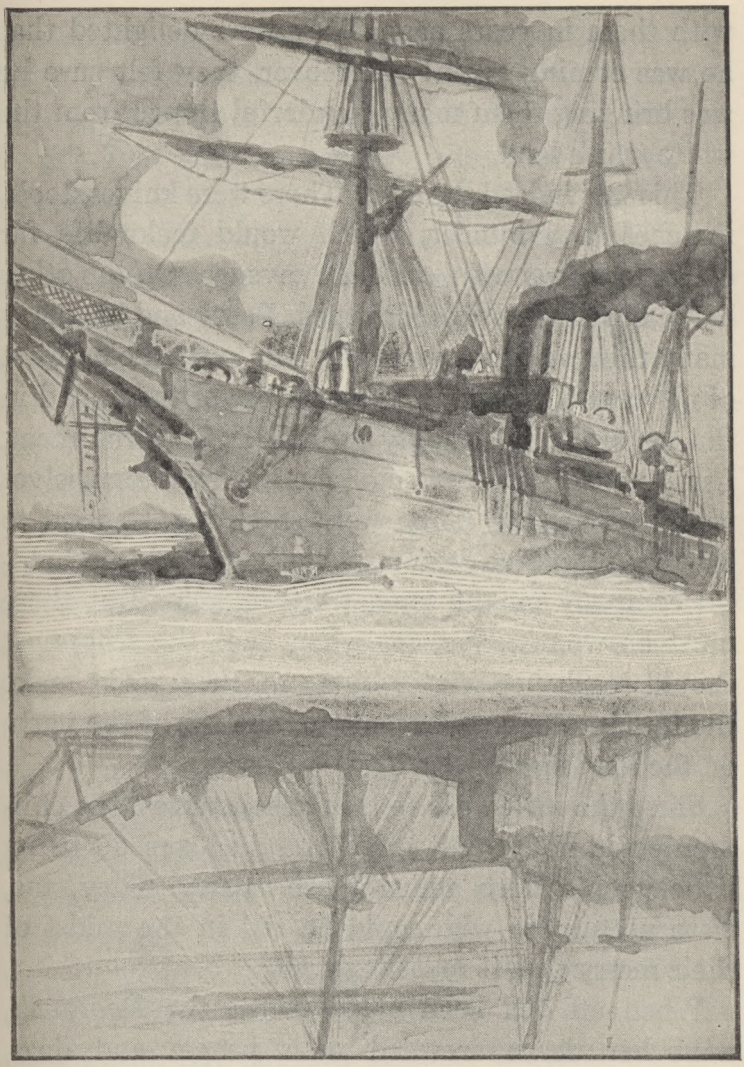
The *Roosevelt* made a number of stops on the

northward voyage. At one place stout whale-boats were added to the load the ship was already carrying, in case the ice-pack should make her helpless. Afterward, on the coast of Maine, a strong rudder bound with steel was taken on board, in case anything should happen to the rudder of the *Roosevelt.*

Still later, on the coast of Cape Breton, the *Roosevelt* took on a supply of coal. Here Peary bade goodby to his wife and children. Still farther on, at Cape St. Charles, he bought a whale which had just been killed and had its meat carefully stowed away. It would furnish many a good meal for the dogs which would soon be added to the party.

The days grew steadily longer, until at last the Arctic Circle was passed and there was no more night. The sun shone on the travelers through the whole twenty-four hours. Cape York was the point next to be reached. Here is a small oasis where flowers and grasses grow in plenty during the short summer-time. Behind the cliffs, which break the force of the sharp winds blowing over the ocean, are a few small huts made of stones and turf. They are the homes of Eskimos and are the farthest north of any in the whole world.

As the *Roosevelt* steamed in toward the shore, the tiny skin canoes of the natives came darting out over the waters to meet the ship. Every one in the village knew Peary and loved him. He had spent much time



THE "ROOSEVELT"

with them in years past. They were delighted that he was coming again! Moreover, they felt sure he was bringing them many wonderful things from the white man's land.

This was indeed the case. There were knives, tools, matches, and lumber, which would make life far easier for the simple, childlike savages. On the other hand, the Eskimos could furnish Peary and his party many things necessary for the trip to the Pole. First of all were the dogs, a large number of them, and in the next place, a supply of furs and walrus meat. Last, but not least, some of the Eskimos themselves would be needed. They were so strong, so used to braving the fierce storms, that they would be helpful company on the long, white march. But there must be women, too, for when once the *Roosevelt* should reach her winter quarters, they could make the furs into warm garments for the use of the party on the long march.

Since the men were to bring their wives, the children could not be left behind, and as a result many little people were added to the party. They, too, were useful, for who could be sad in the midst of their merry shouts and laughter?

When all had been made ready, the *Roosevelt,* with her decks crowded with people and dogs, steamed slowly out of the harbor. Up through Whale Sound she moved, stopping now and then for an

exciting walrus hunt or to take on more Eskimos and dogs. Then she reached Etah. From this time on the little black ship must show what she was made of, for the fight with the Ice King was soon to begin in earnest.

What a noisy ship the *Roosevelt* was! Sixty-nine people, whites and Eskimos, were crowded together on her decks, talking and shouting. The little, brown-skinned, black-haired children made their share of the noise, as well as the dogs, two hundred and forty-six of them, barking and howling to their hearts' content.

A thick fog settled around the ship, and soon afterward, bump, bump, she went into an iceberg, but she was so strong that she quickly worked herself free, after breaking away a huge block from the side of the berg. Danger lurked in every foot of the way. Sometimes great sheets of ice lay below the water and were hard to see. Sometimes immense bergs reaching a hundred feet above the water closed in about the ship. Often there was only a narrow strip of water close to the shore where the *Roosevelt* was free to move. Again and again the ship was forced to stop altogether. When the danger was greatest, Captain Bartlett, brave, quiet, careful, stayed up in the crow's-nest, and shouted down to the ship as if she were a person and could understand.

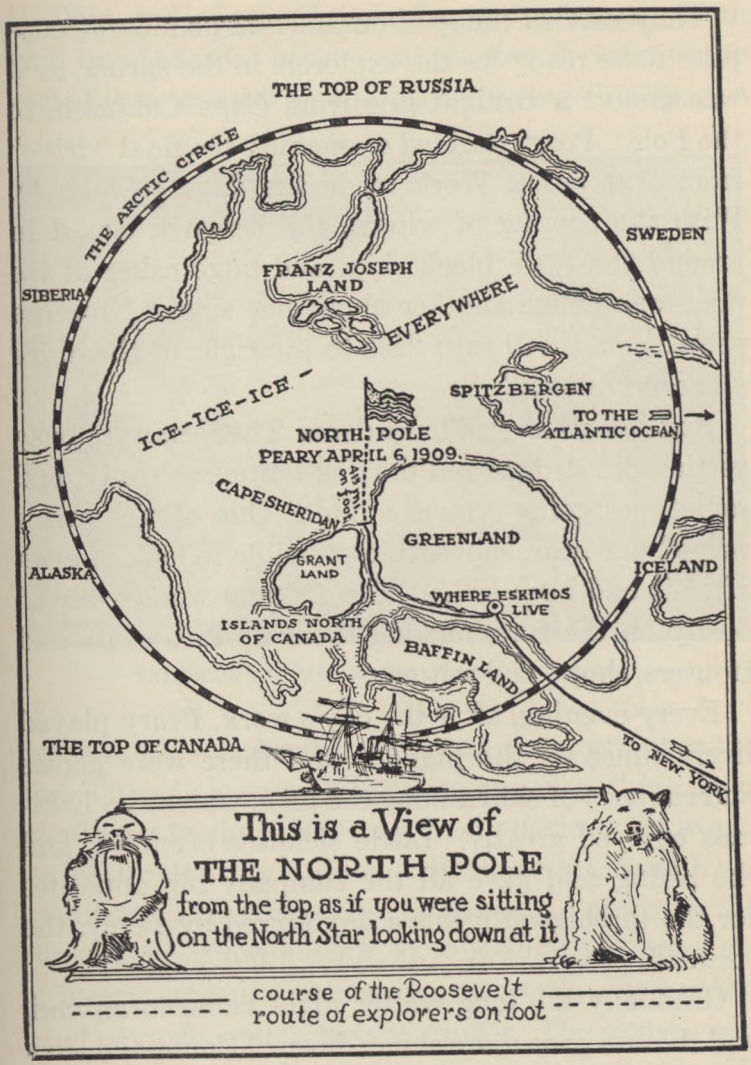
"Rip 'em, Teddy!" he would say. "Bite 'em in

two! Go it! That's fine, my beauty! Now—again! Once more!"

Were not the Eskimos frightened in the times of danger—these savages who had never before sailed on a ship? They might have been if they had had time, but Commander Peary wisely kept them busy. The men made sledges and dog-harnesses, and the women sewed, while the children, watching the older folks at work or playing among themselves. were too young to be afraid.

The longed-for goal, Cape Sheridan on Grant Land, came at last in sight. The ice-pack was not so thick now, and the little ship sailed on at full speed. For thirteen long days and nights neither Captain Bartlett nor Peary had taken off his clothes. During that time of danger they had scarcely rested at all.

At Cape Sheridan the *Roosevelt* was scrubbed from one end to the other. For nearly six months it was to be the main home of the company, both whites and Eskimos. Every one was kept busy getting ready for the winter. Hunting parties went out after deer and musk-oxen, since plenty of fresh food was needed to add to the supplies brought in the ship. The Eskimo women were not idle, either. They set traps for foxes and fished in the ponds near the shore. Then, too, sledge parties traveled up the coast to Cape Columbia, ninety miles away to the northwest.


THE TOP OF RUSSIA
THE ARCTIC CIRCLE
SWEDEN
SIBERIA
FRANZ JOSEPH LAND
EVERYWHERE
SPITZBERGEN
TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN
ICE-ICE-ICE
NORTH POLE
PEARY APRIL 6, 1909.
CAPE SHERIDAN
GREENLAND
ALASKA
GRANT LAND
ICELAND
WHERE ESKIMOS LIVE
ISLANDS NORTH OF CANADA
BAFFIN LAND
THE TOP OF CANADA
TO NEW YORK
This is a View of
THE NORTH POLE
from the top, as if you were sitting on the North Star looking down at it
course of the Roosevelt
route of explorers on foot

They carried many thousands of pounds of supplies to be ready for the explorers in the spring, as it was almost a straight line from Cape Columbia to the Pole. Peary decided on making the final "drive" from that point. Work made the days go quickly. With the coming of winter, the ice-pack closed in around the little black ship, and huge cakes of ice piled one above another about her sides. Now the people could well say: "Ice to the right of them, ice all around them."

But much was still to be done. The men were busy getting the sledges and the dog-harnesses ready, and sometimes going off on a hunt. One of the prizes was a huge bear, snow-white, terrible to look at even after it had been killed. The Eskimo women sewed busily on the furs, making them up into coats and trousers, shoes, and mittens.

Every evening, after the day's work, Peary played lively tunes on the pianola, and there were games and contests of skill among the men, which the Eskimos enjoyed greatly. Little sickness occurred, and the biting cold gave all the company big appetites for the three good meals a day served by Percy, the steward.

Gradually the long winter night came to an end, and the sun once more shone down. "Come, the time is at hand," it seemed to say. "Are you ready for the great undertaking?"

"Yes, indeed, yes!" was the answering cry from that band of stout hearts, and the first division of the expedition started on the way, moving first up the

THE ESKIMO WOMEN SEWED BUSILY ON THE FURS

coast to Cape Columbia, then straight north over the ice. The whole party was not to keep together. That would not be the safest way, Peary decided. It would be better for the different divisions, each with its own supply of provisions, to be spread out over the way. Then if harm came, it would not fall upon all.

Every step of the way meant work, the hardest kind of work, with constant danger. The sledges carried only the supplies, while the men tramped beside them, encouraging the dogs, as they tugged at their

heavy loads. The ice, instead of being a long, smooth sheet, was often rough and jagged and gathered into unshapely piles by wind and storm.

At any moment the men might find themselves at the edge of a "lead," a lane of water formed by the breaking up of the ice-floes. A lead might be only a few feet wide, or it might be a mile. In that case, there was only one thing to do, and that was to wait patiently for the lead to close up again. But there was always a chance that it would not close up. Or again, it might be that leads had already opened up behind the explorers, so that it would be impossible for them to reach home again.

Besides this greatest of all dangers, there were blinding storms, from which the only shelter was the huts which the men sawed out of the hardened snow. Each night of the march was spent in such snow huts. At the end of every day's long march, the cook set up his "kitchen" in one of the huts. This "kitchen" was simply a wooden box containing two oil-stoves, on which the meals were cooked.

After feeding the dogs and eating their own hot supper, the men crawled into the huts and were soon sleeping as only men can who are tired in every joint and muscle. Although the cold was great, it was not safe to use sleeping-bags. Suppose a lead should open up right under a snow hut. The men within, falling suddenly into the icy water, would almost

certainly be drowned if they were tucked away inside bags of fur.

Onward drove the party, the white men brave and hopeful always, while the Eskimos, though sometimes nervous and fearful, kept up, urged on by the thought of the rich reward that would be theirs when they returned. More than once different divisions were separated from each other by wide leads, and the men ahead were often delayed for hours waiting for those behind to catch up.

As the days passed, part of the supplies was eaten up, some of the sledges thus becoming empty. Then Peary directed some of the party to turn back. The smaller the number of men, and the fewer the sledges, the faster they could travel.

Day after day, week after week, the long, terrible march was kept up, the men fighting their way with tired and aching bodies, yet with gay and hopeful hearts. Then on April 6, 1909, the struggle was finished, and the dream of years had come true! The North Pole was won!

In the midst of the fearful lonesomeness, where one day and one night make a year, Peary planted five flags. One of them had been made by his wife and carried by the explorer for fifteen years. Another was, of course, the Red, White, and Blue, the flag dear to the heart of every American.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

TRUE-FALSE TEST

Copy the following sentences. Put a T before those that are true and an F before those that are false.

1. Theodore Roosevelt went with Peary to the Pole.
2. The ship took large quantities of seal and whale meat from New York.
3. The ship made several stops on the way to Cape York.
4. The days grew longer as Peary and his party reached the Arctic Circle.
5. The Eskimos liked Peary.
6. The Eskimo women and children were left behind in their homes.
7. Every one rested during the winter.
8. A "lead" is a lane of water between two ice floes.
9. At night the men slept in their sleeping-bags on the dash to the Pole.
10. Peary discovered the North Pole in 1909.

TOPICS FOR FLOOR TALKS

Prepare to talk before the class on the following topics. If necessary read the selection again.

1. The equipment and furnishing of the *Roosevelt.*
2. The voyage from New York to Cape York.
3. The Eskimos and the voyage to Cape Sheridan.
4. Preparations during the winter.
5. The dash to the Pole.
6. Why Peary succeeded in his purpose.

6. A FIGHT FOR LIFE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Jim Hawkins, the "I" of the following story, is a lad who had sailed as cabin-boy on a search for an island where pirates' treasure had been buried. After the island was found, half the crew, who were really pirates in disguise, mutinied, took possession of the ship, and went ashore to hunt for the treasure, leaving two of their number in charge of the vessel. Jim escaped from the pirates, rowed out to save the ship, and got on board just after Israel Hands, the coxswain, killed Red-cap, his companion. Hands, badly wounded in the thigh, promised to help Jim run the ship on the beach, if Jim would give him food and drink, and tie up his wound. But in his heart Hands intended to kill Jim at the first chance.

As the story opens, Hands, spattered with blood, is propped against the ship's bulwark; Red-cap, flat on his back, lies dead on the deck; and Jim Hawkins, two pistols in his belt, has just

returned from the cabin with a bottle of wine for the coxswain.

Read the selection quickly, picturing the action in your mind's eye as you would expect to see it in a motion-picture.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, with his eyelids lowered as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a good swig, with his favorite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then, pulling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

"Cut me a junk o' that," says he, "for I haven't no knife, and hardly strength enough, so be as I had. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've missed stays! Cut me a quid as'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm for my long home, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco, but if I was you and thought myself so badly, I would go to my prayers, like a Christian man."

"Why?" said he. "Now you tell me why."

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've broken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk which I had seen Hands hide in his pocket a few moments before to end me with. He, for his part,

took a great draught of the wine and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty year," he said, "I've sailed the seas and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I never seen good come o' goodness yet. Him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite: them's my views—amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, "we've had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail slap in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run, but the navigation was delicate and the entrance to the little bay was narrow and shallow, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt helmsman, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

"Now," said Hands, "look there; there's a pet bit for to beach the ship in. Fine flat sand, trees all around it, and flowers a-blowing like a garden. Now, boy, you stand by. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her. Starboard a little—so—steady—starboard—larboard a little—steady—steady!"

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly

obeyed; till, all of a sudden, he cried: "Now, my hearty, luff!" I put the helm hard up and the ship swung round rapidly and ran stem on for the low-wooded shore.

The excitement of managing the helm had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the bulwarks, watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows.

I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden fear seized upon me and made me turn my head.

Perhaps I had heard a creak or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's. But, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already half-way toward me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met, but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leaped sideways toward the bows. As I did so, I left hold of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward. I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the

corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool

THERE WAS HANDS, HALF-WAY TOWARD ME, WITH THE DIRK IN HIS RIGHT HAND

aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger.

The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the priming was useless with sea water. I cursed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless.

One thing I saw plainly; I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the mainmast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused. A moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high, that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any final escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the ship

struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper holes, and lay in a pool, between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers; the dead Redcap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again; for Hands had got involved with the dead body.

The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

I had been saved by being prompt. The dirk had struck not half a foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then,

having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap. He began to see the dice going against him. After a moment's obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added, with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my new-found security, I laughed aloud. At last, with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but, in all else, he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to sign articles. I'd have had you but for that there lurch: but I don't have no luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike, which comes hard,

you see, for a master mariner to a ship's younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words, and smiling away, as conceited as a cock upon a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air. I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own will, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. But they did not fall alone. With a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Tell the story of the fight between Hands and Hawkins. What parts would you expect to see in a motion-picture?
2. Why did Hands want Jim to think that he was much weaker than he really was? How did he try to make Jim think he was weak? Read aloud the sentences which give answers to the questions.
3. Find four passages in the story that show Jim Hawkins was a boy.
4. From the following adjectives select the five which best fit Jim Hawkins and the five which best describe Israel

Hands: brave, frank, cowardly, dishonest, modest, cheerful, conceited, cruel, generous, mean, determined, weak, kind, treacherous, strong, quick, deceitful, slow, shrewd, alert, quick-witted, comical, fierce. Talk over your choices, giving reasons for the adjectives you select.

5. What is the climax, or high point, of the story?

REPORTS FOR VOLUNTEERS

Secure copies of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island,* divide the story for a series of reports, and tell the class other adventures of Jim Hawkins.

A GAME WITH WORDS

Choose the correct endings for these sentences:

1. A pirate is (an animal, a robber on the seas, a kind person).
2. A bulwark is (front of a ship, a fort, the boarding around the side of a ship).
3. Navigation means (riding on a train, sailing the seas, walking).
4. A schooner is (a vessel, a car, a person).
5. Peril means (danger, pleasure, joy).
6. To creak means to (hurt, make a noise, turn around).
7. The coxswain is (the captain of the ship, the steersman of a boat, the cook).
8. An instinct is (an act that has been learned, a natural impulse, a feeling of pleasure).

Find the meanings of these words in the glossary of this book to see whether your choices are right.

7. THE DOG THAT MADE GOOD

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Reelfoot, a huge grizzly bear, has been destroying cattle on the Arrow-bell Ranch. In spite of the offer of a big reward, no one has yet succeeded in killing the Grizzly. Bob Yancy, a noted bear hunter, goes out with his pack of bear dogs, determined to get Reelfoot.

Read until you reach the point where the bear charges for Bob (page 66). Then stop and decide which of the dogs "made good." Then continue the story to the end.

Bob Yancy was ablaze with eagerness when he heard the news. His only dread was that some rival might get ahead of him. A spirited procession left the Yancy Claim that morning and headed for the Arrow-bell Ranch. The pack of dogs strayed along or forged ahead till ordered back in line by the huntsman. The venerable Thunder calmly trotted by the heels of his old friend Midnight, Yancy's coal-black mare; just before was the Terrible Turk with his red-rimmed eyes upturned at times to measure his nearness to the black mare's hoofs. Big Ben was fast by Croaker. Next was a packhorse laden with a huge steel bear trap on each side; then followed packhorses with the camping outfit, the other hunters, the cook, and the writer of this story.

Everything was in fine shape for the hunt. Everything was fitly ordered and we were well away from

the house when a troublesome element tumbled in among us. With many a yap of glee, there came bounding into our midst that fool bull terrier, Silly Billy. Like a June-bug among honey-bees, like a crazy schoolboy in a council room, he rollicked and yapped, eager to be first, to be last, to take liberties with Thunder, to chase the rabbits, to bark at the squirrels, ready for anything but what was wanted of him: to stay home and mind his own business.

Bob might yell "Go home!" till he was hoarse. Silly Billy would only go off a little way and look hurt, then make up his mind that the boss was "only fooling" and didn't mean a word of it, and start in louder than ever. He steered clear of Turk, but otherwise held a place in all parts of the procession practically all the time.

No one wished him to come, no one was willing to carry him back, there was no way of stopping him; so Silly Billy came, self-appointed, to a place on the first bear hunt of the season.

That afternoon the hunters arrived at the Arrowbell Ranch and the expert bear-man was shown the latest kill, a fine heifer barely touched. The grizzly would surely come back for his next meal. Yes, an ordinary grizzly would, but Reelfoot was extraordinary. Just because it was the bear fashion to come again soon, he might not return for a week. Yancy set a huge trap by this "kill," but he also sought out

the kill of a week gone by, five miles away, and set by that another gaping pair of grinning cast-steel jaws.

Then all retired to the friendly ranch house, where Turk succeeded in mangling a light-weight sheep-dog and Silly Billy had to be rescued from a milky drowning in the churn.

Who that knows grizzlies will be surprised to hear that that night brought the hunters nothing, and that the next was also blank? But the third morning showed that the huge brute had come in craftiness to his older kill.

I shall never forget the thrills of that day. We had passed the recent carcass near the ranch. It lay untouched and little changed. We rode on the five miles to the next. Before we were near we felt that something had happened; the dogs seemed pricked up, there was some sensation in the air. I could see nothing, but, while yet a hundred yards away, Bob was exulting, "A catch this time sure enough."

Dogs and horses were all inspired. The Terrible Turk, realizing his importance, breasted his way to the front, and the rumbling in his chest was grand as an organ. Ahead, behind, and all around him, was Silly Billy yapping and tumbling.

There was the carcass, untouched. The place of the trap was vacant, log and all were gone. All around were signs of an upset, many large tracks, so many that scarcely any were clear. Farther on we

found the sign most sought, the thirteen-inch track of a monster grizzly, and the bunch on the right paw stamped it as Reelfoot's trail.

I had seen the joy blaze in Yancy's eye before, but never as now. He glowed with the hunter's heat, let the dogs run free, and urged them on with whoops and yells of "Sic him, boys!" "Ho, boys!" "Sic him!" Not that much urging was needed; the dogs were possessed of the spirit of the day. This way and that they circled, each for himself.

Croaker first found the real trail. Big Ben was there to let the whole world know; then Thunder indorsed the statement. Had it been Plunger that spoke the rest would have paid no heed, but all the pack knew Thunder's voice, and his judgment was not open to question. They left their different tracks, and flocked behind the leader, baying deep and strong at every bound, while Turk came hurrying after and Silly Billy tried to make up in noise for all he lacked in judgment.

Away we went, the bawling pack our guides. Many a long turn we had to make to find a horseman's road, for the country was a wilderness of gullies and thickets. But we kept on, and before an hour the dinning of the pack in a clump of fallen trees announced the bear at bay.

No one who has not seen it can understand the feelings of that hour. The quick dismount, the tying

of the horses, the dragging forth of guns, the swift creep forward, the vital questions, "How is he caught? By one toe that will give, and set him free the moment that he charges, or firmly by one leg?" "Is he free to charge as far as he can hurl the log? or is he stalled in trees and helpless?"

Creeping from trunk to trunk we went. Once the thought flashed up, "Which of us will come back alive?" What a din the dogs were making! Yapping and baying, high and low, swaying this way and that, which meant the bear was charging back and forth, and still had some measure of freedom.

"Look out now! Don't get too close!" said Yancy. "Log and all, he can cover fifty feet while you make ten, and I tell you he won't bother about the dogs if he gets a chance at the men. He knows his game."

My hand trembled as I scrambled over the fallen timber. It was a moment of fierce excitement as I lifted the last limbs, and got my first peep. But the sight was a disappointment. There was the pack, bounding and yelling, and back of some brush was some brown fur, that was all. But suddenly the brushwood swayed and forth rushed a shaggy mountain of flesh, a tremendous grizzly—I never knew one could look so big—and charged at his tormentors. They scattered like flies when one strikes at a gathered swarm.

But the log on the trap caught on a stump and

held him, the dogs surged around, and now my view was clear.

This is the moment of all in the hunt. This is the time when you learn the mettle of your hounds. This is the fiery furnace in which all are tried. There was Old Thunder baying, tempting the bear to charge, but ever with an eye to a safe retreat; there was Croaker doing her duty in a mere announcement; there were the greyhounds yapping and nipping at the bear's heels; there in the background, wisely waiting, reserving his power for the exact proper time, was the Terrible Turk. And here and there bounding, yapping, insanely busy, was Silly Billy, dashing into the very jaws of death again and again, but saved by his ever-restless activity, and proud of the bunch of bear's wool in his teeth.

Round and round they went, as Reelfoot made his short, furious charges, and even Turk kept back, baying hoarsely, gloriously, but biding his time for the right moment. Whatever side Old Thunder took, there Turk went, too, and Yancy rejoiced, for that meant that the fighting dog had also good judgment and was not over-rash.

The fighting and baying swung behind a little bush. I wanted to see it all and tried to get near, but Yancy shouted out, "Keep back!" He knew the habits of the bear, and the danger of coming into range. But his shouting to me attracted the notice of the bear, and straight for Bob he charged.

Many a time before had Yancy faced a bear. Now he had his gun, but he was perched on a small and shaky log and had no chance to shoot. Swinging for a clearer view, he raised his rifle with a jerk—an ill-starred jerk—for under it the rotten trunk cracked, crashed, went down, and Bob fell sprawling among the tumbled logs. Now the grizzly had him in his power.

"Thud," "crash," as the trap-log smote the trees that chanced between. We were horror-held. We had no power to stop that certain death; we dared not fire, the dogs, the man himself, were right in line. The pack closed in. Their din was deafening; they sprang on the huge haired flanks, they nipped the soggy heels, they hauled and held, and did their best, but they were as flies on a badger or as rats on a landslide. They held him not a whit.

The brushwood switched and the small logs cracked, as he rushed. In a moment Bob would be smashed with that fell paw, for now no human help was possible, when good Old Thunder saw the only way—it meant sure death for him—but the only way. He ceased all halfway dashing at the flank or heel and leaped at the great bear's throat. But one swift sweep of that great paw, and he went reeling back, bruised and shaken. Still he rallied, rushed as though he knew it all must turn on him, and would have closed again, when Turk, the mighty warrior

Turk, the hope and valor of the pack, long holding back, sprang forward now and fastened, gripped with all his strength—on the bear? *No,* shame of shames—how shall I say the truth? *On poor Old Thunder,* wounded, battered, winded, downed, seeking to save his master. On him the bulldog fastened with a grip of hate. This was what he had waited for, this was the time of times to vent his pent-up jealous rage. Springing from behind he dragged Thunder down and held him gasping in the brushwood.

The bear had freedom now to wreak revenge. His only doughty foeman gone, what could prevent him? But from the reeling, yapping pack sprang a small white dog, not for the monster's heel, not for his flank, not even for his massive shoulder forging on, but for his face, the only place where a dog could count in such a moment, and gripped with an iron grip above the monster's eye. The huge head jerking back made the small dog flap like a rag; but the dog hung on. The bear reared up to claw, and now we saw that the desperate small white dog was Silly Billy, none else, hanging on with all his might and weight.

Bob scrambled to his feet, escaped!

The huge brute seized the small white body in paws like stumps of trees, as a cat might seize a mouse, and wrenched him quivering, yes, tore his

SILLY BILLY HANGING ON WITH ALL HIS MIGHT

own flesh wrenching, and hurled him like a bundle far aside. Then wheeling for a moment, the grizzly paused to seek the bigger foe, the man. The pack recoiled. Four rifles rang, a long, deep, grating snort, and Reelfoot sank limp on the storm-tossed logs. Then Turk, the dastard traitor Turk, with chesty gurgle as a war cry, closed bravely on the dead brute's haunch and tore out the hair, as the pack sat lolling back, the battle done.

Bob Yancy's face was set. He had seen it nearly all, and we supplied the rest. Billy was wagging his whole latter end, shaking and shivering with excitement, in spite of some red stained slashes on his ribs. Bob greeted him affectionately: "You Dandy. It's the finish that shows up the stuff a bear-dog's made of, an' there's nothing too good in Yancy's ranch for you. Good Old Thunder has saved my life before, but you're a new one. I never thought you'd show up this way."

"And you," he said to the Turk, "I've just two words for you. 'Come here!' " He took off his belt, put it through the collar of the Terrible Turk, and led him to one side. I turned my head away. A rifle cracked, and when at length I looked Yancy was kicking leaves and rubbish over a body that one time was a big strong bulldog. Tried in the fire and found wanting, Turk had proved a bully, a coward, a thing not fit to live.

Heading all on the front of Yancy's saddle in the triumphal procession homeward was Billy, the hero of the day, his white coat stained with red. His body was stiff and sore, but his spirits were still gay. He probably did not understand the feelings he had aroused in others, but he did know that he was having a glorious time, and that at last the world was responding to the love he had given so bounteously.

Riding in a basket on a packhorse was Old Thunder. It was weeks before he recovered from the mauling he got from the bear and the bulldog, and he was soon afterward put in honorable retirement, for he was full of years.

Billy was all right again in a month. Half a year later he had shed his puppy ways and his good dog sense came forth in strength. Brave as a lion he had proved himself, full of life and energy, affectionate, true as steel. Within two years he was leader of the Yancy pack. They do not call him "Silly" now, but "Billy, the pup that made good."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Which dog "made good"? Tell how he showed his courage. Did you guess the right dog?
2. Describe the hunt. Include the plans, the hunting party, the finding of Reelfoot, and the battle.
3. What caused the bear to charge at Yancy? Tell what the Terrible Turk did at the most dangerous moment. Did he live up to his name?

4. What was the most interesting point in the story?
5. Tell about a brave dog you once owned or knew.
6. *Report for a volunteer:* Tell the class about "Bingo, the Story of My Dog," in Ernest Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known,* 145–182 (Scribners).

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF ADVENTURING

1. Reread "Adventuring" (page 4). What adventures described in the selections of the unit illustrate each of the sentences given below? Copy the sentences and write beneath each the incidents which illustrate it; as shown in this example:

   a. An adventure is a going-out into the unseen.
   Illustrations: Dick Whittington's trip to the Indies; Peary's dash to the North Pole.

   b. An adventure is an event in which danger and excitement enter.

   c. An adventure is an enterprise which requires a strong and daring heart.

   d. An adventure is an experience which calls for quick thinking, self-reliance, resourcefulness.

   You may use the same incidents in more than one place if they illustrate more than one of the sentences.

2. Think over the four sentences quoted above and give illustrations of each not mentioned in the unit. Use adventures you have read about in history, travel stories, myths, or fairy tales. Be prepared to tell how much each of the incidents illustrate the sentence under which it is placed. Here is an example:

   An adventure is an event in which danger and excitement enter.

   Illustrations: Magellan's voyage around the world; Daniel Boone's journey to Kentucky; Roosevelt's hunting trip in Africa; Robinson Crusoe's fight with the

savages; Jason's search for the Golden Fleece; Ali Baba's experience with the Forty Thieves.

3. Which selection in the unit did you like the best? Which appealed least to you? Which was the hardest to read? Which was the easiest? Which contained the most fun? Choose a committee to collect the votes of the class and report the result in the following form, putting the number of the votes in the proper columns.

TITLE OF SELECTION	ENJOYED	LIKED LEAST	HARDEST TO READ	EASIEST TO READ	CONTAINED THE MOST FUN

4. Tell how reading is an adventure.
5. Bring to class the best adventure story you can find and exchange with a story brought by a classmate.
6. Report on the most interesting volume you found in the Read-a-Book list (page 5).
7. Give a floor-talk on the most informing reference you read in the Class Library Readings (page 6).
8. Bring pictures to class that suggest adventure. Try to make up an adventure story about one of the pictures.
9. Look up the childhood of one of the following persons and report his most interesting adventure: Theodore Roosevelt, Edward Bok, Andrew Jackson, Clara Barton, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Jane Addams, John J. Pershing, Thomas A. Edison, David Crocket.
10. Tell about an adventure you had last summer, an adventure you had when you were in the fourth grade, an adventure you had since school opened this year, or an adventure you have had to-day.

WASHINGTON SEIZED HIM AND TOOK HIS GUN

[*See p.* 125]

STEADINESS

Not gold, but only men, can make
A people great and strong.
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly,
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

STEADINESS

A rock standing straight and strong amid the rushing waters of the Niagara River is steady. A football team shows steadiness when it meets firmly the assaults of its rivals. This quality in men and women will not let them be beaten; it enables them to meet the hard problems of life with self-control.

But steadiness means more than standing still, more than waiting to meet the problems that come to all. It means in addition a determined carrying out of whatever duties lie at hand. Boys and girls show steady self-control when they work quietly but vigorously at all their tasks at home and at school.

READ A BOOK

Find the book which looks most interesting to you and read it while you are studying this unit.

1. *A Little Princess,* by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribners.
   Sarah Crewe makes the best of a hard life by pretending.

2. *Abraham Lincoln, The Boy and the Man,* by James M. Morgan. Grosset.
   A story of the life of the strong and steadfast Lincoln.

3. *Baldy of Nome,* by Esther B. Darling. Penn.
   The story of a real dog, trained to become the leader of a racing team in Alaska.

4. *The Good Dog Book,* by Gustaf Tenngren. Houghton.
   Many stories of dogs, staunch, steady, and true in all their duties.

5. *Tiny Toilers and Their Work,* by G. Glenwood Clark. Century.
   Stories of the lives and the work of small creatures, making them seem much like human beings.

6. *The Courtship of Miles Standish,* by Henry W. Longfellow. Houghton.
   "If you want something well done, you must do it yourself."

7. *The King of the Golden River,* by John Ruskin. Heath.
   The story of a treasure that was lost by greed and won back by steadiness and self-control.

8. *Little Lord Fauntleroy,* by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribners.
   Story of a little American boy who won the affection of a crusty old grandfather.

9. *With Dog and Canoe,* by Dillon Wallace. Revell.
   Many adventures of boys on a Polar expedition in which they lose everything but their steady courage, and come through to safety.

10. *The Prince and the Pauper,* by Mark Twain. Harper.
    Story of two boys who changed places; the prince learns how to be a real prince.

1. "How They Kept Labor Day," Carolyn S. Bailey, *Stories for Every Holiday,* 16–27.
2. "The Country Mouse's Thanksgiving," *ibid.,* 76–87.
3. "Marjory's Christmas Shop," *ibid.,* 108–117.
4. "When St. Valentine Crossed Schooner Bay," *ibid.,* 138–148.
5. "The Pony Express," Lawton B. Evans, *America First,* 339–343.
6. "The Boy Who Grew Strong," Frances J. Olcott, *Good Stories for Great Birthdays,* 45–50.
7. "He Knows Everything," *ibid.,* 159–161.
8. "The Child and the Year," Florence Adams and Elizabeth McCarrick, *Highdays and Holidays,* 3–4.
9. "Washington," James Russell Lowell, *ibid.,* 53.
10. "Columbus," Annette Wynne, *ibid.,* 219.
11. "Boy of Old Manhattan," Morris A. Beers, *ibid.,* 225.
12. "The Three Wishes," A Spanish Tale, Olive B. Miller, *Through Fairy Halls of My Bookhouse,* 154–157.
13. "The Golden Touch," Nathaniel Hawthorne, *ibid.,* 274–289.
14. "How the Waterfall Came to the Thirsting Mountain," *ibid.,* 376–383.
15. "How Opportunity Came," C. Armfield, *Wonder-Tales of the World,* 167–178.
16. "Peter and Paul and Epsen," Norse Folk Tale, *The Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories,* 105–110.
17. "Viggo and Allarm," Jorgen Moe, *ibid.,* 297–303.
18. "The Little Post Boy," Bayard Taylor, *ibid.,* 333–340.
19. "The Four Brothers," Walter de la Mare, *Told Again,* 8–21.
20. "Cinderella," *ibid.,* 44–64.
21. "The Emperor's New Clothes," *Book of Knowledge,* 3: 851–3.
22. "The Story of Pilgrim's Progress," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* 2:535–538.
23. "The Story of Mary Antin," *ibid.,* 4:1739–40.

II. STEADINESS

1. THE STORY OF A BEAVER

WILLIAM D. HULBERT

Read this story to find the meaning of the expression, "as busy as a beaver."

I

A broad, flat tail came down on the water with a whack that sent the echoes flying back and forth across the pond. The owner of the tail ducked his head, arched his back, and dived to the bottom. His was a very curious tail, for besides being so oddly paddle-shaped, it was covered with what looked like scales, but were really sections of hard, black skin. Except its owner's relatives, no one else in all the world had a tail like it. But the strangest thing was the many different ways in which the owner used his tail. Just now it was a very good rudder, steering him as he swam under water.

In a moment his small brown head reappeared, and he and his brothers and sisters began chasing each other round and round the pond, ducking and diving and splashing. They sent the ripples washing along the grassy shores, and were having the jolliest kind of time. Young beavers are not usually out in

broad daylight, but all the events in this story happened in the days before the railways came, when few men lived in northern Michigan.

When the young beavers wanted a change they climbed upon a log, nudged and hunched each other, and poked their noses into one another's fat sides, each trying to shove his brother or sister back into the water. By and by they scrambled out on the bank, and then they set to work to dry and comb their fur.

Up they sat on their hind legs and tails. The tail was a stool now. They scratched their heads and shoulders with the claws of their small, hairy hands. Then their hind feet came up one at a time and combed and stroked their sides until the moisture was gone and the fur was as soft and smooth as velvet.

After that the beavers enjoyed another romp. They were not half so graceful on land as they were in the water. In fact, on land they were not graceful at all. When they stood on their hind legs, and shuffled, and pranced, and wheeled, and slapped the ground with their tails, they made one of the funniest sights in the heart of the woods. And the funniest and liveliest of them all was the one whom I shall call Beaver, with a big B.

Even young beavers sometimes grow tired of play. At last they all lay down on the grass in the warm

sunshine of the autumn afternoon. The wind had gone down, the pond glittered in its bed of beaver-meadow, the friendly wood stood guard all around. It was a good time for five furry babies to take a nap.

II

The city in which Beaver was born was very old; it may have been the oldest city in North America. Nobody knows when the beavers first began to build the dam that stretched across the stream and backed the water up until it spread out across the valley in a broad pond. Probably they began centuries ago, and for all we can tell, they may have begun thousands of years ago.

Family after family of beavers had worked on that dam, building it higher and higher, longer and longer, year after year. They had raised the round domes of their houses as the pond rose around them. Their city streets, like the streets of Venice, were mostly of water; they themselves were navigators from their earliest youth, and took to the water as naturally as ducks. They were lumbermen, too. When the timber was all used up from along the shores of the pond, they dug canals across the low, marshy ground, back to the higher land where the birch and poplar still grew, and floated the branches and the smaller logs down the water-ways to the pond. In this way they

stored up a supply of food for winter. The beaver's favorite meal is made of tender branches and the bark of trees.

They built land roads, as well as canals. Here and there narrow trails crossed the swamp, showing where one family after another of busy workers had passed back and forth between the trees which they had cut down near the water's edge. Streets, canals, public works, dwellings, lumbering, rich stores laid up for the winter,—what more is needed to make a city, even if the houses are few in number, and the population somewhat smaller than that of Chicago or New York?

III

The first year of Beaver's life was an easy one, especially the winter, when no one had much to do except to eat, to sleep, and now and then to fish for roots in the muddy bottom of the pond. During the winter season Beaver was increasing in size and weight, and was storing up strength for the work that lay before him. Much muscle would be needed to force his long teeth through the flesh of the maple or the birch or the poplar. He would need vigor to roll heavy pieces of wood over the grass-tufts to the edge of the water. For a time the youngster had nothing to do but grow.

HE BEGAN TO BE USEFUL IN THE WORLD AND TO DO THE SORT OF WORK THAT HIS FATHER AND MOTHER DID

Spring came at last. Though Beaver had many a fine romp with his younger brothers and sisters, still he began to learn to be useful in the world, and to do the sort of work that his father and mother did.

Now, on dark autumn nights young Beaver toiled with might and main. When his parents felled a tree, he helped them to cut up the best portions and to carry them home. He gnawed off a small branch, seized the butt between his teeth, swung it over his shoulder, and made for the water. He kept his head twisted around to the right or left so that the end of the branch might trail on the ground behind him. Sometimes he even rose on his hind legs, and walked almost upright, with his broad, strong tail for a prop to keep him from tipping over backward, if his load happened to catch on something. Arrived at the canal or at the edge of the pond, he jumped in and swam for town, still carrying the branch over his shoulder, and finally left it on the growing pile in front of his father's lodge.

When the stick was too large to be carried in such a way, he cut it into short pieces and rolled them to the water's edge. This meant that he had to push with all his might; and there were so many grass-tufts and small hillocks in the way. Sometimes the stick rolled down into a hollow; then it was very hard to get it out again. He worked *like a beaver,* and pushed and shoved and toiled with tremendous

energy. More than one choice stick never reached the water.

These were his first tasks.

IV

Later Beaver learned to fell trees himself. Standing on his hind legs and tail, with his hands braced against the trunk, he held his head sidewise, opened his mouth wide, set his teeth against the bark, and brought his jaws together with a savage nip that left a deep gash in the side of the tree. A second nip deepened the gash, and gave it more of a downward slant; two or three more carried it still farther into the tough wood. Then he chose a new spot a little farther down, and started a second gash, making it slant up toward the first. When he thought that the gashes were both deep enough, he set his jaw firmly in the wood between them, and pulled and jerked and twisted until he wrenched out a chip—a chip perhaps two inches long, and about an eighth of an inch thick. He made bigger chips when he grew to be larger himself, but at first he could not make large ones.

Chip after chip he tore out in this way, until he worked completely around the tree. Then he made the gash deeper, and after a while broadened it so that he could get his head farther into the groove. He seemed to think it very important to do the job as

quickly as possible, for he worked away with tremendous energy as if felling that tree were the only thing in the world worth doing.

Once in a while Beaver would pause for a moment to feel of the trunk with his hands, and to glance up at the top to see whether the tree was getting ready to fall. Several times he stopped long enough to take a refreshing dip in the pond; but he always hurried back, and pitched in again harder than ever. Sometimes he went at the task so vigorously that he slipped and rolled over on his back.

Little by little Beaver dug away the tree's flesh until nothing was left but its heart. At last the tree began to sway. Beaver jumped aside to get out of the way. Hundreds and hundreds of tender branches with thousands of delicious twigs and buds came crashing down where he could cut them off and carry them to his home.

In similar ways all the beavers in the city played and labored, and their work brought its rich reward. Everybody was busy and contented. Their life was decidedly worth living. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Name the four uses of the beaver's tail as given in the story.
2. Explain how a beaver cuts down a tree.

3. Tell how this story shows the wisdom of the old saying, "Work while you work and play while you play."
4. Read from the selection a sentence that will answer each of these questions:
   a. Where did the beaver live?
   b. What did the beavers do when the logs near at hand were gone?
   c. How did they get their food supply for the winter?
   d. In what actions did they seem to plan as men do?

VOLUNTEER WORK

"Busy as a bee" is another common saying. Still another is "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Let some one read about the bee and the ant and tell the class how steady they are in doing their work.

GAMES WITH PHRASES

The two lists of phrases given below contain pairs of expressions which have almost the same meaning. See whether you can match them correctly. Indicate the phrases which mean nearly the same by the numbers and letters of the phrases. For example, "scrambled out on the bank" in list I and "climbed hurriedly out of the water" in list II mean nearly the same. You may show this by writing 1-e.

LIST I	LIST II
1. scrambled out on the bank	*a.* hundreds of years ago
2. centuries ago	*b.* with all his strength
3. the round dome	*c.* the choice parts
4. low, marshy ground	*d.* a severe bite
5. increasing in size and weight	*e.* climbed hurriedly out of the water
6. with might and main	*f.* growing larger and heavier
7. the best portions	*g.* swampy land
8. short billets	*h.* small sticks of wood
9. with tremendous energy	*i.* with great force
10. a savage nip	*j.* tore out a piece
11. wrenched out a chip	*k.* a plunge in the water which brings rest
12. a refreshing dip	*l.* a cup-shaped roof

2. THE LUCK CHILD

KATHERINE D. CATHER

Find how the meaning of this story fits into the meaning of the Foreword on page 76.

In a cottage high up among the Austrian mountains, blue-eyed Franz was very unhappy. His mother and brother Johan were going to Vienna, while he was to stay at home with his grandfather. He bit his lips to keep back the tears, as he watched his mother packing the box that was to carry their clothing. His mother tried to comfort him.

"Never mind, Franz," she said. "I'll send you a present from Vienna; we'll call it a 'luck gift' and hope it will bring good luck. If it does, you'll be a 'luck boy.' "

Franz smiled, although he felt sad. He had often heard of luck children, for the Tyrolean peasants told many stories of those to whom fairies had brought such good fortune that ever afterward they were spoken of as the elf-aided, or "Glücks Kinder." Franz was so delighted to think about being a luck child that he forgot his sorrow. Of course he would have been glad to travel to Vienna and enter the service of a rich noble, as his mother and brother were

to do. But to be a "Glücks Kind" would be still better. Such good fortune sometimes did occur. He did not feel sad any more, but whistled and sang and helped with the packing.

Early the next morning a wagon carried Johan and his mother away. Franz watched them go down the road, calling after them sweet Tyrolean words of endearment until they were out of sight. Then he went back into the hut and began to sandpaper some wooden blocks that his grandfather needed for his work. The old man was a maker of picture frames, all carved and decorated with likenesses of mountain flowers. When sent to Vienna, these frames brought the money that gave grandfather his living. The figures were too difficult for Franz to carve, but he could lend a hand by fetching blocks and by sandpapering. He worked with a vim, for Tyrolean boys think shirking a disgrace, but all the while his thoughts were on the luck gift.

"I wonder what my luck gift will be?" he said to his grandfather. They took turns at guessing, until the time came to feed the goats and to house the chickens for the night.

A week later the driver, who had taken Johan and his mother away, returned from Vienna. Franz fairly flew out to get his gift.

"It is something very big," he called to the old frame-maker as he took a bulging bag. "See, it is

stuffed full!" He expected something wonderful. But when Franz opened the package, he thought the gift wasn't wonderful at all. He found a blue velvet jacket, trimmed with gold braid and fastened with glittering buttons, such as Tyrolean boys wore in those days. In one of the pockets he discovered a shining knife.

"Well, of all things!" Franz exclaimed, as he held the gifts up for his grandfather to see. "The jacket is splendid and the knife is a beauty, but I don't see where the luck comes in."

The grandfather was old and wise; a knowing smile played over his wrinkled face as he spoke. "It won't be the first time luck has hidden in a knife," he said, as he bent over his carving.

Franz did not know what his grandfather meant. He had always had a knife as a member of a carver's family, he had been taught to whittle when he was a little fellow, and he had become remarkably skillful for a boy of his years. But no special good fortune had come to him; he was very sure that the presents were nice, but that neither would bring luck. When he sent that word to Johan, his brother wrote back from the city, "The knife will surely turn out to be a luck gift, Franz. Just wait and see." Still the boy wondered.

Winter came; icy winds blew down from the peaks. No word came from Vienna now, for the valley was

shut in by a glittering wall, and travel over the snow-drifted passes was impossible. Many boys lived in the village, but each had his work indoors, and had little time to play with Franz. He helped his grandfather part of the day and sometimes whittled for his own amusement. Life in the hut was lonesome, with just the old frame-maker, who was often too busy to talk. Franz, glad to do something to amuse himself, used his new knife to carve rings and tops and sometimes just queer sticks or blocks.

One day, as he whittled, his grandfather asked, "Why don't you make an animal, Franz?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "I don't think I can," he answered.

"Not unless you try," came the reply. "If you do try, you may surprise yourself."

Unwilling to have any one think he was afraid to make an attempt, Franz exclaimed, "I wonder if I could make a sheep?"

"Begin and see," the old man advised.

The boy went to work. At first the task was discouraging. After many minutes of whittling he had little to suggest a sheep. Then, with an occasional turn of the knife by his grandfather, and now and then a bit of advice, the boy began to see that a sheep was growing out of the block. When a sheep did actually appear, he felt like a hero who had won a battle.

"That wasn't hard, was it, lad?" Hals Berner asked, when the sheep was finished.

Franz agreed that it was not.

That was the beginning. Every day thereafter Franz worked at his whittling; animal after animal grew under his knife. So busy was he that he did not have time to be lonely; he quite forgot the sadness he had felt at first over staying at home. He was happy to see the figures grow out of the wood and to feel that he had made them. Of course his animals were crude, not half so handsome as those his grandfather could have made; but any one could tell what they were, and that was worth a great deal. By spring he had a whole menagerie. When his mother came home she found he had been a busy boy, and a happy one as well.

"All made with the luck knife," Johan said as he looked over the animals.

"So grandfather says," Franz answered. "The knife is splendid, but I don't see where the luck comes in."

Again the knowing smile played over the old man's face.

One day soon afterward the mother received word from her employer in Vienna that he was sending his little son to regain his health in the mountains. When, a week later, the child arrived with his nurse, the first thing that attracted his attention was Franz's menagerie.

IT WAS SUCH FUN TO SEE THE FIGURES GROW OUT OF THE WOOD AND TO FEEL THAT HE HAD MADE THEM

"Oh! oh!" he exclaimed, "dogs, cats, sheep, goats, lions, elephants, all made of wood! I want them."

"He means that he wants to buy them," his nurse explained. "Will you sell them, Franz?"

For a minute the boy hesitated. That menagerie had meant months of whittling; he loved every animal in it. If Johan hadn't interrupted, probably Franz would have refused.

"Why, Franz," the brother exclaimed, "your present begins to look like a luck knife after all."

That put a thought into Franz's mind and caused him to answer, "Yes, take them; I can make some more."

When the child went back to Vienna he took a wooden menagerie from the Tyrolean mountains. Other Viennese children, seeing it, wanted to own one. Orders began to pour in to Franz, far more than he could fill. Other villagers took up the work, until all over the valley people were making animals and toys.

The work of making animals out of wood grew to be a big industry; toys from the valley were sent all over Germany, and even to the lands beyond. One generation after another of the Tyrolese carried on the work. Although two hundred years have passed since Franz began to carve animals, the craft continues there to this day. At Christmas time, shops in every land have toys from the Tyrolean mountains. Thousands of children have been happier because of a peasant boy's whittling, although they do not know his story.

Thus, out of the bag sent back from Vienna, came

in truth a luck gift. It wasn't the fine jacket, to be sure; the luck gift was the knife with which Franz whittled his first sheep. The boy had found out that luck doesn't mean something sent by fairies; luck means the doing of something so well that it brings a rich reward.

The little valley among the Austrian Alps, called Grodner Thal on the maps, is almost as well known by another name, because of its animals and toys. You can surely tell what the other name is, especially if you know that the peasants still speak of the lad who made the first menageries as the Luck Boy of Toy Valley.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What did Franz give up? What important task would he not give up? At what place in the story was he nearly beaten? How does the story illustrate the meaning of the Foreword, page 76?
2. How old do you think Franz was? Was his first disappointment one that any of us might have had? Explain.
3. Think of examples of luck hiding in things other than knives. Give real or imaginary examples.
4. What took the place of a fairy in this story? Recall fairy stories in which the good luck really came from within the boys and girls in the story.
5. Select another name for the valley. List on the blackboard the names suggested and select the best from the list.
6. Where would you place the marks I, II, III in this story to show its three main parts?

3. THE WIND AND THE MOON

GEORGE MACDONALD

Read the poem to decide whether you think it ought to be placed in the unit Steadiness. Find evidence to support your reply.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!
You stare
In the air
As if crying 'Beware,'
Always looking what I am about.
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
I will blow," said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim!"

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Larger and nearer the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
And in town
A merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed and whistle and roar—
When there was that glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew
The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
In good faith,
I blew her to death!—
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew naught of the silly affair;
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She never had heard the great Wind blare

4. THE SONG OF THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

Do you think "The Song of the Brook" belongs in this unit?

I come from haunts of coot and hern,[1]
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker[2] down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,[3] a little town,
And half a hundred bridges,

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,[4]

[1] *coot* and *hern*, water fowl.
[2] *bicker*, make a continuous murmuring sound.
[3] *thorps*, villages.
[4] *fallow*, plowed ground.

And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.[1]

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.[2]

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak,[3]
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

[1] *mallow*, shrubs which grow in marshy places.
[2] *grayling*, a kind of fish.
[3] waterbreak, ripple.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted[1] sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly[2] wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly[3] bars;
I loiter round my cresses;[4]

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell why the wind, in the poem "The Wind and the Moon," desired to blow out the moon. Read lines to prove your answer. How many times did the wind try to blow out the moon?
2. Which stanza tells best about the boastfulness of the wind? Read it aloud, as if you were boasting.
3. Did the wind succeed in blowing out the moon? When was he the most certain that he had done so?
4. Does this poem belong in this unit? Give reasons.
5. What is meant by the word "I" in "The Song of the Brook"?
6. Into what four parts is the poem divided? What two lines, repeated, mark the four divisions?

[1] *netted,* forming a network.
[2] *brambly,* full of briars.
[3] *shingly,* of coarse gravel.
[4] *cresses,* water plants.

5. MARY ANTIN AT SCHOOL

MARY H. WADE

Keep your own school life in mind as you read this story.

At last the New World came in sight, and one glad day Mashke Antin found herself in the land of her dreams. The ship had brought her safely to the city of Boston, where her father was eagerly waiting to receive the dear ones from whom he had been parted so long.

Mashke's father began at once to teach his family how to behave in their new home. They must not act like "greenhorns," but as much as possible be like the Americans whose ways he had grown to love.

When he had taken them to the dark tenement he

had prepared for them, Mashke was ready to think the wooden chairs and poor beds and cheap dishes quite beautiful. They were American; that was enough. Only think how much was free in this glorious land—free schools, free music from wandering street bands, free lights in the street, that turned night into day. Even policemen were friendly! No child in America need hide in the corner when a policeman goes by, as Mashke had done all her life in Russia. In this glorious country one had nothing to fear.

Mashke had much to learn—firemaking, for instance, in the queer American stoves. There were queer foods to taste, such as she had never heard of before. There were trips to the big stores to buy American clothes. Even the little girl's name was changed. No longer, declared her father, should she be called Mashke, but Mary. At the same time Fetchke became Frieda, and baby Deborah, Dora.

The second day after Mary's arrival, a girl neighbor offered to take her to school. Mary knew already that in America school was free to every one; but to enter simply on the invitation of another child seemed impossible. However, Mary's father said she ought to wait till autumn. This was because he was soon going to move his family to a neighboring beach, where he and another man were to keep a soda and lemonade stand during the summer.

Mary felt sorry that she must wait, but she forgot everything else as soon as she reached Crescent Beach. To lie on the soft sand; to paddle in the waves as they came rushing in to the shore; to watch the gulls as they flew out to sea, and the ships as they went sailing past; to run in the face of a northeast wind and to defy the power of the storm; to play games with the children who lived next door; afterward, perhaps, to sit alone in some sheltered nook and think and dream—nothing more glorious in life could she wish for.

When summer came to an end, Mary found herself in Chelsea, a suburb of Boston. Here Mr. Antin set up a basement grocery store in a poor corner of the city, and the family lived overhead. But Mary thought little of the meanness around her. Her home meant far more than the dingy tenement; her home was America, vast and beautiful. One bright morning in September, the happy little girl, with Joseph and Dora beside her, was led by her father to the building where she was to enter school.

Mary felt grand in her new calico dress. Her dark eyes danced for joy. Joseph and Dora, both beautiful children, were also very happy, and they too wore new and spotless garments. But faithful, unselfish Frieda was not with them. She had already begun to work with a dressmaker that she might help support the family.

Mary was a delight to her American teachers. She learned so rapidly that she was quickly promoted from one class to another. At the end of only four months she wrote a composition which her teacher considered good enough to send to a magazine. There it was printed, and its readers were filled with wonder. A little girl from Russia, twelve years old, and in school only four months, to write such a composition and in such good English! It seemed almost impossible. The teacher brought the magazine to school and showed it to her pupil. When she pointed out the name, *Mary Antin,* in print, the child was speechless with delight.

When Mary's second school year was half over, she entered the sixth grade. Her teachers already looked upon her as an excellent pupil. In the grammar school Mary found the fields of learning more beautiful than ever. Arithmetic and spelling were worth study. History was even more delightful, for there she read stories of great and wise people. Among all Mary's heroes, none held so high a place in her mind as George Washington.

Washington was so brave, so truthful! What nobler title could there be than "The Father of his Country"? The little girl felt that she too must love truth and justice as George Washington had done. She too must work for the country that was both his and hers. Yes, America was her country now; she

was a fellow citizen of George Washington. This was a glorious thought.

Mary wrote a poem about Washington. When the twenty-second of February was celebrated with fitting exercises by Mary's school, she, the pale-faced Russian pilgrim, had the honor of reading her poem, in her own classroom and in several others. The poem was not perfect by any means, but it showed the love of the young writer. Even her child hearers were filled with admiration for their classmate, praising and pointing at her. It was not strange that she thought her poem ought to be printed in some newspaper.

So, with bold heart, she went to Boston and made her way to the newspaper offices. An editor of the *Boston Herald* listened kindly to her pleading and promised to print the poem. At the same time he asked Mary questions about her life in Russia.

When the poem appeared in the *Boston Herald,* it was accompanied by the story of the girl who wrote it. What pride there was in the Antin household now!

After a while the Antins moved into Boston where the father again set up a basement grocery. Mary's home was in an ugly street and an unpleasant neighborhood. Yet this little girl, remembering that she and George Washington were fellow citizens, was brave and happy. She felt that the stuffy tenement

was not all of her home. Home was America, which gave her a big, airy schoolroom to study in, parks to play in, and public libraries to read in. Best of all,

MARY'S HOME WAS IN AN UGLY STREET AND UNPLEASANT NEIGHBORHOOD

she was constantly making good friends who seemed to forget that, bright as she was in her studies, she lived in a wretched tenement in the slums.

When Mary was graduated from the grammar school, she held the highest place in her class. She was chosen to speak two pieces, one of which she had composed herself. The last day came, and in a big, crowded hall the little girl spoke her pieces. Her composition, the tragic story of a cousin in far-distant

Russia, touched her hearers deeply. As she finished, they applauded loudly.

The proudest moment of all came when one of the School Board made a speech in which he told the story of a certain pilgrim from Russia and the wonders which she had accomplished in three short years.

The following September Mary entered the Latin School, because here she could best fit herself for college. College for this girl, when the tenement in which the Antins now lived was even more dingy and wretched than before? College, when there were new babies in the family to feed and clothe and care for? College, when even Frieda's wages could no longer help, because she was married now? College, when the rent was always behind, and the food was scarce? Yes, Mary's father had said it. He did not know how the money would come, but he felt sure the way would open.

So Mary kept on with her studies. When she was not at school, she helped her mother in the home; she tended the babies; she swept and cleaned the house; she washed the dishes. When the noisy people in the tenements around her had gone to bed, and she could do no more to lighten her mother's cares, the young girl went to her room and studied far into the night.

Mary Antin kept on making friends because she was brave, determined, and cheerful. Refined people

opened their doors to the Russian pilgrim, because they saw the beauty and strength that cheap garments could not hide. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Why were the names of the Antin children changed? Do you know similar changes in your own community?
2. Find five things in Mary's life in America that were different from what she had known in Russia.
3. What parts of the story show Mary's steadiness of purpose? Read aloud the part that shows her father's steadiness of ambition for Mary.
4. What parts of your own school life are like Mary Antin's?

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read Mary Antin's own account of her education in *At School in the Promised Land,* Mary Antin (Houghton). The school or city librarian will help you find the book. Tell the class more about Mary.

A GAME WITH WORDS

These words appear in the story you have just read. If you got clear meanings for them, you can fill the blanks in the sentences which follow with the correct words from this list. See how many blanks you can fill correctly.

tenement house	suburb	refined
arrival	celebrated	accomplished
gull	composed	pilgrim
nook	tragic	applauded

1. A small city or town lying just outside a larger city is called a ..... of the larger city.

2. A person or event which has received hearty approval has been .....
3. A ..... person has nice manners and fine tastes.
4. The act of coming to a place is called the .....
5. A ..... is a sea-bird.
6. A quiet place is a .....
7. A large building in the poorer section of a city in which many families live is called a .....
8. If a person writes an original story, we say he ..... it.
9. A person or event which has become famous may be said to be .....
10. One who is well-trained or skilful may be said to be .....
11. One who has travelled from a distant land may be called a .....
12. Anything which is terrible may be called .....

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—MYTHS AND HERO STORIES SHOWING SELF-CONTROL

"Cap O' Rushes," Constance S. Armfield, *Wonder Tales of the World.* Harcourt.

Dr. Dolittle's Circus, Hugh Lofting. Stokes.

"The Black Bowl," Grace James, *Green Willow.* Macmillan.

"Hans Hecklemann's Luck," Howard Pyle, *Pepper and Salt.* Harper.

"The Apple of Contentment," *ibid.*

"Pinocchio," Wilhelmina Harper, *Story Hour Favorites.* Century.

"The Bar of Gold," Lillian Gask, *Folk Tales From Many Lands.* Crowell.

"The Brownie in the House," Margaret Bailey, *Seven Peas in a Pod.* Little.

"The Princess Who Had One Accomplishment," *ibid.*

The Forge in the Forest, Padraic Colum. Macmillan.

6. THE HOEING MATCH

RALPH CONNOR

Why was Tim Haley able to defeat Perkins in the match?

Tim Haley's ambition was to be the first turnip-hoer of his district. Toward this end he had striven both last season and this with an earnestness that deserved, if it did not achieve, success. Quietly he had patterned himself after that master farm-hand, Perkins, who for some years had easily held the championship for the district.

Tim had studied Perkins's good points and also his defects. Secretly he had developed a style of his own, and had compared his speed with that of Perkins by lazily loafing along and then catching up by a few minutes of whirlwind work. Tim felt that the day of battle could not be delayed past this season,—indeed, it might come any day.

To the turnip field went Haley's men, Perkins and Webster leading the way, Tim and his friend Cameron bringing up the rear.

"You promised to show me how to do the work, Tim," said Cameron. "Remember I shall be very slow."

"Oh, shucks!" replied Tim, "turnip-hoeing is as easy as rolling off a log if you know how."

"Exactly!" said Cameron. "But that is what I don't know. You might give me some pointers."

"Well, you must be able to hit what you aim at."

"That means a good eye and a steady hand," said Cameron. "What else?"

"You mustn't be too careful but slash right in and don't give a rip."

"Nerve, eh!" said Cameron. "What else?"

"Then you must leave only one turnip in one place and not a single weed, and you mustn't leave any blanks. Dad gets angry over that."

"Indeed, one turnip in each place, and not a weed," echoed Cameron. "This business grows interesting. No blanks! Anything else?" he demanded.

"No, I guess not; only if you ever get into a race you've got to keep going after you're tuckered out and never let on. The other chap may be feeling worse than you."

"Tim! you're a born general!" exclaimed Cameron. "You will go some distance if you keep on in that line. Now as to racing let me say a word, for I have raced a little in my time. Don't spurt too soon."

"What!" said Tim, all eagerness.

"Don't get into your racing stride too early in the day, especially if you are competing against a stronger man. Wait until you know you can stay till the end and then put your best licks in at the finish."

"You're right," cried Tim, a light in his eyes and a touch of color in his cheek. Cameron knew he was studying war.

A turnip field is laid out in a series of drills, long ridges of earth about six inches in height, and eight inches broad on the top and twelve at the base. Upon each drill the seed has been sown from end to end of the field. When this seed has grown, each drill shows a line of delicate turnip plants with weeds more or less thick around them.

The operation of hoeing consists in the cutting of the weeds and the unneeded turnip plants, in order that single plants, free from weeds, may be left about eight inches apart, in an unbroken line extending the whole length of the drill. The skilful hoer, however, is not content with this. He leaves the single plants standing in an unbroken row from end to end along the top of the drill, and pares the drill itself down on each side to the likeness of a house roof with a perfectly even ridge.

"Now, show me, Tim," said Cameron in a low voice, as Perkins and Webster stepped off.

"This is how you do it," replied Tim. "Click-click," forward and back went Tim's sharp hoe, leaving a single plant standing alone where twenty or more had boldly bunched a moment before. "Click-click-click," and the flat-topped drill stood free of weeds and extra turnip plants and trimmed like a roof.

"I say!" exclaimed Cameron, "this is high art. I shall never reach your class, Tim."

"Slash in," said Tim, "don't be afraid." Cameron slashed in. "Click-click," "Click-click-click," when lo! a long blank space of drill looked up reproachfully at him.

"Oh, Tim! look at this mess," he said in disgust.

"Never mind!" said Tim. "Better stick in a plant though. Blanks look bad at the *end* of the drill." He made a hole in Cameron's drill and then with his hoe dug up a bunch of plants from another drill and planted them firmly in the hole. Weeding out the unnecessary plants, he left a single turnip in its proper place.

"That isn't so bad," said Cameron. "We can always fill up the blanks."

"Yes, but it takes time," replied the boy.

Patiently Tim schooled his pupil throughout the forenoon, and before dinner Cameron was making satisfactory progress. Cameron possessed a true eye and a steady hand, and was quick in all his movements.

"You're doing splendidly," cried Tim, full of admiration.

"I say, Scotty!" said Perkins, coming up and casting a critical eye along Cameron's last drill; "you're going to make a turnip-hoer all right."

"I have a good teacher, you see," cried Cameron.

"You bet you have," said Perkins. "I taught Tim myself; in two or three years he'll be almost as good as I am."

"Huh!" grunted Tim.

"Perhaps you think you're that now, eh, Tim?" said Perkins. "Don't you get too perky, young feller, or I'll certainly show you before the day is done."

Tim kept silent. He was not yet ready with his challenge.

All through the afternoon he stayed behind with Cameron, allowing the other two to help them out at the end of each drill. As the day wore on there was less and less need of assistance for Cameron, for he was making rapid progress with his work, and Tim was able to do his own drill and almost half of Cameron's as well. By supper time Cameron was thoroughly worn out. Never had a day seemed so long, never had he known that he possessed so many muscles in his back. The constant stooping and the steady click-click-click of the hoe, together with the unceasing strain of hand and eye—and all this under the burning rays of the sun—so exhausted him that the bell ringing for supper seemed a sound more delightful than an orchestra.

On the way back to the field after supper Cameron observed that Tim was excited. The hour of the challenge to Perkins was at hand.

"I say, Tim, boy!" he said earnestly, "listen to

me. Are you going to go after Perkins this evening?"

"How did you know?" said Tim, in surprise.

"Never mind! Now listen to me. I have raced myself and I have trained men to race. Are you not too tired with your day's work?"

"Tired! Not a bit," said the boy.

"Well, all right. It's nice and cool and you can't hurt yourself much. How many drills do you do after supper as a rule?"

"Down and up twice," said Tim.

"How many drills can you do at your top speed, your very top speed, remember?"

"About two drills, I guess," replied Tim, after a moment's thought.

"Listen!" said Cameron earnestly. "Go quietly for two and a half drills, then let yourself out and go your best. I have been watching you this afternoon. You have easily done one and a half what Perkins has done and you are going to beat him."

Tim gulped a moment or two, looked at his friend with glistening eyes, but said not a word.

For the first two and a half drills Cameron talked, with the two-fold purpose of holding Perkins back and of occupying Tim's mind so that he might forget for a time the approaching conflict. When the middle of the second last drill had been reached, Tim began to quicken his speed.

"I say, Tim," called Cameron, "come here! Am I

"I HAVE RACED MYSELF AND I HAVE TRAINED MEN TO RACE"

getting these spaces too wide?" Tim came over to his side. "Now, Tim," said Cameron, in a low voice, "wait a little longer. You can't wear him out. Your only chance is speed. Wait till the last drill."

But Tim was not to be held back. He went to his place and with a rush brought his drill up even with Perkins and took the lead.

"Hello, Timmy! Where are you going?" asked Perkins in surprise.

"Home," said Tim proudly. "And I'll tell them you're coming."

"All right, Timmy, my son!" replied Perkins with a laugh. "Tell them you won't need a hot bath. I'm after you!"

"Click-click!" "Click-click-click!" was Tim's only answer. The challenge was distinct and, while not openly breaking into racing speed, Perkins accepted it.

"Will Tim win?" inquired Cameron of Webster.

"No! Not this year! Perkins is the best man in the whole country at turnips. He took the Agricultural Society's prize two years ago."

"I believe Tim will beat him," said Cameron with his eyes upon the two in front.

"Beat nothing!" said Webster. "You just wait a bit,—Perkins isn't letting himself out yet."

In a short time Tim finished his drill some

distance ahead, and then, though it was quitting time, without a pause he swung into the next.

"Hello, Timmy!" cried Perkins good-naturedly, "going to work all night, eh? Well, I'll just take a whirl out of you." For the first time he frankly threw himself into his racing gait.

"Good boy, Tim!" called out Cameron, as Tim bore down upon them, still in the lead and going like a steam engine. "You're all right and going easy. Don't worry!"

But Perkins, putting on a great spurt, drew up within a hoe-handle length of Tim and there held his place.

"All right, Tim, my boy, you can hold him," cried Cameron, as the racers came down upon him.

"He can, eh?" replied Perkins. "I'll show him and you," and with a burst of speed he drew up on a level with Tim.

"Ah ha! Timmy, my boy! we've got you where we want you, I guess!" he exulted, and still increasing his speed, he drew past the boy.

But Cameron, who was closely observing the work of the rivals, called out again:

"Don't worry, Tim, you're doing nice clean work and doing it easily."

His meaning was clear. Perkins, who had been slashing wildly and leaving many blanks and weeds behind him, steadied down somewhat and, taking

more pains with his work, began to lose ground, while Tim, whose work was clean, moved again to the front.

Only half a drill remained to be done. With half the length of a hoe handle between them the two clicked along at a furious pace. Tim's hat fell off. His face showed white and his breath was coming fast, but he did not slacken speed. The cleanness and ease with which he was doing his work showed that he still had some reserve. They were approaching the last quarter when, with a yell, Perkins threw himself again with a wild recklessness into his work, and again he gained upon Tim and passed him.

"Steady, Tim!" cried Cameron. "Don't spoil your work, Tim! Don't worry."

His words caught the boy at a critical moment, for Perkins's yell and his fresh speed had shaken the lad's nerve. Cameron's voice steadied him, and quickly responding Tim settled down again into his old style, while Perkins was still in the lead, but slashing wildly.

"Fine work, Tim," said Cameron quietly, "and you can do better yet." For a few paces he walked behind the boy, steadying him now and then with a quiet word. Then, recognizing that the crisis of the struggle was at hand, and believing that the boy had still some reserve of speed and strength, he began to call upon him.

"Come on, Tim! Quicker, quicker; come on, boy, you can do better!"

His words were like a spur to the boy. He called up new strength and speed. Still keeping up his clean-cutting finished style, foot by foot he drew away from Perkins, who followed in the rear, slashing more wildly than ever. The race was practically won. Tim was well in the lead, and apparently gaining speed with every click of his hoe.

"Here, you fellows, why are you hashing those turnips?"

It was Haley's voice, who had come into the field. Tim's reply was a letting out of his last ounce of strength.

"There's—no—hashing—on—this—drill—Dad!" he panted.

The sudden demand for careful work, however, lowered Perkins's rate of speed. He fell rapidly behind and, after a few moments of further struggle, threw down his hoe and called out, "Quitting time, I guess." Striding after Tim, he caught him by the arms and swung him round clear off the ground.

"Here, let me go!" gasped the boy, kicking and squirming.

"Let the boy go!" said Cameron. The tone in his voice arrested Perkins's attention.

"What's your business?" he cried, dropping the boy and turning fiercely upon Cameron.

"Oh, nothing very much, except that Tim's my candidate in this race and he mustn't be interfered with," replied Cameron in a voice still quiet and with a pleasant smile.

Perkins was white and panting. In a moment more he would have hurled himself at the man who stood smiling quietly in his face.

"What's the row, boys?" Haley inquired, recognizing something serious.

"We have been having a little excitement, sir, in the form of a race," replied Cameron, "and I've been backing Tim." *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

CLASS DISCUSSION

1. Tell the parts of the story that show Perkins's lack of self-control. When did Tim come closest to losing self-control? What helped to steady him in the critical moments?
2. Explain the appearance of a drill before hoeing. Explain its appearance after hoeing.
3. How did the quality of Perkins's work differ from the quality of Tim's work?
4. What good advice did Cameron give him? Apply the advice to a mile runner.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Write a short account of the race as Cameron might have told it to a friend.
2. Write a story about Tim, imagining him a long distance runner in college, three years after this match.

7. WASHINGTON'S PERILOUS JOURNEY

GEORGE W. GERWIG

George Washington's greatest services to our country were given as commander of the armies, as presiding officer in the constitutional convention, and as President. In all he maintained a steady dignity and remarkable self-control. Read the following account, much of it in Washington's own words, to see how, in his youth, he learned courage, steadiness, and self-control.

In 1750 Washington had been sent by the Governor of Virginia on a mission to what is now western Pennsylvania, but was then part of Virginia. After various hardships, the horses of the expedition had given out. Leaving behind all his company except one man, Washington was continuing this mission, when the events here related took place.

"The journey was horrible," wrote Washington. "The men got frozen feet, and the pack-horses failed, so that I was in despair at the delay. Against Gist's advice I left Van Braam to follow with the horses and the men, and determined to strike through the woods for the Forks of the Ohio, and thus be enabled to report the sooner to the governor.

"For this adventure Gist and I put on match-coats, Indian dress, thick socks, and moccasins. We carried packs, with my papers tied up in tanned skin, and as much provisions as we could manage. With our guns, we left the camp and struck out through the woods. To go straight in a forest is not possible, because

every tree or bit of swamp may turn a man to this side or that. But by taking note of some great pine in front of us, and, on reaching it, taking note of another, we made good progress. For part of the way we had an Indian trail."

On the third day, in a deep snow, they reached the southwest fork of Beaver Creek. "Here a few Indians were encamped, who seemed to expect us," wrote Washington. "How they could have known about our coming I never knew; but there is much about Indian ways of communication of which I must confess myself ignorant."

The Indians were entirely too curious to please Gist. But midwinter had come, there were no trails, and speed was urgent. Because they could do no better, they engaged an Indian to guide and to carry Washington's pack. Gist did not trust the Indian, and Washington soon felt the same way. They started at daybreak, but after ten miles were in doubt as to the route.

"I had one foot chafed and was the most tired I ever was in my life on account of plunging through snow-drifts," wrote Washington. "The Indian, on snow-shoes, was at ease. He offered to carry my gun, but I refused. When we said we would camp and rest, he said the Ottawa Indians would see our fire smoke and surprise us. Once he said he heard whoops, then a gun; he kept turning northward, to

our discontent. Notwithstanding my fatigue I found the silence and loneliness of these woods to my taste. I was startled, at times, by the sharp crack, like a pistol shot, of a huge limb bursting with the frost; but there was no other sound. At last I declared that I must camp at the first brook we met. We kept on, stumbling and ready to fall with fatigue."

Two miles farther on they came to an open glade, with warm sunlight, all the brighter for the white snow.

"Here is our stream. Let us camp," said Washington.

At this time he and Gist were standing near together; the Indian was some twenty paces away. Suddenly the Indian turned and fired straight at them.

"Are you shot?" Washington called to Gist.

"No," replied the scout.

Washington and Gist ran to the Indian before he had time to load, seized him and took his gun. Gist wanted to kill the Indian at once, but Washington refused permission. They took his gun and made him march on ahead of them. Gist was very angry, but Washington was unwilling to shoot a defenseless man.

"If we do not shoot him, which is much the better way, we must fool him," said Gist.

At last they pretended to believe his excuse that

the shooting was an accident, and let him go to his cabin. The Indian said he knew they would never trust him again, and was glad to be told that he might go home. They planned to camp that night, and to follow his tracks in the snow in the morning. They gave him his gun, but took all his powder, and gave him a cake of bread. Gist followed him until he had gone a mile.

After Gist had returned, he and Washington tramped on rapidly for an hour, then built a log fire. At night, by the light of the blaze, they planned a course, and set out, weary and sore as they were, leaving, to their great regret, the big warm fire behind them.

The air was clear and very cold. All night long they pushed doggedly ahead, now and then making a light with flint and steel to see their compass, and trying to observe the stars. Certain that they would be pursued, they kept pushing on all the next day, tired out and hardly speaking a word, until at dusk they came to the Allegheny River. Here they camped. But they were still fearful, because they were still within range of the Indians. At daybreak they got up to push on.

The river was frozen out about sixty feet from each shore. The rushing water was full of floating cakes of ice. They must get over, and there was no way except to build a raft. They had only one

hatchet, and that not a very good one. They were all day building the raft, binding the logs together with grape-vines.

At sundown they pushed the raft across the shore ice and got afloat. Midway across the Allegheny, at a part of the river now known as Washington's Crossing, near what is now 40th Street in the city of Pittsburgh, the raft caught in a jam of ice cakes. Washington pushed with his setting-pole, but the swift current swung the raft, a block of ice caught it, and he was hurled overboard into ten feet of water. Fortunately he was able to catch hold of a log of the raft as it swung past. Gist gave him a hand, and Washington succeeded in climbing aboard once more. He had lost his setting-pole, however. Now they could not reach either shore. They drifted helplessly down the river, until, lodging for a moment on the end of Wainwright's Island, they were able to scramble ashore, while their raft swept on down the icy flood.

"Very soon Gist had a great fire burning," wrote Washington in his Journal. "By this I dried myself, but to keep warm was impossible, for the cold was the greatest I have ever known. So intense was the cold that Gist would not let me sleep; he made me walk about, although I was ready to drop, saying that if we slept, and the fire should die, so should we. By good fortune a large jam of drifted wood on the upper end of the island gave us plenty of fuel.

"With the cold increasing, as the night wore on, even Gist, who was of great endurance and hopeful, was afraid that we might have been followed. As the island afforded small shelter, he thought we might be shot by the Indians from the shore. This troubled me less than the difficulty of keeping warm.

"About ten o'clock that night we found the river was rising, so that it would take little more to flood us. What I found worst of all was the delay. I said things could hardly be worse, but that the cold would certainly freeze the river by daylight. Fortunately we had food enough. Gist kept me and himself awake by amazing stories of Indians and French and of great bears. But, plan as we could, Gist had his toes frozen, and I had to rub them with snow to save them. I was well pleased, at last, to see red in the sky to the eastward. When we found the ice cakes frozen hard together, we made haste to cross to the shore. There, being beyond shot range, and with the sun warmer every minute, we built another fire and ate breakfast, and took, each in turn, an hour's sleep."

"There is really small fear of Indians either in darkness or in great cold," said Gist. "They like neither. The bitter cold, perhaps, saved us from pursuit.

"You will never again, sir, be in a worse business than that," continued Gist to Washington as they

looked back on the river from the top of a hill. "And you will never see the like again."

But twice in his later life did Washington see the like—and twice the lessons in endurance he learned that night served him and his country well. On the night before Christmas, in 1776, believing that the Hessians, like the Indians, might not enjoy the cold, he made that famous Crossing of the Delaware in a boat with General Knox. He and his troops alike were in the greatest danger from the cakes of ice, but they were joking as they crossed!

Later at Valley Forge, although his soldiers suffered so greatly that their bloody footprints marked the snow-clad hills, that same snow and cold kept Sir William Howe in his snug quarters in Philadelphia.

Thus, in his young manhood, Washington learned the lesson which many an American soldier has learned since—that nothing helps quite so much in doing a hard duty or in suffering a hardship, as having done it successfully before.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell the two instances in this account in which Washington was near death.
2. Do you agree with Gist or with Washington as to the treatment of the treacherous guide? Explain.
3. How did they make the raft? What was the last they saw of it?

4. Name instances in the story showing that the two men, in their great danger, treated each other as equals.
5. Tell the incident in which Washington showed the greatest self-control.
6. Tell the instances in which Gist showed steadiness.

VOLUNTEER READINGS

1. "Washington's Ten Narrow Escapes," H. A. Ogden, *St. Nicholas,* Vol. XXXVIII, pp. 404–409.
2. "When Washington Went Traveling," H. A. Ogden, *St. Nicholas,* Vol. XLIII, pp. 303–308.
3. "Earliest Celebrations of Washington's Birthday," M. A. Murphy, *St. Nicholas,* Vol. LII, pp. 372–373.
4. "Winter Day at Valley Forge" (a picture), H. W. Kieffer, *St. Nicholas,* Vol. L, pp. 478–480.
5. "True Story of Mt. Vernon," H. Young, *St. Nicholas,* Vol. XLIX, pp. 351–356.

MATCHING GAME

Match the phrases in these two lists which mean the same or nearly the same. For example, "in despair" and "having no hope" mean nearly the same. You may show this by writing 1-c on your paper.

LIST I	LIST II
1. in despair	*a.* ways of sending messages
2. perilous journey	*b.* ability to stand severe hardships
3. a defenseless man	*c.* having no hope
4. pushed doggedly ahead	*d.* gave little protection
5. would be pursued	*e.* went on with determination
6. beyond shot range	*f.* would be followed
7. a great endurance	*g.* freezing temperature
8. intense cold	*h.* stories which surprised them
9. suffered a hardship	*i.* a man without protection
10. afforded small shelter	*j.* a dangerous trip
11. amazing stories	*k.* too far away to be shot
12. ways of communication	*l.* met a difficulty

8. DON'T GIVE UP

PHŒBE CARY

What two examples does Phœbe Cary give of the meaning of the Foreword on page 76? What two examples of steadiness does she suggest that you may find in your own lives?

If you've tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's good and great is done
  Just by patient trying.

Though young birds in flying, fall,
  Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
  Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
  Many a wind that bowed her,
She has risen again and grown
  Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
  Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
  That's the test that tries you.

CLASS DISCUSSION

1. "All that's good is done by patient trying." Give examples that you have seen or read about.
2. "Gaining victory from defeat." See if you can give examples, real or imaginary (*a*) about a baseball game; (*b*) about a battle; (*c*) about a school task; (*d*) about a foot race; (*e*) about a basket-ball game.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF STEADINESS AND SELF-CONTROL

1. Name one selection in this unit which best illustrates each stanza of the poem, "Don't Give Up," page 131.
   a. What selection best illustrates "patient trying" in stanza one?
   b. What selection best illustrates "growing stronger" in stanza two?
   c. What selection best illustrates "rising again" in stanza three?
   d. What selection best illustrates "gaining victory from defeat" in stanza four?

   Compare your choices.

2. *Game—Find the black sheep.*

In the sentences or stanzas which follow, find the three selections which do not belong with the others. All but four express the meaning of this unit, steady persistence in doing one's duty. Call the four which do not, "black sheep." Read them all silently and thoughtfully. When you have finished reading, decide which are the black sheep.

Verses that express the idea of Steadiness or Self-control.

1. Good, better, best; never let it rest
   Till your "good" is better, and your "better" best.

2. And isn't it, my boy, or girl,
   The wisest, bravest plan,
   Whatever comes or doesn't come
   To do the best you can?

3. All that you do
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

4. Your flag is my flag!
And oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds.

5. Four things come not back:
The spoken word;
The shot arrow;
Time past;
The neglected opportunity.

6. Great oaks from little acorns grow.

7. Never feel that you have done well enough,
While you know that you can still do better.

8. Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day.

9. What ever is worth doing is worth doing well.

10. It is summer, it is summer,
How beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the hills
And sunshine on the brooks.

11. The difference between one boy and another, is not so much talent, as energy.

12. Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

13. Keep your eyes on a goal, lad,
Never despair a drop;
Be sure that the path leads upward;
There is always room at the top.

14. Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything
These are wanted every hour.

3. Which of the stanzas and statements just given apply best to doing your school work well? Select three that you like, and compare your choices. Let the class arrange the three in the order of excellence, and copy them on the blackboard.

4. Find one of the fourteen statements which you think might very well be written just before each of the selections in this unit. Copy the titles of the selections. Then, remembering the stories, read the fourteen stanzas. After the title of each selection write the number of one of the stanzas and a few words of explanation. For example: Selection 1. The Story of a Beaver—stanza 3, All that you do do with all your might.

"I SHALL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU A MEMBER OF MY MILITARY FAMILY"
[*See p.* 196]

COMRADESHIP

The world is happy,
The world is wide;
Kind hearts are beating
On every side.

—James Russell Lowell.

COMRADESHIP

How much comradeship means! All the friendliness and kindliness in the hearts of men may be included under the word. Many acts which bring us joy are prompted by this friendly feeling. Even a cheery greeting and a cordial smile make everything seem brighter and happier. Work seems lighter if our comrades share the work. Our play seems merrier when others play with us.

Man is not alone in this feeling of comradeship; animals show the same friendliness and helpfulness. Man often finds warm and loyal friends among the animals. The dog has been classed as man's greatest friend.

Acts of kindness do not stop with the immediate circle of friends. When a call for help comes after a disaster, people from every part of the country respond generously. They do not hesitate because the needy are strangers. Indeed, there are no strangers in times of distress; all are comrades.

READ A BOOK

Find the book which looks most interesting to you and read it while you are studying this unit.

1. *Jack and Jill,* by Louisa May Alcott. Little.
   Jack and Jill are neighbors and good comrades.
2. *Under the Lilacs,* by Louisa May Alcott. Little.
   A story of a circus boy who wandered away and found good friends in the old house under the lilacs.
3. *Polaris, the Story of an Eskimo Dog,* by Ernest H. Baynes. Macmillan.
   An account of the puppy days of an Eskimo dog in New Hampshire. Polaris became one of Dr. Grenfell's service dogs.
4. *The Secret Garden,* by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Stokes.
   A story of an unhappy girl who learned how to find happiness through a comrade.
5. *John of the Woods,* by Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton.
   John finds a home with a hermit and from him learns to trust the animals of the woods.
6. *Nelly's Silver Mine,* by Helen Hunt Jackson. Little.
   Twins from New England journey to a new home in Colorado where the little girl finds her "silver mine."
7. *God's Troubadour,* by Sophie Jewett. Crowell.
   A story of St. Francis of Assisi, who was friend to the birds, the beasts, and every one who needed a friend.
8. *Kristy's Queer Christmas,* by Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton.
   At a Christmas party in Grandma's kitchen each guest tells of the oddest, most miserable, or most agreeable Christmas he ever had.
9. *Dog of Flanders,* by Louisa de la Ramée. Lippincott.
   A story of the friendship of an orphan boy and the big dog, Patrasche.
10. *Melissa Across the Fence,* by Augusta H. Seaman. Century.
    A story of girls who were good comrades.
11. *Friends in Strange Garments,* by Anna M. Upjohn. Houghton.
    Stories of children of other lands.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "The Talkative Sparrow," Constance S. Armfield, *Wonder Tales of the World,* 129–143.
2. "The Great Walled Country," Raymond M. Alden, *Why the Chimes Rang,* 138–149.
3. "The Forest Full of Friends," *ibid.,* 90–104.
4. "Fanchon," Anatole France, *The Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories,* 290–298.
5. "The Indians and the Quaker Family," Adin Ballou, *ibid.,* 392–395.
6. "The Duty That Was Not Paid," Katherine D. Cather, *Through Fairy Halls of My Bookhouse,* 112–116.
7. "Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," Charles Dickens, *ibid.,* 130–141.
8. "Good Comrades of the Flying Ship," *ibid.,* 184–190.
9. "The New Boy," Carolyn S. Bailey, *Stories For Every Holiday,* 5–15.
10. "Turning the Thanksgiving Tables," *ibid.,* 56–66.
11. "Terrence—April Fool," *ibid.,* 167–175.
12. "The Charter Oak," Lawton Evans, *America First,* 67–71.
13. "The Peacemaker," Frances J. Olcott, *Good Stories for Great Birthdays,* 33–42.
14. "Welcome, Englishmen," *ibid.,* 131–136.
15. "A Generous Foe," *ibid.,* 149–151.
16. "The Musicians," Walter de la Mare, *Told Again,* 21–30.
17. "The Heart of the Tree," Henry C. Bunner, *Highways and Holidays,* 71–72.
18. "A Boy's Mother," James Whitcomb Riley, *ibid.,* 121–122.
19. "Man's Oldest and Most Faithful Friend," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* 3:1018–1023.
20. "The Story of Mogli," *ibid.,* 5:1927–1929.
21. "The Dog That Knew His Master," *Book of Knowledge,* 11:4139–4140.
22. "Black Diamond," *ibid.,* 15:5326–5328.

III. COMRADESHIP

1. A SUNSHINE HEART

ROBERT LOVEMAN

In what ways does the poet say that "a sunshine heart and a soul of song" may be shown?

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
Love for hate,
And right for wrong;
Softly speak to the weak,
Help them along;
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song;
What though about thee
Foemen throng?
All the day, on thy way,
Be thou strong;
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

Memorize the Poem.

1. *Listen.*—Listen while the teacher reads the poem.
2. *Read.*—Read the poem through as a whole first.
3. *Think.*—Find all the places where lines are repeated.
4. *Reread.*—Read the whole poem twice. The first time notice the parts that seem easy to you. The second time look away from the book while you read the easy parts.
5. *Think.*—Be sure the thoughts for the hard parts are clear to you. Think the hard parts through once more.
6. *Attempt to recall.*—Try to say the poem.
7. Follow these steps until you can repeat the poem easily.

2. WARD NUMBER ONE

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

Read the story as you would watch a motion picture. Picture the stage settings in your mind. See the events in the story as if they were happening on the screen.

Jack and Jill never cared to say much about the night which followed the first coasting party of the season, for the accident was the saddest and the hardest they had ever known. Jack suffered most in body. The setting of his broken leg was such a painful job that it wrung several sharp cries from him, and made Frank, who helped, quite weak and white with sympathy. Jack's wounded head ached dreadfully, and the poor boy felt as if he were bruised all over. Dr. Whiting spoke cheerfully of the case, and made so light of broken legs that Jack innocently asked if he should not be up in a week or so.

"Well, no; it usually takes twenty-one days for bones to knit, and young ones make quick work of it," answered the doctor, with a last careful tuck to the various bandages.

"Twenty-one days! Three whole weeks in bed! I shouldn't call that quick work," groaned the dismayed patient, who had had little experience with illness.

"Getting that leg well is a forty days' job, young

man; you must make up your mind to bear it bravely. We will do our best; but next time, look before you leap, and save your bones. Good-night; you'll feel better in the morning. No jigs, remember," called the busy doctor as he hurried off for another look at Jill, who had been ordered to bed and left to rest till Jack's case was attended to.

Any one would have thought Jack's plight much the worse, but the doctor looked more sober over Jill's hurt back than the boy's compound fractures. The poor girl had a very bad quarter of an hour while he was trying to discover the extent of her injury.

"Keep her quiet, and time will show how much damage is done," was all he said.

For some days, nothing was seen and little was heard of the "dear sufferers," as the old ladies called them. But they were not forgotten; the first words uttered when any of their playmates met were, "How is Jack?" "Seen Jill yet?" All waited with impatience for the moment when they could be admitted to their favorite friends.

Meantime, the captives spent the first few days in sleep, in pain, and in trying to accept the hard fact that school and play were done for months perhaps. On the fourth day the invalids began to mend and before the first week was over their nurses were distracted with efforts to amuse them.

The most successful attempt started one day when Frank was with Jack in Ward No. 1, as Jack's mother called his room.

"Just wish I had a telegraph or a telephone, so I could talk to Jill. Wouldn't it be fun to send a message across and get an answer!" said Jack.

"I'll make either you say," said Frank, looking as if trifles of that sort were to be had for the asking.

"Could you really?"

"We'll start the telegraph first; then you can send things over if you like," said Frank, wisely suggesting the surer plan.

"Go ahead, then. I'd like that, and so would Jill, for I know she wants to hear from me."

"There's one trouble, though; I shall have to leave you alone for a few minutes while I rig up the ropes," and Frank looked sober, for he was a faithful boy, and did not want to desert his post.

"Oh, never mind; I won't want anything. If I do, I can pound for Ann."

"And wake mother. I'll fix you a better way than that." Full of inventive genius, the young Edison spliced the poker part of a fishing-rod in a jiffy, making a long-handled hook which reached across the room.

"There's an arm for you; now hook away, and let's see how it works," he said, handing the instrument

to Jack, who proceeded to show how it would work by hooking the cloth off the table in attempting to get his handkerchief, catching Frank by the hair in fishing for a book, and breaking a pane of glass in trying to draw down the curtain.

"The handle is so long, I can't manage it," laughed

"I'LL MAKE EITHER YOU SAY"

Jack, as it finally caught in the draperies, and nearly pulled them down.

"Let it alone, unless you need something very much, and don't worry about breaking the glass. That hole is just what we need for the telegraph wire or rope to go through. Keep still, and I'll have the thing running in ten minutes." Delighted with the job, Frank hurried away, leaving Jack to think out a message to send as soon as the line was completed.

"What in the world is going on?" exclaimed Miss

Hopkins, peering out of her window at the queer performances in her neighbor's garden.

First, Frank appeared with a hatchet and chopped a clear space in the hedge between his own house and the cottage; next, he passed a clothes line through this opening and fastened it somewhere on the other side; finally, he slung a small covered basket on this rope, made to travel either way by a set of strings. Frank tried out his invention a few times, and then, satisfied with his job, hurried to the house, whistling, "Hail, Columbia."

"Those children are at their pranks again. I thought broken bones wouldn't keep them out of mischief long," said the old lady, watching with great interest the mysterious basket travelling up and down the rope from the big house to the cottage.

If she had seen what came and went over the wires of the "Great International Telegraph," she would have laughed till her spectacles flew off her Roman nose. A letter from Jack, with a large orange, went first, explaining the new enterprise:

"Dear Jill,—It's too bad you can't come over to see me. I am pretty well, but awful tired of keeping still. I want to see you ever so much. Frank has fixed us a telegraph, so we can write and send things. Won't it be jolly! I can't look out to see him do it; but, when you pull your string, my little bell rings, and I know a message is coming. I send you an

orange. Do you like *guava*[1] jelly? People send in lots of goodies, and we will go halves. Good-by.

JACK."

Away went the basket, and in fifteen minutes it came back from the cottage with nothing inside but the orange.

"Hullo! Is she mad?" asked Jack, as Frank brought the despatch for him to examine.

But, at the first touch, the hollow peel opened, and out fell a letter, two gum-drops and an owl made of a peanut, with round eyes drawn at the ends where a stem formed a funny beak. Two bits of straw were the legs, and the face looked so like Dr. Whiting that both boys laughed at the sight.

"That's like Jill; she'd make fun if she were half dead. Let's see what she says"; and Jack read the note, which showed a sad neglect of the spelling-book:

"DEAR JACKY,—I can't stir and it's horrid. The tellygraf is very nice and we will have fun with it. I never ate any *gorver* jelly. The orange was first rate. Send me a book to read. All about bears and ships and crockydiles. The doctor was coming to see you, so I sent him the quickest way. Molly Loo says it is dreadful lonesome at school without us.—Yours truly, JILL."

[1] *guava* (gwä'vá) a pear-shaped fruit of South America.

Jack immediately despatched the book and a sample of guava jelly, which unfortunately upset on the way, to the great detriment of "The Wild Beasts of Asia and Africa." To Jack's delight, Jill promptly responded with the loan of a tiny black kitten, who emerged spitting and scratching.

The telegraph was great fun. The two invalids kept up a lively correspondence, as well as a continuous traffic in light articles. Thus days that might have been long and tiresome were made short and cheery.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the scenes you would need for a motion picture of this story.
2. What did you like about these children?
3. Was Frank helpful or merely a "mischief" as the neighbor said? Explain.
4. Were Jack and Jill good comrades? Why?

STORY TELLING

1. Make up another letter which Jill might write to Jack, or one Jack might write to Jill. Pretend that you are sending a gift with the letter and tell about the gift.
2. Make up a story about the coasting party telling how Jack and Jill got hurt.
3. Read the story of the accident in Alcott's *Jack and Jill*, Chapter 1, and tell it in class.

VOLUNTEER PROJECT

Some of the boys tell how they could have made a *code* of signals with the cord and the bell.

LIVELY GAMES THEY HAD

3. MAKING FRIENDS

ENOS A. MILLS

Find out the author's purpose. Is he trying to entertain you, to give you information, or to make you feel friendly toward the creatures of the woods?

One winter a pair of rabbits occasionally played in front of my window. Noticing this, I placed food for them by their playground and in a short time they came daily to feed and to play for me.

Lively games they had. Often they raced in small circles. In the midst of their circling one would stop and stand erect for a moment and then circle while the other stood. They also played a game of leaping, passing midway in the air, each appearing to try to alight in the spot from which the other had leaped

and then to wheel and instantly leap back. Sometimes one fooled the other by pretending to leap without doing so. Following a turn of this kind they jumped high, almost straight up, and as they faced or met in midair each tried to grab or to push the other. They danced queerly, slowly rotating. They went through a kind of stationary gallop, occasionally rising on hind legs to advance stiffly two or three steps.

One day they saw me watching through the window. For nearly half a minute they stood stock-still and watched me. As I did not move they went on with their play. After this we became better acquainted. I stood outside to watch them. At first I stayed far off, then I came closer, and finally I could stand within a few yards without disturbing them in the least. Toward the close of winter, they came regularly into my cabin and ate off the floor. They declined to be touched, but with a little longer acquaintance they would not have been afraid of my hand. But spring days came and they went off into the willows.

Any one can make friends with birds and animals. Of course to do so is much easier if all the people in a neighborhood are friendly to wild folk. Most birds and animals appear to desire human society. Birds leave the depths of the forest to build by the roadside where people pass. Other feathered folk have deserted old nesting scenes to nest by human homes.

Robins, wrens, and bluebirds confidently raise their families near the places where children romp and play.

Birds may build their homes near people in order to have better food opportunities and increased safety from enemies, but it is also plain that many birds wish to satisfy their desire for human society. It has been demonstrated often that shy, well-fed birds and animals are hoping and waiting for friendly advances on our part. Kindness and food will make most wild folks our friends. Wild neighbors, however, are glad of the opportunity to call on us whether we break bread or not. They are also pleased to have friendly calls returned.

How little we have known of the real character of animals! Even to-day the general opinion of wild creatures is that they are undesirable citizens. This wrong opinion is based on stories by those who do not know, and on reports of careless observers and hunters who usually are prejudiced. For ages the large animals that feed on flesh have been considered fierce. Strictly speaking, none of the animals are fierce—they do not make attacks on man without cause. Bears, lions, and wolves fight man only in self-defense or for the protection of their young. We should not call them fierce for such fighting, since domestic animals and human beings will also fight under these conditions.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

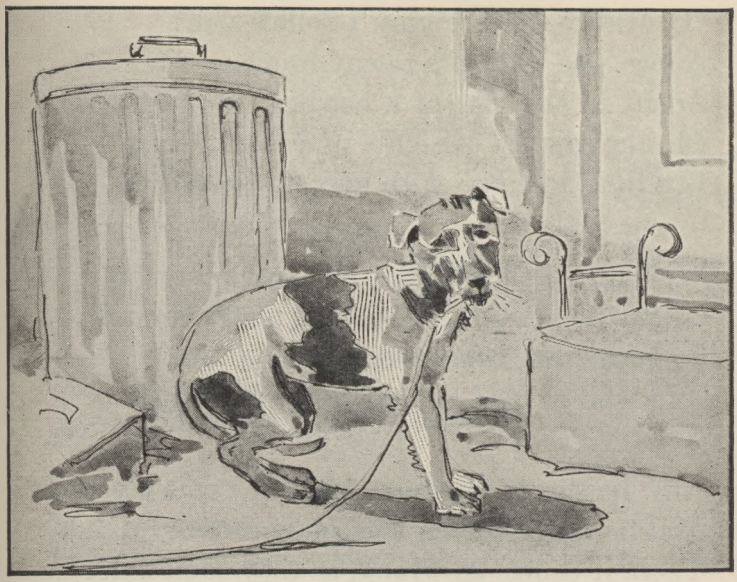
1. What was the author's purpose?
2. Tell the different acts of the observer which caused the rabbits to be friendly with him.
3. Do you agree with the author that animals desire human friends? What proof of this does the author give? Can you give other proofs from your observations?
4. Describe the games the rabbits played. Which amused you most? Which of their tricks seemed to require the greatest skill?
5. What animals have you heard called undesirable citizens? Why? Can you find the facts concerning those animals in order to determine whether these claims are correct? How?

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Look up the facts concerning one animal considered undesirable and report them to the class.
2. Observe some animals at play and describe the "games" they play to your classmates.
3. Report attempts you have made to make friends with some wild animal—the squirrel, the rabbit, or any other. Tell what you did and the success you had.

STORIES TO READ: WILD ANIMAL PETS

About Animals, Marian H. Carter. Century.
Trails to the Woods, Clarence Hawkes. American.
Ways of Wood Folk, William J. Long. Ginn.
Animal Heroes, Ernest Thompson Seton. Scribners.
Lives of the Hunted, Ernest Thompson Seton. Scribners.



4. THE LOST PUP

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Read this poem once to get the story. Reread it more slowly to see whether you can tell the story in pictures.

He was lost!—not a shade of a doubt of that;
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the wind blew raw,
With a drooping ear and a trembling paw
And a mournful look in his pleading eye
And a plaintive sniff at the passer-by
That begged as plain as a tongue sould sue:

"O Mister—please may I follow you?"
A lorn wee waif of a tawny brown
Adrift in the roar of a heedless town.
Oh, the saddest of sights in a world of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!

Well, he won my heart (for I set great store
On my own red Bute—who is here no more),
So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,
And who so glad as that small lost pup?

Now he shares my board, and he owns my bed,
And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread.
Then, if things go wrong, as they sometimes do.
And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,
He asserts his right to assuage my woes
With a warm, red tongue and a nice, cold nose.
And a silky head on my arm or knee
And a paw as soft as a paw can be.

When we rove the woods for a league about,
He's as full of pranks as a school let out;
For he romps and frisks like a three-months' colt,
And he runs me down like a thunderbolt.
Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair
Is a gay little pup with his tail in air!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How many pictures would you need to tell this story? Tell what you would put in each. Choose appropriate lines from the poem to write under each picture.
2. How did the man in the poem know that the dog was lost? Read the lines that gave you the picture of a lost dog.
3. Tell the different ways this pup could "talk." How did he say that he was unhappy? That he was happy? That he was sympathetic?
4. In what way was the pup a good comrade?

STORY TELLING

1. Tell how another dog talked.
2. Tell of a pup who showed that he was lost by actions which were different from the actions of this pup.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Bring in pictures from newspapers or magazines which tell a story.
2. Tell the story of the lost pup in a series of pictures with appropriate written explanations.

ADDITIONAL READINGS: DOG COMRADES

Famous Four-footed Friends, George'C. Harvey. Macmillan.
Puppy Dogs' Tales and Stories of Other Animal Friends, Frances Kent. Macmillan.
Animal Story Book, Andrew Lang. Longmans.
Our Dog Friends, Retold from St. Nicholas. Century.
Beautiful Joe, Marshall Saunders. Judson.

5. LITTLE BROTHER OF THE AIR

HENRY VAN DYKE

Read the first four stanzas of the poem, pausing after each stanza to think what bird the poet is describing. Talk over your decisions in class; then read the last stanza to find whether you decided correctly.

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer!"

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat
Of many colors, smart and gay;

His suit is quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice and well at ease,
In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow-brook; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near
In "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;
They seem so true, so free from art,
So friendly, and so full of heart,
That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
I'd choose the Song-Sparrow, my dear,
Because he'd bless me, every year,
With "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Did you know the poem was about the song-sparrow before you read the last stanza? What was told you in other stanzas which helped you know the bird's name?
2. What does the poet mean by "a Joseph's coat"? "Quaker brown and gray"?
3. What reasons does the poet give for choosing the song-sparrow as his favorite bird comrade? Are the points he named desirable traits in girl or boy comrades?
4. Would you name a different bird as your first choice for a bird comrade? If so, why?

STUDY HELPS

1. Reread the first stanza of the poem noticing the grouping of the words for oral reading. In these lines:

> "It seems as if he must have sung
> Beside my crib when I was young";

the words "beside my crib" tell where he must have sung. The words "must have sung beside my crib" must be read so that this idea is clear.

2. Go through the other stanzas looking for places where thought groups are formed from last words of one line and first words of the following line. Say the words softly to see if you can make the thoughts clear.
3. Read softly the lines which answer the following questions:
   a. Where must this bird have sung?
   b. What does the bird say we need not fear?
   c. What does the poet say the bird does not wear?
   d. How does the bird's song make pride appear?
   e. Where do the trees stretch their arms?
4. Choose a pupil to read the whole poem aloud.

6. ROBIN REDBREAST

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

The poet is writing about the English robin. Find one proof that the poem is not about the American robin.

Good-bye, good-bye to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown
And ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are here.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What in the poem proves that the poet is not writing about the American robin?
2. What seasons are described in the poem? Tell the pictures the poet gives for each of these seasons. Compare these scenes with similar scenes in America.
3. Name the birds and animals mentioned in the poem which prepare for winter. Tell what preparation each makes.
4. Would you place this poem in the unit, Comradeship? Give reasons for your answer. Read aloud lines which you think suggest good comradeship.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Find and copy other poems which show friendliness for birds or animals. Choose a committee to collect the poems and put them into a booklet for your reading table.
2. Make orginal poems about birds showing a feeling of comradeship. Choose a committee to make a booklet of the poems for the reading table.

GAMES WITH WORDS

Matching Game.—Below are two lists of expressions. Find in these lists expressions which mean the same or nearly the same. Place on your paper the number of each expression in the first list and after each number place the letter which indicates the expression from the second list which matches it.

1. the garden smiling faintly
2. in the falling of the year
3. come down in hosts
4. the pinching days
5. trembling night winds
6. branches plumed with snow
7. the frosty ways like iron
8. dead and dark
9. turn to ghosts
10. hang russet on the bough

a. frozen roads and streams
b. days when food is hard to get
c. fall in great numbers
d. the garden in which there are few bright spots
e. colored feathers become white
f. in autumn
g. trees and bushes covered with snow
h. without leaves
i. hang on the branches in golden color
j. winds that shake the house at night

Phrase Game.—See whether you can see groups of words at a single glance. At the signal "One" from your teacher glance at the first group of words in the first list above. At the signal "Two" look up, and tell what you saw in the glance at the words. Do this for the entire list. You may choose one pupil to tell what he saw while the rest decide whether he is right, if you prefer. Your teacher will make the time between her signals shorter as you learn how to see groups of words quickly.

7. THE BROWN MARSH HAWK

CORNELIA MEIGS

Read this story as you would watch a motion picture. Decide how many scenes the play would have and think of a title for each scene.

The wandering clan of Sioux Indians to whom Soneto belonged were rich in horses which they had captured from wild herds. The fame of a steed called the Brown Marsh Hawk had spread far and wide.

Soneto well remembered the capture of the horse. Indeed, Soneto himself had first spied the swift, wild creature, and had brought the tale of its beauty and speed back to his father's lodge. One hot afternoon, the boy was fishing in the creek that ran within five miles of their camp. Although Soneto's bone fishhook was bobbing in the pool before him, he was paying little heed to his fishing. He was staring up at a hawk with wide, brown wings, which swooped and circled above the swamp. He was busy watching the sailing hawk, when he caught the sound of splashing, and turned his head.

He saw a slim, brown horse, more beautiful than any horse he had ever seen before. The arch of the neck, the splendid line of the shoulder, the sheen of the smooth coat—these could not be matched in any herd that the boy had known. A sudden change of

breeze brought to the horse the scent of his human enemy. He lifted his head, plunged up the bank in a spatter of silvery drops, and dashed across the ridge. His smooth, easy swiftness was to be compared only with the soaring speed of the marsh hawk overhead.

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF BREEZE BROUGHT TO THE HORSE THE SCENT OF HIS HUMAN ENEMY

Soneto took home the tale of the splendid horse, and the men about the fires began laying wagers as to which of them should catch him. From Soneto's description, they began to call him the Brown Marsh Hawk.

For the next few days, many of the young warriors rode out into the marsh country with their rawhide

lassos, determined to capture the brown horse. They came back weary and covered with mire, grinning sheepishly. The wild pony was far too quick and wary to be caught easily. He seemed to know his way so well that again and again he galloped to safety over the dry ridges while his pursuers struggled helplessly in the bog behind him.

Finally Soneto's father made a captive of the horse. Soneto came out to meet his father as he brought home the prize. He went up slowly and laid his hand upon the pony's soft brown nose. The nervous creature jumped and trembled, but in a moment stood still and allowed the boy to stroke him. Horses and men are made to be friends; and, deep in his wild heart, the Brown Marsh Hawk seemed to know that this was true.

In a month, the Marsh Hawk was as tame and friendly as any other horse in the village herd; before the end of the summer he and the boy were inseparable comrades. The moment the Marsh Hawk heard the boy's voice or his whistle, he would wheel, whinny, and go galloping to him. Many a ride the two had across the sunny prairie. By autumn the fame of the Marsh Hawk had spread far abroad, and many of the neighboring Sioux came to watch him run. Indians love horse-racing; and Soneto and his swift pony offered them many a thrilling day's sport.

In November news came of a skirmish between a

A BAND OF WARRIORS SET FORTH TO JOIN THE EXPEDITION

band of Sioux and a band of Chippewa braves on the northern reaches of the Red River. Soneto's father looked grave when he heard of it; and that night a council of warriors sat long in the Medicine Lodge. For a time the chief of Soneto's village held aloof from the quarrel; but in the end the restlessness of the young warriors overbore the wisdom of the elders. At the beginning of December, just as the first snow was flying, word came that the larger village near them was planning a raid into the forest country. Early one bitter winter morning, a band of warriors set forth to join the larger expedition. Soneto sat long in the snow watching the gayly colored band moving across the plain. In the lead was the chief, and close beside him rode Soneto's father on the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Days passed, then a week, then another, and no news came back. At last, one afternoon, as Soneto was carrying a bundle of firewood up from the shore of the river, he saw a single dark spot moving across the prairie. It advanced slowly, sometimes halting, sometimes struggling forward wearily. Soon he saw the Marsh Hawk, carrying his father, both of them badly wounded.

When the wounded warrior recovered a little, the old men and the young boys gathered to hear his tale. He told them briefly what had happened; every horse and every fighting man had fallen, save Soneto's father and the Marsh Hawk alone.

"Through the Brown Marsh Hawk I managed to escape with my life," the wounded man said. "He swam the river with the arrows falling like hail all about us; and got away into the forest on the other side. I do not think I could ever have found my way back, or have had the heart to try, had it not been for the horse."

Soneto's father suffered long from the wounds he had received in that battle. The Marsh Hawk, too, had a great gash in his shoulder, from which he limped for many weeks. The medicine man said that he was likely to limp always. Soneto, refusing to believe that his comrade was to be crippled, patiently tended the gaping wound, and by midwinter the Marsh Hawk was as sound and fleet as ever.

According to an old custom among the Indians, a horse which has rendered his master a great service is given a fitting reward. Soneto's father therefore declared that since the Marsh Hawk was whole and sound again he should go free. Soneto protested that he could not give up his comrade, that the horse would never leave him; but the older men all knew better. A wild horse, they said, always longed in his heart for freedom. To the very last Soneto said that his horse did not wish to go free.

One day in late winter the chief declared the time had come for giving the Marsh Hawk his release. The ceremonial fires were lit, the medicine man sang a long

chant of the deeds of the horse. At last two men led out the slim, brown creature, and turned his head to the prairie, while the medicine man bade him begone. Soneto watched, in suspense, as the horse stood for a little with his head up. Finally the Brown Marsh Hawk began to move slowly forward, first at a gentle trot, then in a swift run for which he had become famous throughout the north country. Even after the fires had gone down and the men had returned to their lodges, Soneto sat looking after the disappearing dot in the distance.

When spring came, Soneto rode abroad upon the prairie. When he saw the easy flight of the sweeping brown hawks he always thought of his comrade. On his hunting expeditions, he often looked eagerly about, hoping to catch at least a glimpse of his friend, the Brown Marsh Hawk.

A year passed. The war between the Chippewas and Sioux still went on. Soneto became used to constant danger. He rode farther and farther afield; he was more and more sure in his aim and skill at bringing down the buffalo; he thought of himself as a full-fledged warrior. He had, indeed, almost all of the strength and alertness of an Indian brave; but he did not have the wise caution which comes only to a huntsman or fighting man as the fruit of long experience.

One day while in pursuit of a bull, he slipped off his

SONETO SAW THE MARSH HAWK CARRYING HIS FATHER, BOTH OF THEM WOUNDED

horse's back, knowing that the well-trained animal would not wander away, and climbed up the stony hillside. He caught sight of a man's figure slipping through the bushes, and dropped behind the trunk of a stunted tree. Another figure and another came up through the underbrush, all moving among the thick branches with such ease and so little sound that Soneto knew that they were Chippewas.

Now began a game of hide and seek, with Soneto's life for the reward of the struggle. Driven from one hiding place to another, Soneto was forced to move steadily downward from the ridge into the valley toward the open plain. Once beyond cover, he would be shot down in a moment by a swarm of arrows. His only hope lay in clinging as long as he could to the sheltering hillside.

As he lay there, wondering how soon a Chippewa would stumble upon his hiding place, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs. For a moment he hoped that a band of Sioux warriors might have chanced that way. But no, a little knot of wild horses were wandering in from the prairie. They were a lean, shabby-looking band, without the sleek fatness of the spring season. As they moved wearily, Soneto watched them with little interest until the group spread apart, and a single pony, a slim, dark-coated horse, came out from among the others and stood for a moment at the entrance to the valley. He pricked his ears and raised

his head, for a passing puff of hot wind had brought him the scent of man. The horse was the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Soneto leaped to his feet, put his fingers to his lips, and blew a long, shrill whistle. He cared no longer whether or not the Chippewas saw him, for here was his one chance of safety. He called with the familiar cry that in the past had always summoned the Marsh Hawk to him, and ran leaping down the slope. The horse hesitated and wheeled for flight; then, as the boy called again, he turned once more. He stood for a moment, then with a sudden rush as headlong as the boy's own, he came running to his master.

With one movement Soneto swung himself upon the Marsh Hawk's back and the two rushed down the valley with a flight of arrows singing about their ears. The stones flew to right and left from under the horse's hoofs; the other wild ponies scattered like chaff, and in a moment were left far behind. They came out upon the open prairie and turned in a wide curve to the eastward. The Marsh Hawk stretched himself steadily in his unbeaten gallop. The last arrow spun past Soneto's ear; the last shout died away behind them. The boy and horse were safe, alone on the grassy plain.

On and on they rode, until the hot sunshine gave place to cool twilight, and the green about them turned to gray. They splashed through a shallow

stream and Soneto stooped to cool his burning throat. On they went again. The horse's pace slackened at last; and, as they came up over a long roll that lifted the smooth level, he stood still. The night wind had brought him the smell of wood smoke, even as the starlight showed to Soneto the lodges of his own village.

The horse showed plainly that he did not wish to go into the village. Soneto knew his fear and would not urge him on, but slipped from his back and watched him as he disappeared in the darkness on his way to freedom.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

STUDY HELPS

1. Write down the plan for a motion picture of the story such as might be given on the screen. This form will help you.

SCENE I.—Discovering the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Sketch.—Soneto is fishing by the creek. He hears a splashing of the water. He turns his head quietly and sees a beautiful wild horse. The horse throws up his head, sniffs, seems to scent a human being near, and plunges up the bank and away.

Time.—One summer day.

Place.—By a creek five miles from camp.

Characters.—(In order of appearance) Soneto, the wild horse.

SCENE II.—Soneto tells of his discovery.

Sketch.—

Time.—

Place.—
Characters.—

Fill in the outline for Scene II and plan the other scenes of the story in this way.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Could this story have really happened? What facts do you know about animals and about Indian customs which would lead you to believe that the story could be true?
2. What incidents in the story show that the Indians had a feeling of comradeship for animals? What incidents show that animals have a feeling of comradeship for human beings?
3. Read the following list of statements concerning comrades. Choose the ones which are illustrated in this story, and select parts of the story to prove your point in each case.

   a. Comrades enjoy each other's company.
   b. Comrades will make sacrifices for each other.
   c. Comrades help each other in time of trouble.
   d. Comrades will not take mean advantage of each other.

COMMITTEE PROJECT

A committee select scenes from the story which can be dramatized in the classroom, make up the speeches for these scenes, and give the dramatizations for the class.

ADDITIONAL READINGS: ANIMAL FRIENDS

Moufflou, by Louise De La Ramee. Lippincott.
"Tommy Tucker," *St. Nicholas,* Vol. 44, pt. II, 650–652.
"Ginger," by Anna Sewell, *Black Beauty.* Lothrop.
"Ginger Pup," Neil Boynton, *Wild Animal Trails,* Franklin K. Mathiews, 30–35. Grosset.

8. REWARDS

LESLIE W. QUIRK

What idea of comradeship do you get from this story?

Jimmy White stood with his nose pressed hard against the plate glass of Mr. Grogan's store window. The fishing reel was still there, looking more wonderful and more desirable than ever before. As Jimmy stared longingly, his imagination changed the window into a lake. He saw himself in a boat, standing up and casting. He heard the magic whir-r-r of line and reel as he flung the weighted hook high and far. He caught the flash of a leaping fish, felt the bending pole, listened once more to the sing of the reel as the captive bolted. Then he braked with his thumb, wound desperately at the easing pull, gave line again, wound again, and in the end dipped his net and lifted the speckled beauty into the boat. Ah, that was the way to fish! No more watching a bobbing cork for him!

The price of the reel shown on the tag was one dollar. Jimmy White turned away. "Might as well be ten," he said, with a forlorn little wave of his hand. "I haven't a dollar, and I haven't any way of earning a dollar. Only—only"—He went back to the window for a final look. "Isn't she a beauty!" he breathed.

He walked down Main Street without seeing or hearing anything. A runaway dog dragging a long rope was almost upon him before he was aware of its presence.

"Why, it's Prince!" said Jimmy. "It's Dr. Clarke's dog that has been lost since Tuesday." He raised his voice. "Hi, Prince! Nice doggie! Come here, Prince! Come here, sir!"

The animal recognized the friendly voice. Prince had met disappointments in the last two days, as the broken rope showed, but he had not lost his trusting nature nor his faith in friends. He wagged his stump of a tail and allowed Jimmy to come close.

"Talk about luck!" exulted Jimmy White. Dr. Clarke, who regarded the dog almost as a member of the family, would surely be willing to reward his finder.

He stopped to debate the matter. Perhaps the best way was to take Prince to his own home and shut him up in the barn. If he did that, he could go to Dr. Clarke and say be believed he knew where to find the lost dog.

"No-o." Jimmy shook his head. "No, that wouldn't be quite right, I guess. Anyhow, Dr. Clarke is square. I'll take the dog to him now and he'll give me a dollar. Why shouldn't he? I deserve it. And it's worth that much to get Prince back."

He whistled to Prince, jerking a little on the rope,

and boy and dog began their trip. Dr. Clarke lived far out on Elm Street. Prince knew the way; he had been running toward home when he came upon Jimmy.

Four blocks down Elm Street, after the turn from Main, the pair came to a bridge over a creek. Below, on the bank creek, Sam Wolters was fishing for suckers with an ordinary pole and line. Jimmy guessed the outfit was homemade, because Sam's people were very poor. The boy on the bridge looked on in scorn. That was no way to fish.

He was about to turn away, when the cork began to jiggle. Now Jimmy, far too enthusiastic a fisherman to want to miss what followed, stiffened expectantly. The cork teetered. It sank for an instant; then popped a full inch above the water. This was too much for Prince. With a yelp, he dashed forward and Jimmy felt himself suddenly roped. He reached out clawing hands for a hold, but there was no railing to grasp. In another moment he was plunging from the bridge to the water below.

The middle of the creek was deep. Jimmy hit the surface with a splash, gasped, swallowed a great mouthful of water, and sank like a rock. At best he was a poor swimmer, and he found himself all at once badly frightened.

He fought frantically back to the air. Once above water, he struggled to paddle ashore, but something

IN ANOTHER MOMENT HE WAS PLUNGING TO THE WATER BELOW

—his clothes and shoes, he guessed—dragged and sucked him under a second time.

When he came up again, he felt an arm on the shoulder of his coat. "Quit splashing!" said a voice in his ear.

Sam Wolters had come to his assistance. Jimmy obediently ceased struggling. Turning on his side, Sam struck out for shore with long, clean sweeps of his right arm. Jimmy felt himself set on his feet. He waded to the bank without speaking.

As soon as he was safe on land and had somewhat recovered his composure, he said, "Sam, I haven't any money now, but I expect to get a dollar pretty soon and I'll give it to you as a reward."

"Reward!" Sam laughed heartily. "Say, do you think I pulled you out for money? I did it because there wasn't anything else to do."

"But it was like working for me," Jimmy argued, "and I ought to pay you what the job was worth. Don't you see that?"

"Oh, it's all right to work for money," admitted Sam. "If a man hires you to work for him, of course, he ought to pay you. But when a fellow's in trouble and you can help him, without its costing you anything, you have no right to expect pay." He paused reflectively. "Say, if everybody deserved a reward for everything he did for somebody else, I guess I'd be owing a lot of money, because people have done

more for me than I ever did for them."

"Oh!" said Jimmy. He hadn't thought of it that way.

"Most of the things you do for folks are—are courtesies, or—or favors," Sam went on. "Why, if you expected pay for everything you did for anybody else, you'd have to keep people from coming near you, for fear you'd owe them more than you had. You—you'd have to quit having friends. Shucks! Any time you feel like falling into the creek, White, I'll pull you out for nothing. Got to go?"

"Yes," said Jimmy quietly, too quietly to be natural, "I'll have to go. I have to see a man."

Dr. Clarke was at home when Jimmy arrived. He was sitting on the front porch, and saw Jimmy and the dog enter the yard.

"Hello!" he greeted the dog with pleasure. "So you're back again, Prince. Yes, and I'm just as glad to see you as you are to see me, old friend." For a minute or two the man and his dog frolicked happily.

The doctor turned to Jimmy. "So you found him and brought him back, did you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmy, as if it were a lesson in memory." "I found him and brought him back."

"Fine! It's worth a good deal to see Prince again." The physician thrust a hand into his pocket. "I suppose I owe you something for your trouble?"

"Why, no, sir," said Jimmy. All at once the right

"I'M JUST AS GLAD TO SEE YOU AS YOU ARE TO SEE ME, OLD FRIEND"

was very clear to him; "I'm glad I could help you a little, Dr. Clarke, just as I'd want you to help me a little, if I needed it. No, sir; of course you don't owe me anything."

The doctor smiled. It was such a big, kindly, encouraging sort of smile that, before Jimmy realized it, he was telling about finding Prince, about falling into the creek, about offering a reward to Sam Wolters, and about the reel in Grogan's window. Every once in a while the man nodded understandingly, but he did not interrupt. When the story was done, he held out his hand and took the boy's hand in his.

"Jimmy White," he said, "I like you, and I'm glad

you think as you do about rewards. Mean things, rewards are. If all the world were honest and friendly, you'd never hear of them." He leaned forward and abruptly changed the subject. "Do you like cherries, Jimmy?"

They went to the back yard. Dr. Clarke pointed out the cherry trees, heavy with fruit, and told Jimmy to help himself. He then brought up another matter.

"I want to hire two reliable boys to pick those cherries for me," he said. "The job would take about a day, I think, and I could afford to pay each boy a dollar. Now I wonder if you and Sam Wolters wouldn't like the job?"

Jimmy gasped. It was like some wonderful dream coming true. "Yes, sir, if you please, sir," he said eagerly.

In a few minutes Jimmy was at the bridge over the creek telling the delighted fisherman about the job. Then he hurried down town for another look at the reel.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What idea of comradeship do you get from this story?
2. Explain Sam's idea about rewards. Do you agree with him? Give reasons.
3. Did the doctor reward Jim? Did Jim reward Sam? Explain.
4. Which of the acts in the list below are favors or courtesies to others? Which are jobs for which one is hired?

Which are duties to one's self? Which should have money rewards?

a. Delivering newspapers.
b. Doing good work in school.
c. Carrying messages to or for your mother.
d. Picking up packages dropped by a lady on the street.
e. Helping a little child across the street.
f. Rescuing a kitten from a dog.
g. Practising a music lesson.
h. Returning a lost article you find to its owner.
i. Selling Red Cross Christmas Seals.
j. Picking berries for a gardener.
k. Shoveling snow from sidewalks.
l. Going to bed promptly.
m. Caring for your father's lawn.
n. Washing your uncle's car.
o. Helping an old lady to cross the street.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Keep a list of favors or courtesies shown you for one week. List the services given you for one week for which you paid in money. List the acts which you do as duties to yourself for a week.
2. Find advertisements which show friendliness and comradeship. If each member of the class finds one illustration, a committee may make an attractive booklet including all the pictures.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"The Little Dog with the Black Bow," Temple Bailey, *St. Nicholas,* 35:1059–63.

"Gladys' Red, White, and Blue Day," Carolyn Sherman Bailey, *Stories for Every Holiday,* 257–66.

"A Labrador Santa Claus," Mary H. Wade, *Wonder-Workers,* 166–74.

9. WHEN TROUBLE CAME

JULIA A. SCHWARTZ

Begin to read when the teacher gives the signal, "Go." Keep a record of the time you spend reading the story. Read as quickly as you can and still get the thought. You will be asked to answer some questions when you have finished reading.

Jack was dreaming that he had left school and gone to work as a messenger boy. With his blue cap pulled over one ear, he seemed to be coasting on a new bicycle down the steepest hill in the city. Faster and faster he flew, the pavement growing rougher and rougher until he was bouncing high above the saddle at every jolt.

Gradually he awoke and lay drowsily wondering why somebody was shaking the bed.

"Oh, don't bother me," he grunted as he drew the coverings around his head.

No voice replied, but the bed shook harder.

Jack's eyes flew open and stayed open, staring dizzily. The whole room was dancing. The walls and ceilings were quivering. The furniture, toppling this way and that, slid about over the heaving floor. Pictures jumped from their hooks. Glass shivered out of the window frames and fell with a crash.

For an instant the bed was quiet. Jack's mouth flew open to gasp a fresh breath only to shut with a

click, for at that moment the bed bounded up, and then came down with a bang that broke its legs. He heard them crack. He felt the mattress sink beneath him. Gathering himself together, he sprang in a scrambling leap from the wreck and stood wobbling, his feet braced far apart on the wrinkled rug.

Suddenly, through the twisted doorway, Jack's father dashed into the room, staggered, tumbled against the wall.

"Earthquake!" he cried. "Quick! We've got to get out of this. Here, hang on to me."

Snatching a quilt to protect their heads from falling objects, they plunged into the hall and down the unsteady stairs. Out on the sidewalk, Jack tripped over a crack that bulged open before his very toes. Down he sprawled and rolled to the middle of the street, where his mother was seated on the pavement. He then looked around at the strange sight. The house next door to his home looked queer. He stared at it, blinked, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. He could see directly into the inside of the rooms. Its front wall had fallen out into the street. He could see the piano and chairs and a bed. An empty rocking-chair rocked too and fro all by itself. The house next door had collapsed into its own cellar. Its walls lay in a heap with the roof crumpled on top. The next roof had slipped half out of place. Most of the other houses appeared nearly the same as before the

earthquake, although some leaned crookedly and all had lost their chimneys.

Jack rubbed his eyes again, and cautiously scrambled erect. He braced his feet far apart. Yes, the earth was now steady. He took a step, and waited. Nothing trembled.

After a few minutes, Jack's father and mother crept carefully into their house to get clothes for the three of them. A little later, while Jack was dressing, he heard some one shout, "Fire!" Other voices caught up the cry: "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

"This fire seems to be coming toward us," said Jack's father. "We've got to join the crowd and camp in one of the parks to-night. The house isn't safe."

Since all the draymen in town were busy, the family were able to take with them only as much as they could carry themselves. Mrs. Thorn packed their best clothes in a trunk, while her husband loaded Jack's express wagon with provisions and dishes and bedding. If the fire kept on raging before the wind, it would sweep the entire city.

A queer-looking procession went tramping toward the parks that day of the earthquake. Some were trundling baby carriages piled with household goods. Some were balancing big bundles on bicycles or velocipedes. Some were using wheeled chairs to hold their possessions. Many were hauling carts with the axles creaking beneath the weight heaped upon them.

Women lugged babies. Children plodded on, some clutching baskets or pails, others clinging to beloved dolls or kittens. Jack saw one boy with a puppy snuggled beneath his coat. Another boy had a parrot that kept squawking, "What is it? What is it? What is it? Poor Polly wants a drink of water."

Jack and his parents camped in the park that night, sleeping beneath a tent made by stretching a blanket between a shrub and a stake. Miles away the fire blazed on, leaping toward the dark sky.

In the morning, many a blackened heap smoked where yesterday a house had sheltered a family. Among the ruins lay the remains of the Thorn home, burnt to ashes. Mr. Thorn's drug store also was a wreck, shattered by a falling wall.

When Jack woke up, he found his mother cooking breakfast over a small sheet-iron stove. His father, a basket on his arm, was standing in line with hundreds of other refugees outside a store room where bread was being distributed free. A shout of, "Water! Fresh water!" sent Jack scampering with a bucket to a water wagon that had just been driven to the curb by some sailors. As the hydrants were empty because of the breaking of the mains by the earthquake, everybody was glad to see the wagon.

That forenoon soldiers set up army tents in the park for the refugees to use until they could rebuild their houses. While Mrs. Thorn was putting her tent

A QUEER-LOOKING PROCESSION WENT TRAMPING TOWARD THE PARKS THAT DAY

in order, Mr. Thorn and Jack walked down to their old home and looked at the charred embers. They visited the wrecked drug store, too, and strode back in silence.

When they reached the tent that was now their home, Mrs. Thorn told them that several families near them were planning to go East, as the railroad companies had offered free transportation to all who wished to leave the city.

After a moment, Mr. Thorn replied, "We might as well go, too."

"Go East?" Jack gasped. "But—but I like it here. It—it—things happen here. Nothing exciting ever happens where we used to live. I like camping. It—it's fun. I don't want to go back East."

Mrs. Thorn said, "Oh, John, I'm afraid."

She knew that the eastern climate was bad for her husband's health.

"What can we do here?" Mr. Thorn spoke in a jerky voice. "Our house is burned. My drug store is a wreck. I am still in debt for the new soda-water fountain that is already smashed to pieces. The city is in ashes. How can we live without a dollar in the world?"

"We should be just as poor back East as we are here," said Mrs. Thorn.

"But we have friends there," protested her husband, "who would help me to make a fresh start.

Out here I have not a single acquaintance who is able to lend me even five dollars, let alone five hundred. Millions vanished in smoke! Everybody ruined! Shall we stay here and starve? Are you willing to live like beggars, eating free food and sleeping in government tents year after year?"

"I'll take in washing rather than let you go back to a climate in which you are ill." Mrs. Thorn set her lips together to keep them steady.

"I'll leave school and be a messenger boy," exclaimed Jack. "Last night I dreamed I had a new bicycle and a blue suit and a cap. I was coasting down the hill—bumpety-bumpety-bumpety-bang! Then the earthquake came. I'll earn a lot of money so we can stay here in this climate and have fun."

"Nonsense," growled Mr. Thorn, who was too much worried to take care not to hurt a little boy's feelings. "You're too young to leave school. Don't be silly."

Jack's lids dropped over his eyes to hide a sudden rush of tears. His mother reached to pat his arm in a sympathetic way. Jack slid from his seat and walked off.

When he arrived at the edge of the park, he thrust his hands into his pockets and stood with his feet braced apart, while he stared hard into the air. Presently a policeman came stalking by.

"Hello, lad," he said.

Jack swallowed. "Hello," he responded, and dug his hands farther into his pockets.

"Lost much in the quake?" inquired the policeman in a kindly tone.

Jack nodded. "House and drug store and new soda-water fountain and everything," he answered. "We must go East, and I don't want to; I want to stay here in this climate and have fun. My father gets sick when he lives in the East."

"Pshaw, now!" said the policeman. "You tell your folks to stay right here. This old town will leap alive again bigger than ever. You stick here and watch her jump."

Jack swallowed a second time. "If my father would let me leave school and go to work, I could earn a lot of money."

"That won't do," spoke the policeman. "Law says boys must go to school and learn to be good, educated citizens. Law says children grow up spindly and ignorant if they start to work when they're too young. You mind your dad, lad, and keep on at school."

"B-b-but," stuttered Jack, his tongue in a hurry, "but my father says we'll starve if we stay here. We're pretty nearly strangers in this city. We don't know anybody here to borrow money from for a new drug store. We got to go East where we have friends to help us begin business again. We must go, but I don't want to." The boy turned away his head.

"Cheer up," spoke the policeman. "This town is full of folks willing to help each other. People all over the country are collecting food and clothes and money to send out here. There's a special society to manage the supplies and give aid for rebuilding homes, and buying tools for workmen, and restocking small stores like your dad's. You hustle back to him now, and tell him to call at the headquarters of that society. They'll fix him all right so that he can earn a living here. Here's the address. Run along, lad. Scoot!"

Jack scooted. Mr. Thorn followed the policeman's advice and called at the Red Cross headquarters. After many questions and visits to the ruins of his house and his store, the Association advanced him enough money to rent another shop and to lay in a new stock. They furnished the family with clothes and gave them provisions until the business began to bring in a profit.

Some time later, when Jack was playing marbles in front of their newly built home, he caught sight of the kind policeman walking down the street. Like a shot he ran after him.

"Hello!" he called. "Hello, Mr. Policeman. We didn't go East. We're staying here. I didn't leave school."

"Well, well," said the policeman with a grin, "I'm glad to hear such news. Just let me know any time you need a friend."

Jack watched him with admiring eyes as he marched on down the hill, swinging his club.

READING TEST

Below are ten incomplete statements from the story. Choose the ending which you think is correct for each statement. Place on your paper the numbers of the statements and after each number write the letter which indicates the correct ending.

1. When the shock came Jack was
   a. working as a messenger boy.
   b. sleeping in his bed at home.
   c. coasting on a new bicycle.
2. Jack lived
   a. in California.
   b. in the East.
   c. in the country.
3. Jack's father was
   a. a policeman.
   b. a druggist.
   c. a farmer.
4. Jack's home was destroyed
   a. by the earthquake.
   b. by fire.
   c. by floods.
5. The people without homes slept
   a. at the hotels.
   b. in the city hall.
   c. in the parks.
6. Jack's mother wanted to stay in the West because
   a. Jack liked it there.
   b. Mr. Thorne had bad health in the East.
   c. Mr. Thorne could find better friends in the West.

7. Jack's family received aid from
   a. their friends in the East.
   b. their relatives.
   c. the Red Cross.
8. Jack heard of the Red Cross from
   a. a policeman.
   b. his mother.
   c. his teachers at school.
9. The government helped the sufferers by
   a. supplying them with money.
   b. supplying them with tents.
   c. rebuilding their homes.
10. Jack's family
   a. stayed in the same town and rebuilt their home.
   b. returned to the East.
   c. moved to another city in California.

Making your reading record.—There are 1,865 words in this story. To find your reading rate, divide 1,865 by the number of minutes you took to read the story. Check your test paper by the correct answers which your teacher will give you. Make a record in your note-book in this form.

DATE	TITLE OF STORY AND PAGE IN TEXT	READING RATE	NUMBER OF CORRECT ANSWERS

10. LAFAYETTE, AMERICA'S FRIEND

LAWTON B. EVANS

Read this story to find out how Washington came to love Lafayette as a son and to trust him with important posts in the American Army.

Lafayette belonged to the highest rank of the French nobility. At dinner one day, he heard some one talking about the Americans and the Declaration of Independence. He listened very attentively, and said: "If what you say of those Colonies is true, they deserve their liberty, and I, for one, would like to help them."

Shortly afterward he heard of the American victories at Trenton and Princeton, and, hastening to the American agents in Paris, he said to them, "I desire to aid America in her fight for freedom. I am willing to go in person, if you can find a way to send me."

The agent thought over the difficulties of such an undertaking. France and England were at peace. If Lafayette should try to go to America, there might be trouble with the English government. Besides, Lafayette was only nineteen years of age. His own King would probably not let him undertake the enterprise. The agent said:

"Marquis, you are very brave and you are very

wealthy. We cannot help you even if we would, for America has no ships on this side of the ocean. If you desire to go to America, you must of necessity go at your own expense. We shall be glad to know that you have decided to go."

Thereupon Lafayette went about getting ready. His preparations were made secretly, for fear the King of France would forbid his going on account of the peace between France and England. He purchased a ship and fitted it out for the voyage. While the vessel was being prepared, Lafayette paid a visit to London.

While he was in London, the British Ambassador at Paris in some way learned of his purpose to go to America, and procured orders for his arrest. Therefore, when Lafayette reached his ship, and was about to sail, he was arrested by order of the King. Letters were sent to him by many of his relatives, telling him how foolish he was, and urging him to give up his plan. His wife wrote to him, however, not to give up but to go to America, if he could find a way to do so.

Lafayette was not to be stopped by orders from the King or any one else. So, while the arresting party was on the way to Paris, the bold young nobleman blackened his face, put on false hair and old clothes, and passed the guards, making them think he was a negro laborer. After a few hours, the guards discovered the trick played upon them; a great stir and

commotion followed. Swift horses were saddled, and men went galloping in the direction the escaping Marquis had taken. In spite of the pursuit, Lafayette at last was safe; in a short time he was on board his own vessel and ready to set sail.

The Captain of his vessel did not know where he was bound, until Lafayette ordered him to steer for the shores of America. The Captain was alarmed and said, "I dare not do so. The English will capture us."

Lafayette replied, "If you do not do as I tell you, I shall put you in irons. This is my vessel, and I will order it wherever I desire."

Thereupon the Captain steered the ship for America. The voyage was long and stormy, but at last Lafayette and his party arrived one night near Georgetown, South Carolina. At first they were taken for the enemy, but, as soon as the people knew who they were, they entertained them with great hospitality. Their arrival in America created a greater sensation than their departure from Europe had created, for the American army was in great need just at this time and the people were much discouraged.

Lafayette and his party went by land to Philadelphia where Congress was in session. Upon their arrival, Lafayette wrote a letter to the President of that body, asking leave to enter the army as a volunteer, and to serve without pay. But Congress, quite unwilling to allow so brave a man to take such a low

THE CAPTAIN STEERED THE SHIP FOR AMERICA

position, at once gave him the rank of Major-General.

Soon afterward Lafayette met Washington at a dinner in Philadelphia. The two men looked at each other with interest. Washington was tall, dignified, and forty-five years of age; Lafayette was hardly more than a college boy, slender and enthusiastic.

After the dinner, Washington took him aside and said, "Sir, I thank you for the sacrifice you are making for the cause of America. I shall be glad to have you a member of my military family."

Thus began the friendship between these two great men, which was never for a moment interrupted. Washington loved Lafayette as a son, and learned to trust him as a soldier of ability and courage.

Lafayette went back to France to get more aid for America. He was forgiven for running away, and was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. Through him France became the ally of America in the War for Independence. Lafayette raised large sums of money for the Colonists.

The head of the French Ministry laughingly said, "It is fortunate that Lafayette did not ask for the furniture of his Majesty's palace to send to his dear Americans, for I verily believe the King now would refuse him nothing."

In 1824, Lafayette, then an old man, longed to visit once more the people of America, and to see again the places of his youthful glory. Congress at once invited him to be the nation's guest.

Accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, Lafayette reached New York, in August, 1824. Six thousand citizens aboard gaily dressed vessels went out to meet his ship. With cannon booming from the forts, and with flags flying from every

masthead and building, the boat bearing the distinguished foreigner came to shore, while many thousands of people lined the docks and shouted, "Welcome, Lafayette! All honor to the nation's guest!"

In Washington President Monroe formally received Lafayette at the White House as the guest of the American people. From that time on, for more than a year, he was engaged in a long series of receptions and ovations, in every state of the Union.

A few weeks after his arrival, Lafayette went to Yorktown to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, which had occurred forty-three years before. He was entertained in the house which had been Cornwallis's headquarters. Lafayette was provided with a bed; but many distinguished persons had to sleep in tents or on straw upon floors of the houses, so great was the crowd.

A laurel wreath was offered to Lafayette at Yorktown. After wearing it on his head for a short while, he gave it to his friend, Colonel Nicholas Fish, who had helped him take a fort at Yorktown. "You must wear this also," he said. "It belongs to you more than it does to me."

He visited Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington and went through the rooms, the halls, and over the grounds, with which he had been so familiar. He

went to the tomb of his good chief, and stood with bowed head before the stone coffin.

In September, 1825, Lafayette was given a farewell dinner at the White House by the new President, John Quincy Adams, and, shortly afterward, sailed for France, amid the blessings and prayers of a grateful nation.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. What caused Washington to love and trust Lafayette?
2. What caused Lafayette to desire to help America?
3. In what ways did Lafayette help America?
4. What difficulties were in Lafayette's way? How did he overcome them?
5. In what ways has America shown appreciation for Lafayette's friendship and help?
6. Would you choose this story to illustrate good comradeship? Give reasons.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"Squanto Helps the Pilgrims," Albert F. Blaisdell and Frances R. Ball, *American History Story Book,* 9–18. Little.

"Welcome, Englishmen," Frances J. Olcott, *Good Stories for Great Birthdays,* 131–6. Houghton.

"I Will Join the Americans," *ibid.,* 413–18.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF COMRADESHIP

1. What acts of comradeship described in the selections of this unit illustrate each of the sentences given below?

   Copy each sentence and write beneath it the acts which illustrate it, as shown in the example under "*a.*"

a. Comrades enjoy playing together.
Example: Jack and Jill send each other jolly notes and articles for fun.

b. A feeling of comradeship prompts little acts of courtesy toward people other than one's closest friends.

c. A feeling of comradeship causes the giving of money, food, clothing to the needy.

d. A feeling of comradeship causes people to be sympathetic with others.

e. A feeling of comradeship makes people speak words of cheer to those in trouble.

f. A feeling of comradeship causes people to be fair and just to others.

2. Copy the six sentences given in exercise 1 and write under each sentence one statement from selections in other books which illustrates it.

3. Choose your favorite story in this group; your favorite poem. Write a paragraph for each telling what you like about the selection. Choose a committee to tabulate the votes and report them to the class.

4. Story telling. Prepare to tell a story you have enjoyed from the Class-Library list. Set a period for story telling and vote on the best selections and the best story telling.

5. Acting in motion pictures. Read the paragraphs below; then choose one from the list which you would like to act for the class. Think over how you can act it so that you make the character appear true to the story.

Take turns acting the paragraphs. Without speaking, try to do exactly what the paragraph says the character did. As each paragraph is acted the class should decide (1) which paragraph is being acted, (2) whether the actor understands the ideas given in the paragraph, (3) whether any part of the paragraph is omitted, (4) whether the paragraph shows comradeship.

a. Twelve-year-old Mary Jones, who is the only "mother" her little brothers and sisters have, looked sadly around the kitchen. The moving vans had gone and everything was in disorder. Would they ever get the new home straightened up! Mary sighed wearily as she turned to answer the door bell. A look of surprise came into her face as she received a huge covered basket from a boy who greeted her. She returned to the disorderly kitchen, opened the basket, and found a delicious supper and a note from a thoughtful neighbor. She dropped into a chair and read the note. Soon she was busy putting the dainty food on the table and humming a cheery tune as she worked.

b. Gladys sat in her wheel chair under the trees. Her fingers flew as she stitched the strips of red, white, and blue together. After a moment she stopped and put her needle into the work-box. She held up the completed sash, looked it over admiringly, then folded it carefully. She reached for her box on a table near by and was about to place the sash in it with the others, when she heard the shouts of the children coming from school. How happy she was that the sashes were ready for the parade the next day. She quickly took the sashes from the box and waved them happily to the merry group.

c. Androcles stooped over the huge lion, and felt the paw held up to him. He found a great thorn imbedded in the flesh. With a quick movement, he withdrew the thorn and pressed the swollen flesh gently. He then bound up the paw to stop the flow of blood. When the bandage was in place properly, he patted the huge creature on the head sympathetically, turned, and left him without the slightest fear.

d. The little girl was lost. She looked in every direction, but could see nothing that she remembered. She dropped down on a door-step near by to rest and watch for the lamplighter. At this moment a big dog came along. At first the child drew away frightened, but the dog sat down beside her as if to protect her. She reached up and patted him on the head, then leaned her head against his neck and was soon fast asleep.

e. The nurse moved quietly about the room. She gave a friendly smile and a nod toward each cot that she passed. She stopped beside a cot near the end of the room and tenderly adjusted a bandage on the wrist of a soldier who had lost his hand.

f. Jack was strolling along in the woods when he spied a nest of baby birds which had been blown from a near-by tree. He stooped and picked up the nest very carefully, and looked about to see whether the mother bird was near. She was not in sight. Jack then climbed the tree and put the nest in a safe spot. When he slipped down from the tree to the ground, he started away on the run, but suddenly stopped and returned. He sat down near the tree and watched until the mother bird came and found her nest.

6. Select scenes from stories in "Read a Book" list and in "Class Library" lists and write paragraphs for acting for the motion pictures. Choose a committee to select the best paragraphs from the group and prepare copies of them for the class. Act these scenes in class.

7. Choose committees to prepare dramatizations of stories in this group. Select stories from the text, "Read a Book" list, "Class Library" list, or from other suggested readings. Plan an assembly program at which the best dramatizations will be given.

THE PUMPKIN LANTERN PARADE AND THE BONFIRE ARE THE GREAT OUTDOOR EVENTS OF THE NIGHT [*See p.* 253]

GOOD TIMES

Sing a song, sing a song,
Ring the glad-bells all along;
Smile at him who frowns at you,
He will smile and then there're two.

Laugh a bit, laugh a bit,
Folks will soon be catching it,
Can't resist a happy face;
World will be a merry place.

Laugh a Bit and Sing a Song,
Where they are there's nothing wrong;
Joy will dance the whole world through,
But it must begin with you.

—JOSEPH MORRIS.

HAVING GOOD TIMES

Every one desires to have good times on life's adventure. But how can one have good times? Of course all people do not find pleasure in the same way. They do not need to do so; indeed, it is desirable that people find pleasures in different ways. Some find their greatest delight in sports; others enjoy nature more than anything else; still others find reading their chief joy. Those who are happiest and most successful know how to play as well as work, and usually have their favorite forms of amusement.

Some people think that having a good time depends upon the place in which one lives or the amount of money one has to spend. It is true that such matters may contribute to good times, but they do not determine them. The secret of having a good time is in one's self; we make our own good times largely by learning to enjoy the things around us every day. The poet is right who says:

"Life is a mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do."

READ A BOOK

Find the book which looks most interesting to you and read it while you are studying this unit.

1. *Peggy Lends a Hand,* by Gladys Allen. Doubleday.
   Two sisters, interested in the affairs of their numerous friends, have much excitement and fun.
2. *Peter and Wendy,* by Sir James M. Barrie. Scribners.
   A story full of humor and imagination.
3. *Jimmie, the Story of a Black Bear Cub,* by Ernest H. Baynes. Macmillan.
   A record of the days a mischievous black bear cub spent as a member of the author's family.
4. *The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said,* by Padraic Colum. Macmillan.
   The story tells how the boy knew what the birds said and gives some of the stories he heard them tell.
5. *What Shall We Do Now,* by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Stokes.
   A book of suggestions for games and amusements.
6. *Meredith Ann,* by Elizabeth J. Gray. Doubleday.
   An out-of-door story for girls.
7. *My Friend Toto,* by Charles Kearton. Dodd.
   A true story of a pet chimpanzee.
8. *Stars and Their Stories,* by Muriel Kinney. Appleton.
   A star map for each month; myths of the principal constellations.
9. *Wisdom of the Woods,* by Daniel C. Beard. Lippincott.
   "Uncle Dan" gives suggestions on how to enjoy both indoors and out-of-doors.
10. *At the Back of the North Wind,* by George MacDonald. Lippincott.
    A fairy tale of to-day.
11. *The Blue Bird,* by Maurice Maeterlinck. Silver.
    Two children who seek for happiness all over the world, find it at home.
12. *The Wonder Clock,* by Howard Pyle. Harper.
    Short stories retold from old tales and legends.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "The Story of Fairyfoot," Frances Browne, *Through Fairy Halls of My Bookhouse,* 12–24.
2. "How Br'er Rabbit Met Br'er Tar-Baby," *ibid.,* 237–241.
3. "The Ragged Pedlar," *ibid.,* 252–256.
4. "The Renowned and World Famous Adventures of Punch and Judy," *ibid.,* 438–448.
5. "Murdocks Rath," Juliana Ewing, *The Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories,* 174–182.
6. "Christmas on the Plantation," Lawton B. Evans, *America First,* 308–312.
7. "Travelling by Stage Coach," *ibid.,* 134–138.
8. "Hallowe'en in Precinct B," Carolyn S. Bailey, *Stories for Every Holiday,* 38–45.
9. "May Day in Scrub Row," *ibid.,* 205–215.
10. "The Hare and the Hedgehog," Walter de la Mare, *Told Again,* 1–8.
11. "Bird Trades," *Highways and Holidays,* 81.
12. "Here We Come A-Piping," *ibid.,* 111–112.
13. "Spring Song," Hilda Conkling, *ibid.,* 116–117.
14. "When Mother Reads Aloud," *ibid.,* 256–266.
15. "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* 1:169–172.
16. "The True Story of Jimmy, a Tame Lion," *ibid.,* 3:927–929.
17. "The Nonsense of Edgar Lear," *Book of Knowledge,* 2:49–52.
18. "Wishing," William Allingham, *ibid.,* 3:1007.
19. "Dolls of Many Nations," *ibid.,* 10:3510–3511; 3627–3631; 11:4081.
20. "How to Make Cut-Paper Compositions," *ibid.,* 13:4845–4846.

IV. GOOD TIMES

1. A PLAYMATE OF THE CHILDREN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

As you read these letters written by Theodore Roosevelt, decide whether Mr. Roosevelt was a good playmate. Give reasons for your decision.

(*To Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Roosevelt*)

White House, Jan. 4, 1905.

I am really touched at the way in which your children as well as my own treat me as a friend and playmate. It has its comic side. The last day the boys were here they were all bent upon having me take them for a scramble down Rock Creek. Of course, there was no reason why they should not go alone, but they felt that my presence was needed to give zest to the entertainment. Accordingly, off I went, with the two Russell boys, George, Jack, and Philip, and Ted, Kermit, and Archie, with one of Archie's friends—a sturdy little boy who, as Archie informed me, had played opposite to him in the position of center rush last fall. I do not think that one of them saw anything out of the way in the President's getting as bedaubed with mud as they got, or in my wiggling and clambering around jutting rocks, through cracks, and up what were really small cliff faces, just

like the rest of them. Whenever any one of them beat me at any point, he felt and expressed simple and whole-hearted delight, exactly as if he had won a triumph over a rival of his own age.

A NEW PUPPY AND A NEW HORSE

DEAR KERMIT: White House, April 12, 1906.

Last night I played "tickley" in their room with two little boys. As we rolled and bounced over all three beds in the course of the play, not to mention frantic chases under them, I think poor Mademoiselle was rather appalled at the result when we had finished. Archie's seven-weeks-old St. Bernard puppy has come and it is the dearest puppy imaginable; a huge, soft thing, which Archie carries around in his arms and which the whole family love.

Yesterday I took a first ride on the new horse, Roswell, Captain Lee going along on Rusty as a kind of nurse. Roswell is not yet four. He is a green colt and not quite the horse I want at present, as I haven't time to fuss with him, and am afraid of letting the Sergeant ride him, as he does not get on well with the horse, and nobody else in our stable can ride him at all. Roswell is a beautiful horse, a wonderful jumper, and does not pull at all. He shies pretty badly, especially when he meets an automobile. When he leaves the stable or strikes a road that he

thinks will take him home and is not allowed to go down it, he is apt to rear, which I do not like. But I am inclined to think that he will get over these traits, and if I can arrange to have Lee handle him a few months more, and if Ted and I can ride him regularly down at Oyster Bay, I think that he will turn out all right.

Mother and I walk every morning through the grounds, which, of course, are lovely. Not only are the song-sparrows and robins singing, but the white-throated sparrows, who will, I suppose, soon leave us for the North, are still in full song. This morning they waked us up at daybreak singing just outside the window.

PRESIDENTIAL RESCUE OF A KITTEN

White House, June 24, 1906.

DARLING ETHEL:

To-day as I was marching to church, with Sloane some 25 yards behind, I suddenly saw two terriers racing to attack a kitten which was walking down the sidewalk. I bounced forward with my umbrella, and after some active work put to flight the dogs while Sloane captured the kitten, which was a friendly, helpless little thing, evidently too well accustomed to be taken care of to know how to shift for itself. I inquired of all the bystanders and of people on the neighboring porches to find if they knew who owned it; but as they all disclaimed, with many grins, any

knowledge of it, I marched ahead with it in my arms for about a block. Then I saw a very nice colored woman and little colored girl looking out of the window of a small house with a dressmaker's advertisement on the door. I turned and walked up the steps and asked if they did not want the kitten. They said they did, and the little girl welcomed it lovingly; so I felt I had gotten it a home and continued toward church.

Has the lordly Ted turned up yet? Is his loving sister able, unassisted, to reduce the size of his head, or does she need any assistance from her male parent?

Your affectionate father,

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read sentences in the letters which show whether Mr. Roosevelt was a good playmate to the children.
2. Name four different games or sports that Mr. Roosevelt mentions in these letters. Which did he enjoy most?
3. Read other letters in *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children*. Scribners.

JUST FOR FUN POEMS

Read the following four poems just to find the fun in them. Be ready to tell what was funny in each poem.

2. THE PLAINT[1] OF THE CAMEL

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

"Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About my digestion—
ANYTHING does for me!

"Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes—
ANY PLACE does for me!

[1] *plaint:* complaint.

"Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy—
ANYWHERE does for me!

"People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families—
ANY LOAD does for me!

"A snake is as round as a hole in the ground;
Weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a Camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy—
ANY SHAPE does for me!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Name the five complaints the camel made. What five words give you the keys to these complaints?

2. Find every way in which eating is mentioned in stanza one; the ways sleeping is referred to in stanza two.
3. Read aloud the stanza that gives the most serious complaint. The stanza that gives the funniest picture.
4. Tell the pictures you would draw to illustrate the complaint of the camel in any one stanza of the poem.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Draw the series of pictures you planned to illustrate the complaint made in any one stanza of the poem.
2. Make up the other stanza with a plaint about ANY TIME, using the camel's drinking; or make a stanza about ANY PLACE, using the regions in which the camel travels.

3. ETIQUETTE[1]

The Gossips tell a story of the Sparrow and the Cat,
The Feline thin and hungry and the Bird exceeding fat.
With eager, famished energy and claws of gripping steel,
Puss pounced upon the Sparrow and prepared to make a meal.

The Sparrow never struggled when he found that he was caught
(If somewhat slow in action he was mighty quick of thought),

[1] From *The Laughing Muse* by Arthur Guiterman. Copyright, 1915, by Harper and Brothers.

But chirped in simple dignity that seemed to fit the case,
"No Gentleman would ever eat before he'd washed his face!"

This hint about his Manners wounded Thomas like a knife
(For Cats are great observers of the Niceties of life);
He paused to lick his paws, which seemed the Proper Thing to do,—
And chirruping derisively, away the Sparrow flew!

In helpless, hopeless hunger at the Sparrow on the bough,
Poor Thomas glowered longingly, and vowed a Solemn Vow:
"Henceforth I'll eat my dinner first, then wash myself!"—
And that's
The Universal Etiquette for Educated Cats.

4. A THANKSGIVING FABLE

OLIVER HERFORD

It was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse,
that ate an ear of corn.

"If I ate that thankful little mouse, how
thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself, to
make a meal for me!

"Then with his thanks for having fed,
and his thanks for feeding me,
With all *his* thankfulness inside, how
thankful I shall be!"

Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon
Thanksgiving Day;
But the little mouse had overheard and
declined (with thanks) to stay.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Each of the cats in the preceding poems lost his dinner. What caused the loss in each case?
2. The cat in the poem "Etiquette" made a rule for himself after his experience. Read it aloud. Suggest a rule which the cat in the "Thanksgiving Fable" might make for himself.

5. THE LITTLE PEACH

EUGENE FIELD

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue—
Those two.

Up at the peach a club he threw—
Down from the tree on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue—
Mon dieu!

She took a bite and he a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue—
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth was through—
Adieu!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell the story in the poem.
2. Would you call this a "fun" poem? Give reasons for your answer. Do you think that the poet meant it for a "fun" poem? Give reasons?
3. Read aloud lines which you think are funny.
4. Which of the four "Just-for-Fun Poems" is the funniest? Why?
5. Choose a pupil to read aloud the poem selected as funniest.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Suggest pictures to illustrate any one of the poems.
2. Write an original poem of another cat that lost his dinner; of a little apple.

6. THE JOY OF RENTING HOUSES FOR SONGS

WILLIAM L. FINLEY AND IRENE FINLEY

Find out what birds "rented" houses of these children and be ready to tell one peculiar habit of each bird.

Birds are just like people when it comes to choosing houses. There is no accounting for tastes. We have put up fifteen bird houses for rent on our ten acres of land. One of the houses we thought most artistic was vacant all summer. Two plain houses on telephone posts and one on the garage are always rented even though they seem unattractive. Several houses in our old apple tree are always in demand.

Last summer, the children found that a pair of bluebirds was the hardest couple in the orchard to please. They had so many odd notions about houses. They examined five different flats. The children felt sure that they had rented one in an apple tree along the driveway. The prospective tenants went in and out, looking it over from top to bottom a dozen times. The house seemed to be satisfactory and the children were glad to have it taken by the bluebirds.

But two days later, the couple changed their minds, and began fussing around a little house in the Baldwin tree opposite the front door. They had decided that this dwelling-place was more attractive than the first house that they had taken. At last their minds

seemed to be made up. They carried in some straws and discussed other furnishings.

The first of the following week, however, they again began to tear up their house. No one seemed to know the cause. We thought that because several other houses were empty the bluebirds were perhaps changeable about houses as people are. The bluebirds finally selected a plain weather-worn square house nailed to the cedar siding just outside an upstairs window. Perhaps the tenants thought that they would be better protected here than in the apple tree. We liked to have the birds live here because the window could be opened easily and we could see the inside of the bluebird home.

As time passed, the bluebird tenants became very much attached to this house. After the family of six young bluebirds were grown, it seemed as if they would never leave home. Young bluebirds are naturally timid. They couldn't be thrown out bodily from the protection of the parental roof, but the mother and father had a way of their own to get them out. They finally refused to give them dinner until they flew out on the roof. All eight birds were together for days around the orchard. The young birds soon learned to hunt, but the parents were always indulgent and gave them bits of food.

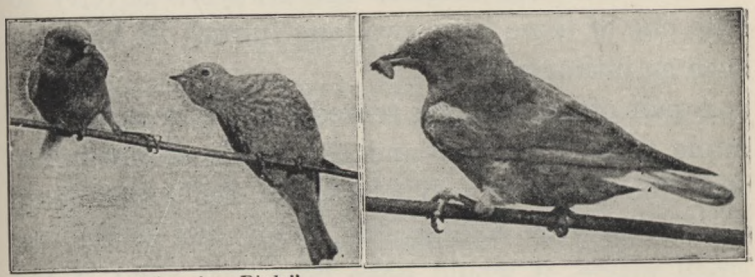
A little later in the summer, we saw mother bluebird carrying in straws to remodel her old nest.

When the mother and father bluebird were feeding their second family of fledglings, the older children were still following them about. We saw one of these grown youngsters carry in food and feed the little brothers and sisters of the second brood. Perhaps it was a girl bluebird who took so readily to caring for little ones. She had learned by watching her mother.

The bluebirds are always with us, but the white-breasted or violet-green swallows are only summer boarders. Their return, as a rule the first part of March, is an event we watch for. How they skim across the fields and circle above the orchard! No doubt, some of the same birds return each year; they seem so well acquainted with our ten acres and with the different houses in the trees.

What a difference there is in bird tenants! Feathers are such an important part of the home life of these little swallows. They simply cannot get along without feather beds for their birdlings. Our home on the river is such a favorable place that we never have less than four or five pairs of swallows, and sometimes six or seven rent our different houses. After the swallows have laid their foundation of grasses in a bird house, they are always on the lookout for feathers.

It is a part of our pastime to save a good bag of chicken feathers during a winter so as to be ready for



From Finley's "American Birds"

TOP—BLUEBIRD MOTHER AT THE NEST HOLE
BELOW—(LEFT) YOUNG BLUEBIRD JUMPING FOR WORM HELD BY MOTHER.
(RIGHT) BLUEBIRD FATHER WITH FOOD FOR YOUNG

this spring feather-gathering of the swallows. The swallows soon learn where the feathers come from. On warm spring mornings, they sit on the ridge of the roof over the front porch and twitter until the children get up and blow feathers out of the window. The minute a feather flies, it is the signal for excited twittering and the swallows circle about, snapping up feathers on the wing. Not one pair of swallows, but all the families in the orchard and the neighboring places, come wheeling in. What exciting aerial races! If it's a big fluffy feather, around and around it goes, higher and higher, twisting, dodging, turning up and down. It may change bills three or four times before it disappears in a round doorway.

We find that swallows are so anxious to get feathers that when we stand perfectly still, there are usually one or two birds that are bold enough to take feathers from our fingers. It's always a novelty to help one of these little swallows furnish its home in such an intimate way.

A pair of house wrens rented a home in one of our apple trees. The door and the inside of the house were too small for a bluebird, but the wrens could squeeze in very comfortably. While the house was small inside, it would have been just right if the wrens could only have done away with their long-established custom of making a nest of sticks. One flew up to the little doorway with a long stick. He

couldn't get in with it, but he kept trying and trying, and his mate kept scolding until his patience seemed exhausted. The timbers were too long. Some stuck out of the doorway, almost blocking it. After the house was full of sticks, they built a neat little nest at the bottom. The sticks were of no use, except that it wouldn't have been a wren's nest without them.

Bluebirds and swallows are delightful tenants, but the house wrens pay more rent in the way of songs. They bubble over with melody.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Name the birds who built nests in the children's houses.
2. Tell one habit of each of the birds.
3. Which of the birds would be the most interesting neighbor? Why?
4. Does this selection belong in "Good Times"? Why or why not? Under what other unit might the selection be placed? Give reasons.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Tell how to make a bird house.
2. Describe your experiences in getting birds to live around your home.
3. Mention peculiar habits of birds that you have observed.
4. Observe some bird for a few days and report his habits.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

1. "Bird Songs and Houses," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* 1:421–426.
2. "Man's Most Valuable Friend Among the Birds," *Book of Knowledge,* 10:3620–1.
3. "Beautiful Birds of the World," *ibid.,* 10:3621–4.

7. THE BLUE JAY: SOMETIMES BAD, ALWAYS BRILLIANT

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

Find the bad ways of the blue jay in this story; find the brilliant ways.

I once had an opportunity to study a blue jay at close range. I was walking along a wooded hillside, when my attention was attracted by a great commotion among the birds a short distance ahead of me. On approaching the scene, I saw two blue jays flying back and forth, as if they were in great trouble. A pair of brown thrashers were scolding even more than the jays, while a perfect mob of catbirds, thrushes, vireos, and yellow warblers were hovering about, mingling their voices in an angry chorus. The center of excitement was a clump of bayberry bushes; there, in the shadow, crouched a large black-and-white cat with a fluttering young blue jay in her mouth.

Seeing that she was discovered, she bounded away, but a dead stick which I sent after her caused her to drop her victim. The jay fluttered away for a few yards, but he was evidently badly hurt. Presently he lay quite still in the grass. When I picked him up, I discovered that not only had his skin been punctured in several places by the cat's teeth, but his left

leg had been broken near the foot. My first impulse was to put the little fellow out of his misery, but when I looked again at his bright eyes and intelligent face, it seemed a pity to kill him. I decided to give him a chance for his life.

That night, with the assistance of a friend, I set the broken leg. We bound a splint of card-board to the limb with strips of tissue paper soaked in white of egg. In a few minutes the albumen was dry and hard, and made the splint perfectly rigid.

For the first day or two, I found difficulty in feeding the bird. I had to resort to the method of opening his mouth and forcing food down his throat. At last by imitating the cry of a jay I got him to open his mouth. After that a large part of my time was spent in digging worms and handing them to him. For weeks he cried for food almost incessantly. He would eat until he couldn't hold another bit, then cry for another meal in less than five minutes. As I often fed him on the piazza, his cries attracted many other birds.

One day I counted nine different species which had come to see him either from sympathy or curiosity. Among these visitors were a pair of redstarts, a pair of Baltimore orioles, two chebecs, a cat-bird, a robin, an ovenbird, and a red-eyed vireo. Most interested of all, the vireo hovered near for a little while, then flew away. Presently she returned with a mouthful

of food which she seemed most anxious to give to the little jay, but she would not trust herself within the piazza. Of course, I have no way of proving that this vireo was the one that had been there before, but it certainly seemed at the time as though the first one, seeing and hearing the young jay's cries, had gone and found some food for him.

In ten days the bird began to peck a little on his own account. Soon after that he ceased to be a nuisance. In two weeks I took the splint from his leg, and found that the bone had knit perfectly. But luck seemed to be against him, for a few days later he managed to break the limb again, in such a way as to make "setting" out of the question. I cut off the leg with a clean razor and bound up the stump with silk thread. The next day the bird was as cheerful as ever.

We gave him the run of the house and the garden, except on particular occasions, when he was shut in a room upstairs. Here he would amuse himself for hours, crooning softly to himself and at times breaking out into louder chuckles and calls. He soon learned to know my footstep. He would fly to the window and commence to call several seconds before I came into sight. As soon as I appeared, he became frantic. If the window was opened for him, he would fly straight to my hand.

Before his leg was cut off, he was very fond of

scratching his head with his foot. After the accident I felt sorry for I thought that he would no longer be able to do this. But I was mistaken; he met the problem very readily by standing on the well leg and scratching his poll vigorously with his stump.

His favorite food was raw meat, but he was also fond of blackberries, wild cherries, crackers, and flies. He often caught flies for himself, but he preferred to have me catch them for him, and let him fly up and take them from between my thumb and finger.

He spent a large part of his time on my writing table. He seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. He would take a pen, holder and all, and roll it about the table until it fell to the floor. There he would follow it and chase it about, and occasionally bring it back to the table. He would often bring his pieces of raw meat and drop them into the inkwell, or wedge them between the leaves of a book or into a packet of envelopes. He also had an interesting habit of hopping over my writing pad and smearing the wet ink all over the paper with his feet and tail; often he would attempt to take my pen away from me.

The pincushion was a great attraction for him; he would amuse himself picking out the pins and laying them on the table. As soon as the pins were replaced he would take them out again. Often when Mrs. Baynes sat on the piazza with her sewing basket, he would alight upon the back of her chair, eye the

contents of the basket, then, with a quick dive, he would snatch a thimble or some other bright object and fly off with it to the woods.

Occasionally his pranks were very trying. One time a large spider had spun his web in a corner of the piazza, and for several days I had made interesting observations of this spider. One morning as I watched the web, there was a whir of wings, a flash of blue, and the spider was gone. On another occasion I opened a turtle's egg and took out a well-advanced embryo which I intended to put in alcohol. While I was preparing the jar, I left the turtle in a bowl of water. Without any warning, the jay swept down, snatched the little turtle from the water, and knocked the bowl half across the floor. I wanted that turtle, so I gave chase, but to no purpose. The bird swept round the room two or three times at full speed, shrieking with exultation. Suddenly he alighted on a bracket and with one gulp swallowed my precious turtle. Several times I had families of young mice, and whenever they were being examined, the jay was sure to make a dash at them. He also enjoyed teasing the red squirrels by alighting on their cage and pecking at their feet. If I came in suddenly and caught him at any mischief, he would open his mouth and utter a curious squawk of surprise, as much as to say, "Hello! I'd no idea you were around."

He was very fond of bathing. If we gave him no

bath, he would stand on the rim of the drinking-water pail and bathe himself the best he could. When he was very thirsty, he would drink by himself, but he liked much better to have me dip my hand in the water and allow him to take the drops from the tips of my fingers.

When he was offered food, he would eat until he was no longer hungry; then he would fill his throat and mouth and fly away. I have seen him carry off nine wild cherries at once. He would also carry off bits of raw meat and wedge them into cracks and corners for future use. Whenever he came in hungry from the garden, he flew straight to one of these stores, pulled out the food, and ate it.

One autumn day a great conference of blue jays was held in the woods near our home and my bird flew off to see what it was all about. Whether the idea suddenly came into his head that he might be free if he chose, or whether his fellows persuaded him to desert me, I do not know, but the jay never came back. He flew away rejoicing in his newly found friends. We never saw him again and have no way of knowing how the little cripple made his way in the world without human help. I was glad for his sake that he had joined his family, but I missed him sadly. He had endeared himself to me not only by his sweet, engaging ways, but also by his very amusing pranks. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Mention acts of the blue jay which were bad; mention acts which prove the bird to be smart.
2. Which acts of the blue jay amused you most? Relate that part of the story so that the listeners will see what happened.
3. Would you place this story in this group under "Good Times"? Give reasons. Under what other unit might it be placed? Give reasons.

VOCABULARY TEST

Choose the correct ending for each of these sentences:

1. Crouched means (stooped down, sat down, stood erect).
2. Punctured means (hurt, pricked, punched).
3. A piazza is (a porch, a room, a house).
4. Hovered means (lifted up, turned away, fluttered over).
5. A nuisance is (anything that offends, something which pleases, a treasure).
6. Exultation means (fear, sorrow, rejoicing).
7. A conference is (a meeting for a discussion, a camp, a game).
8. Crooning means (humming, running, crying).
9. Species means (coins, varieties, birds).
10. Incessantly means (stopping, never ending, frequently).

Find the foregoing words in the glossary in this book and see whether you have chosen the correct meanings. Reread sentences in the story which contain the words which you did not know, to make sure the meanings are clear.

8. BR'ER RABBIT

WILLIAM J. LONG

See how the observer in this story discovered the queer ways of Br'er Rabbit.

Br'er Rabbit is a funny fellow. No wonder that Uncle Remus makes him the hero of many adventures! Uncle Remus had watched him, no doubt, on moonlight nights when he gathered his companions together for a frolic. They have their frolics in the heart of the woods where no prowling fox ever dreamed of looking.

Most of us, I fear, have too limited acquaintance with Bunny to appreciate his frolicsome ways and his happy, fun-loving disposition. The flying glimpse we sometimes get of a bundle of brown fur, scurrying helter-skelter through and over the huckleberry bushes, generally leaves us staring in astonishment at the swaying leaves where he disappeared, and wondering curiously what his hurry was all about. The disappearing form was only a brown rabbit that you almost stepped upon in your autumn walk through the woods.

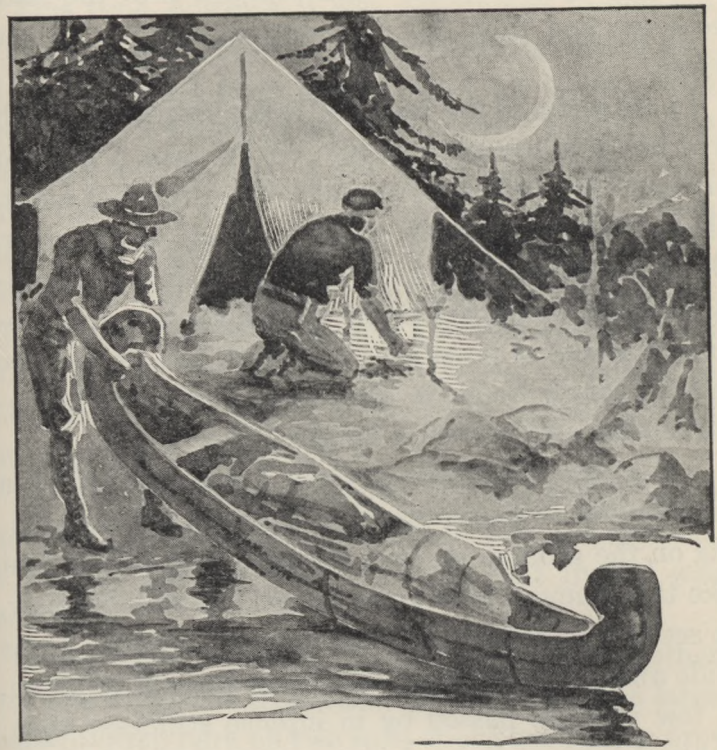
Look under the crimson sumach yonder; there in the bit of brown grass you will find him. He has been sitting there all the morning; he watched you all the way up the hill. But you need not try to catch him;

you will not find him again. He never runs straight; the swaying leaves where he disappeared mark the beginning of his turn, whether to right or left you will never know. He may come around his circle and be near you again—watching you out of another bit of brown grass. If you move slowly away in the direction he took peering here and there among the bushes, Bunny may sit up straight behind you with his little paws held very prim, his long ears pointed after you, and his deep brown eyes shining. On such occasions he chuckles to himself, and thinks how he fooled you.

To see Br'er Rabbit at his best, that is, at his own playful, comical self, one must turn hunter, and learn how to sit still, and be patient. You must not hunt Bunny by day, for then he is hidden away on the sunny slope of a hillside, where your eyes will never see him. Find where he loves to meet his fellows, in quiet little openings in the woods. There is no mistaking his playground, when once you have found it. Go there by moonlight and, sitting still in the shadow, let your game find you, or pass by without discovering you. This is the best way to hunt, whether you are after game or after a better knowledge of the ways of bird and beast.

The very best spot I ever found for watching Bunny's ways was on the shore of a lonely lake in the heart of a New Brunswick forest. Br'er Rabbit

appeared never to have seen a man before, and he was as curious as a blue jay about this new animal.



IN THE MIDST OF THE BUNNIES' PLAYGROUND I PITCHED MY TENT

No dog's voice had ever wakened the echoes within fifty miles; but he seemed to know every sound of the wilderness a thousand times better than I. The snapping of the smallest stick under the stealthy tread of fox or wildcat would send him scurrying out of sight

in wild alarm; yet I watched a dozen rabbits at play one night when a frightened moose went crashing through the underbrush and plunged into the lake near by, and they did not seem to mind it in the least.

In the midst of the Bunnies' best playground which was the only camping ground on the lake, I pitched my tent. My Indian guide and I were tired that night, after a long day's paddle in the sunshine on the river. Our after-supper chat before the camp-fire—generally the most delightful bit of the whole day, and prolonged as far as possible—was short and sleepy; we left the lonely woods to the bats and owls and creeping things, and turned in for the night.

I had just fallen asleep when I was startled by a loud thump twice repeated, as if a man were stamping on the ground, or, as I thought at the time, just like the thump a bear gives an old log with his paw, to see if it is hollow and contains any insects. I was wide awake in a moment, sitting up straight to listen. A few minutes passed by in intense stillness; then, thump! thump! thump! just outside the tent among the ferns.

I crept slowly out; but beyond a slight rustle as my head appeared outside the tent I heard nothing, though I waited several minutes and searched about among the underbrush. No sooner was I back in the tent than the sound came again, and was repeated

three or four times, now here, now there, within the next ten minutes. I crept out again, with no better success than before.

This time, however, I was determined to find out about that mysterious noise before going back to bed. It isn't pleasant to go to sleep until one knows what creatures are prowling about, especially animals that make a noise like that. A new moon was shining down into the little clearing, giving little light. Down among the ferns things were all black and uniform. For ten minutes I waited in the shadow of a big spruce. Then the silence was broken by a sudden heavy thump in the bushes just behind me. Startled, I wheeled on the instant; as I did so some small animal hurried away into the underbrush.

For a moment I was puzzled. Then it flashed upon me that I was camped upon the rabbits' playground. With that thought came a feeling that Bunny was fooling me.

Going back to the fire, I raked the coals together and threw on some fresh fuel. Then I fastened a large piece of birch bark on two split sticks behind the fireplace, and sat down on an old log to wait. The rude reflector did very well as the fire burned up. Out in front the fern tops were dimly lighted to the edge of the clearing. As I watched, a dark form shot suddenly above the ferns and dropped back again. Three heavy thumps followed; then the form shot up and down

once more. This time I knew I was right. In the firelight I saw plainly the dangle of Br'er Rabbit's long legs, and the flap of his big ears, and the quick flash of his dark eyes in the light,—I got a photograph of him, as it were, at the top of his comical jump.

I sat there nearly an hour before the why and the how of the little joker's actions became quite clear. This is what happened. Bunny came down from the ridge for his nightly frolic in the little clearing. While still in the ferns, the big white object, standing motionless in the middle of his playground, caught his attention; very much surprised, and frightened, he crouched down close to wait and listen. But the strange object did not move. To get a better view he leaped up high above the ferns two or three times. Still the big object remained quite still and harmless. "Now," thought Bunny, "I'll frighten him, and find out what he is." Leaping high, he struck the ground sharply two or three times with his padded hind foot; then jumped up quickly again to see the effect of his noise. Once he succeeded very well, when he crept up close behind me, so close that he didn't have to spring up to see the effect. I fancied him chuckling to himself as he scurried off after my sudden start.

That was the first time that I ever heard Bunny's challenge. It impressed me at the time as one of his most curious pranks; the sound was so big and heavy for such a little fellow. Since then I have heard it

frequently; and now sometimes when I stand at night in the forest and hear a sudden heavy thump in the underbrush, as if a big moose were striking the ground and shaking his antlers at me, I am not startled in the least. Br'er Rabbit is only trying to frighten me.

Up on the ridge above our tent was a tiny clearing, where some trappers had once made their winter camp. I watched the rabbits one moonlight night just within the shadow at the edge of the opening. The first arrival came in with a rush. There was a sudden scurry behind me, and over the log Br'er Rabbit came with a flying leap that landed him on the smooth bit of ground in the middle, where he whirled around and around with queer jumps, like a kitten after its tail. Only Br'er Rabbit's tail was too short for him ever to catch it; he seemed rather to be trying to get a good look at it. Then he went off helter-skelter in a headlong rush through the ferns. Before I knew what had become of him, over the log he came again in a marvellous jump, and went tearing around the clearing like a circus horse. He varied his performance now by a high leap, now by two or three awkward hops on his hind legs, like a dancing bear. It was very entertaining.

The third time around he discovered me in the midst of one of his antics. He was so surprised that he fell down. In a second he was up again, sitting

up very straight on his haunches just in front of me, paws crossed, ears erect, eyes shining in fear and curiosity. "Who are you?" he was saying as plainly as ever a rabbit talked. Without moving a muscle I tried to tell him that he need not be afraid. Perhaps he began to understand, for he turned his head on one side, just as a dog does when you talk to him. But he wasn't satisfied. "I'll try my scare on him," he thought; and thump! thump! thump! sounded his padded hind foot on the soft ground. It almost made me start again, it sounded so big in the dead stillness. This last test quite convinced him that I was harmless, and, after a moment's watching, away he went in some astonishing jumps into the forest.

A few minutes passed by in quiet waiting before he was back again, this time with two or three companions. I have no doubt that he had been watching me all the time, for I heard his challenge in the brush just behind my log. The fun now began to grow lively. Around and around they went, here, there, everywhere,—the woods seemed full of rabbits, they scurried around so. Every few minutes their number increased, as some new arrival came flying in and whirling around like a brown fur pinwheel. They leaped over everything in the clearing; they leaped over each other as if playing leap-frog; they vied with each other in the high jump. Sometimes they gathered together in the middle of the open space and crept

THE FUN NOW BEGAN TO GROW LIVELY

about close to the ground, in and out and roundabout, like a game of fox and geese. Then they rose on their hind legs and hopped slowly about in all the dignity of a minuet. Right in the midst of the solemn affair some mischievous fellow gave a squeak and a big jump; and away they all went hurry-skurry, for all the world like a lot of boys turned loose for recess.

In a minute they were back again, quiet and solemn as bull-frogs. Were they chasing and punishing the mischief-maker, or was it only the overflow of abundant spirits, as the top of a kettle blows off when the pressure becomes too great?

Many of the rabbits saw me, I am sure, for they sometimes gave a high jump over my foot; and one came close up beside it, and sat up straight with his head on one side, to look me over. Perhaps he was the first comer, for he did not try his scare again. Like most creatures of the woods, they have very little fear of an object that remains motionless at their first approach and challenge.

The play was soon over. Only in the early part of the evening, when Br'er Rabbit first comes out after sitting still all day, does he give himself up to fun, like a boy out of school. If one may judge from the number of times he woke me by scurrying around my tent, I suspect that he is never too serious and never too busy for a joke. This is his way of brightening the more sober times of getting his own living,

and keeping a sharp lookout for cats and owls and prowling foxes.

Gradually the playground was deserted, as the rabbits slipped off one by one to hunt their supper. Now and then I heard a scamper among the underbrush, and saw a high jump or two, with which some playful bunny enlivened his search for tender twigs; and at times one, more curious than the rest, I saw hopping along to sit erect a moment before the old log, and look to see if the strange animal were still there. But soon the old log was vacant too. The moon looked down into the little clearing with its waving ferns and soft gray shadows, and saw nothing there to suggest that it was the rabbits' playground.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How was the observer able to find out Br'er Rabbit's queer ways?
2. Tell the most amusing prank of Bunny.

STORY TELLING

1. Imagine that you were the observer and make up a story of the next night with the rabbits.
2. Tell a real or imaginary story of other wild animals at play. Make your story true to animal habits.
3. Imagine that you were the observer and make up a story with the facts that you found in "Making Friends" (page 147).

9. AN OUT-OF-DOOR SCHOOL

ANONYMOUS

Begin to read when the signal "go" is given. Read as rapidly as you can and still read thoughtfully. Keep a record of the number of minutes you spend reading the story.

"What have you caught, my boy?" said I to a lad about ten years of age who was approaching me with something in his hands.

"A grasshopper, Mister, a green grasshopper. He chews tobacco, too. Want to see him squirt it?"

Before I could make any reply, he pinched the grasshopper slightly and showed me how his captive would spit tobacco juice on his fingers. It wasn't tobacco juice, of course,—although grasshoppers do eat the tender leaves of the tobacco plant—but a dark-brown fluid which the grasshopper makes to protect himself from enemies.

"Well, well," said I, "what a strange animal for a pet. Are you fond of catching grasshoppers and crickets?"

"Yes, sir," came the quick reply. "It's lots of fun to catch them in a net, but it's more fun to watch them do tricks. This fellow can comb his hair with his hind feet."

"I'm certainly glad to meet a boy who is so interested in grasshoppers and bugs, because that's my

hobby, too. Suppose we sit down here and talk about your pet a little while. Why do you suppose he is called a grasshopper?"

"I don't know, Mister. I never thought of that. Do you know?

"Why is he called a grasshopper?"

"I think it is because he is the color of grass, lives in the grass, feeds on grass, and moves about by long hops. Do you see that long pair of legs? He uses those legs for hopping. If you had such strong legs, in proportion to your size, you could hop over the tallest trees and buildings, jump over bridges and streams, and leap over a hill with one or two bounds. Wouldn't it be fun to be a human grasshopper?

"Tell me, Jack, are all grasshoppers green?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir. I've seen two kinds: green grasshoppers in the grass and gray ones along the dusty road. The gray ones have longer horns, too, and I guess are better fighters."

"Those are not real horns, Jack. Let's call them by the right name—antennæ. They probably serve the same purpose for a grasshopper that whiskers do for a cat.

"Do you think the grasshopper is green because he lives in the grass or does he live in the grass because he is green? Does a gray grasshopper feel safer from his enemies as he sits in the dusty road than when he

sits in the grass? Do you remember how much the meadow lark looks like the dry grass in which she builds her nest? Have you ever seen little green snakes with black marks on them, so that they looked like stems of grass with shadows crossing them? If you have a sharp pair of eyes, you may have seen other creatures which seem to take on the color of their surroundings. Can you see any reason for this?"

"I think it's so the birds can't see them so easily. Birds are as fond of grasshoppers as bees are of honey, and if the grasshoppers couldn't hide from sight, there wouldn't be any in a short time."

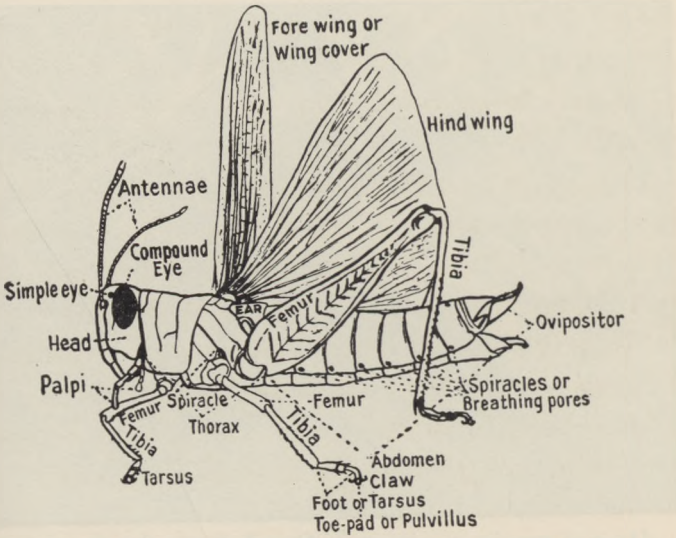
"I think you are right. Look at your grasshopper. You can see that the body is divided into three parts: a large head, a thick thorax, and a long abdomen. The head has two antennæ, very large eyes, and strong jaws for biting and grinding its food. To the thorax are attached the three pairs of legs and the two pairs of wings. When the wings are folded, they form a covering for the abdomen.

"The eyes are worth a little further notice. There are two kinds: a pair of large ones, and smaller ones besides. If we had a magnifying glass, we should see that the large eyes are made up of many smaller ones. The three small eyes are single ones. Why do you suppose the grasshopper has so many eyes?"

"He has to watch out for birds all the time and on

all sides," replied Jack, "and perhaps it's so one pair of eyes can sleep while the others keep watch."

"Perhaps you are right, Jack. I had never thought of that before. But birds are not the only enemies of the grasshopper. Insects are as fond of grass-



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

PARTS OF THE GRASSHOPPER

hopper eggs as cats are of mice. For this reason the mother grasshopper hides her nest and does her best to protect her tiny eggs. She digs a hole in the ground with her egg-layer and puts her eggs in it. Then she drops a sticky fluid over them which hardens, to protect the nest. When this is done, she covers over

the nest carefully and leaves the eggs to hatch out the following spring. That is all she can do for her young. When cold weather comes, if some enemy has not already gobbled her up, mother grasshopper says good-by to her friends and dies.

GRASSHOPPER LAYING EGGS

"When the warm spring sun hatches the eggs, the young come out of the ground looking like their mother, except that they are very much smaller and have only scales for wings. They feed upon green vegetation and grow very rapidly. If you grew as rapidly, your mother would have to make a new and larger suit for you every week. Soon they become too

large for their skin, which bursts along the back. They begin to wriggle, and by the time they have grown out of the old suit a brand new one has come in its place. By the time they are full-grown, they will have changed their coats six times!"

"That's because they eat so much," broke in Jack. "I know how it feels. I had to open my coat once, too, the time I had too many pancakes. But, Mr. Jones, don't grasshoppers sometimes do a great deal of damage?"

"Yes, indeed. Sometimes they become very numerous and migrate in swarms. Stories are told of huge swarms so thick as to darken the sun. At one time they swooped down upon the farms of Kansas and ate up every green thing in sight. Had it not been for timely aid from other states, many people and animals, in the plague-stricken section of Kansas, would have starved to death. Grasshoppers must be kept in check, and, for this purpose, there is nothing better on the farm than large flocks of chickens, ducks, and turkeys.

"One thing more, Jack, and then I must go. If you wish to study insects, make a large wire-screen cage and cover the bottom with sand. Put in a few pots of grass and plants for them to feed on, and then gather your specimens. If you will watch them with the aid of an opera-glass, I'm sure you will learn many interesting things about your pets."

Adapted.

READING TEST

Below you will find eighteen statements. Some of them are true, some are false, and some are not mentioned in the story. Read each statement and decide whether it is true, false, or not mentioned in the story. If a statement is true, write "yes" on your paper after the number of the statement; if the statement is false, write "no"; if the statement is not mentioned in the story, write "didn't say."

1. The boy caught a grasshopper.
2. The grasshopper ate from the boy's hand.
3. The grasshopper is so named because he is the color of grass and he hops.
4. The grasshopper's horns are called antennæ.
5. The grasshopper's body is divided into four parts.
6. The grasshopper's large eyes are made up of many small eyes.
7. Jack's grasshopper did not live long.
8. The birds are the grasshoppers' only enemies.
9. The mother grasshopper lays her eggs in the ground.
10. A grasshopper changes its coat several times during its life.
11. Grasshoppers often appear in swarms and injure crops.
12. Many people and animals in Kansas starved to death because the grasshoppers ate the crops.
13. The grasshopper plays many different tunes on its fiddle.
14. Grasshoppers are often gray in color.
15. Jack's father had told him stories about grasshoppers.
16. Grasshoppers grow very rapidly.
17. Many insects are the same color as their surroundings.
18. A young grasshopper is as large as its mother.

Record your scores in your note-book. See page 15 for directions.

10. HALLOWE'EN CUSTOMS

J. Walker McSpadden

First read the stanzas at the beginning of the story. Talk over the changes in Hallowe'en customs mentioned in them. Then read the discussion of Hallowe'en to see whether the changes mentioned in the poem are described in it.

OLD TIME

Hark! Did you hear that sound in the grass?
Mayhap a witch or ghost did pass.
Was that the owl's lone cry?
Is that the wind among the trees?
What voice is whispering in the breeze?
Are spirits really nigh?

NEW TIME

Hark! Did you hear that sound in the grass?
Mayhap some mischief-makers pass;
There's laughter in their cry.
This is the night for girls and boys,
For games and pranks and stunts and noise;
With lanterns gleaming high.

Hallowe'en is not, strictly speaking, a holiday. It is supposed to begin only after sundown, and one always gets that part of the day as a holiday anyhow. But one does get a little longer evening because of it, and that is some advantage. Our fathers and mothers, remembering the time when they bobbed for apples

and told fortunes, extend the hour for bedtime a trifle on this night of nights.

The story of Hallowe'en dates away back hundreds of years. Because the name is shortened from All Hallow's Eve, or the Eve of All Saints' Day, many people think that it is, or was, a church festival; but this is not true. We know that in England, long before the Christian era, there was a custom of lighting bonfires on the hilltops, on the last evening of October, to ward off evil spirits.

Among the Celts, an ancient people who once lived in Britain, there was an important religious order known as Druids, the members of which were physicians, wonder-workers, and priests. The Druids offered sacrifices to the pagan gods. One of the great festivals of the year was that of Samhain ("the end of summer"). The Druids sacrificed a horse to the sun-god as a thanksgiving for the harvest. As late as the year 400 A. D. sacrifices were offered in Britain to the moon-god on what we now call Hallowe'en.

In those days superstition, the fear of the unknown, was very common. One widespread belief was that on Hallowe'en night the spirits of the dead were allowed to return to visit their homes and friends. In some parts of the British Isles this belief continued until comparatively modern times. On that night great fires were kindled on the hills, and men stood in circles, waving aloft on pitchforks

plaited wisps of blazing straw, for the purpose of warding off the attacks of witches. The ancient Britains fully believed that this was necessary, too!

In America we have all the fun of Hallowe'en without losing sleep over its superstitions. Hallowe'en parties are among our most popular gatherings, and range from the simplest celebration to the most expensive entertainment. But the simple and jolly kind are best. Of all the sports perhaps diving for apples is the most general. This, by the way, is a very old custom, and has afforded fun to generations of boys and girls on the other side of the Atlantic.

One old writer says: "The grand sport with apples on Hallowe'en is to set them afloat in a tub of water, into which the children, by turns, duck their heads with the view of catching an apple. Great fun goes on in watching the attempts of the youngster in the pursuit of the swimming fruit, which wriggles from side to side of the tub, and evades all attempts to capture it. The apples provided with stalks are generally caught first, and then comes the tug of war to win the apples that have no stems. Some competitors will suck up a small apple into their mouths. Others plunge overhead in pursuit of the particular apple, force it to the bottom of the tub, seize it firmly with their teeth, and emerge, dripping and triumphant, with their prize."

When a tub of water is not at hand, or the careful

mothers wish to avoid getting everybody's clothes wet, the apples are hung up on short strings which in turn are tied to a longer string stretching across the room. The game is then to see which boy or girl can get the first bite out of the swinging fruit. Of course, the hands cannot be used, but are kept behind the back. As the apples swing in every direction from their strings, one's nose or mouth is likely to be smartly rapped.

Another scheme is to tie doughnuts instead of apples to the string. Then the contestants have to eat the entire prize without pulling it off the string. Still another game that furnishes much good fun is to hide silver dimes or quarters in a pan of flour, from which the competitors have to pick them up with their teeth. Before they have finished, the faces of the youngsters are whiter than the locks of the oldest onlookers.

Many such games have been devised. Most of them nowadays are in the nature of pranks. A few deal with the telling of fortunes. But Hallowe'en night is just the time to tell ghost stories.

In some of the Eastern States the children like to dress up in fantastic costumes and go calling on their friends. They carry Jack-o'-lanterns, sometimes paper ones, sometimes carved out of real pumpkins, or any sort of fancy lantern. In the country where pumpkins are abundant, only the carved-out lantern

is acceptable. This is the night, too, when harmless mischief is abroad. Tick-tacks frighten nervous

DIVING FOR APPLES

persons who remain indoors. A tick-tack is a very simple invention, usually a small stone tied to one end of a string, while the other end is fastened to a window sash. A long string is then tied to the short

one, and as the boy in hiding pulls it, a sharp rapping on the window-pane results.

But after all the pumpkin lantern parade and the bonfire are the great outdoor events of the night. The fallen leaves have been carefully collected into a prodigious heap around an empty box. The fire is lighted, the torches are kindled, and the "procession" gives the boys and girls a healthy appetite for the "eats," without which no Hallowe'en party would be complete. In they troop to a supper table on which brownies, witches, bats, black cats, toads, snakes, and spiders are to be seen by the weird light of little Jack-o'-lanterns or witch candles—but the shrieks of delight show that no one is frightened.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What changes did you find in Hallowe'en customs from the "Old Time" to the "New Time"?
2. Which of the American Hallowe'en sports seemed the funniest to you? Which the hardest to carry out?
3. Which of the games mentioned have you played? Tell about the fun you had.
4. Which game mentioned would you dislike to play? Why?

STORY TELLING

1. Tell a ghost story that would be suitable to tell on Hallowe'en.
2. Tell of Hallowe'en practices in sections of the country other than your own.

11. THANKSGIVING DAY

LYDIA M. CHILD

Talk over pleasant experiences that you have had on Thanksgiving Day. Compare your experiences with the poet's descriptions of Thanksgiving fun.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,

Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate!
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood;
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the ways in which the experiences in the poem are like your experiences; the ways in which they are different.
2. Who is speaking in the poem, a child or an adult?
3. Read aloud the stanza which tells of the fun of the trip; the stanzas which tell of unpleasantness; the stanzas which tell of impatience.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Make up a poem picturing a modern Thanksgiving Day.
2. Look over books in your classroom and in the library and list stories and poems on Thanksgiving.
3. Choose a Thanksgiving story you like and tell it in class.

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY
TO CARRY THE SLEIGH
THROUGH THE WHITE AND DRIFTED SNOW.

12. CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Copy the poem on your paper. Place these words after the lines which you think they best fit: arctic, tropical, mountains, plains, youth, old age, peace, war.
2. Read aloud the lines which tell why Christmas is everywhere. Explain these lines.
3. Memorize the poem. See page 139 for suggestions.
4. For a volunteer: Look up stories which tell how Christmas is celebrated in other lands and read them to your classmates.

13. A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

Make pictures in your mind as you read this poem.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT."

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell the pictures you would draw to illustrate the poem.
2. What is there in this poem which makes it a favorite with boys and girls?
3. Read aloud the lines which give you the funniest picture; the most exciting picture; the most peaceful scene.
4. Would you place this poem under "Good Times"? Give reasons.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Christmas, by R. H. Schauffler. Moffat.
Miss Muffet's Christmas Party, by S. M. Crothers. Houghton.
Kristy's Queer Christmas, by Olive T. Miller. Houghton.

14. A BOOK IS AN ENCHANTED GATE

MORRIS ABEL BEER

What treasures in books are mentioned in the following poems?

A book is an enchanted gate,
That leads to magic lands,
But cross the threshold and your fate
A poet's pen commands.

For on strange journeys you are led,
Beyond your lamp-lit walls,
Where Fancy ever strides ahead
And onward subtly calls,

Until you leave the streets behind,
Lost in a forest maze,
And wander where the dim trails wind
In singing, fragrant ways.

Or set adrift on castled streams,
Where mellow moonbeams dance,
You sail, a voyager of dreams,
To regions of romance.

So when I weary of the town,
Its whirling dust and din,

I seek my books and never frown,
When solace I would win.

For they, good friends in tale and rhyme,
Have never failed to bring,
In troubled hours of autumn time,
The lilac days of spring!

15. BOOK, BOOK

ANNETTE WYNNE

Book, book, I have found
Earth, sea, air within you bound;
I have talked with saints and sages,
In your clear cool shining pages.

I have searched the skies with you,
Traced the planets through and through,
You have been my comrade brave
Or my willing, waiting slave.

Book, book, I have found
Earth, sea, air, within you bound;
Through your clear cool shining pages
I have walked with saints and sages.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Name the treasures the poets say are found in books. Mention books which you have read that illustrate each treasure.
2. Find the lines in the poems that tell you that:
   a. books are friends.
   b. books bring rest and comfort.
   c. books take us traveling.
   d. books tell us of mysteries.

COMMITTEE PROJECTS

1. Make a list of your ten favorite books. Choose a committee to tabulate and report the results. See page 153 for a good form to use in writing the list. How many of the ten books at the top of the class list have you read?
2. Choose a committee to collect poems on books and copy them into a booklet for your reading table.

VOLUNTEER PROJECT

Write letters to fifth grade pupils in other schools, send them your class list of favorite books, and ask for a similar list from them.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF GOOD TIMES

1. Look over the selections in this unit and name the one which best shows having good times through:

a. playing games.
b. observing birds or animals.
c. reading.
d. solving problems.
e. festivals.
f. jokes or pranks.
g. giving others pleasure.
h. keeping pets.

2. Vote on the story you like best in this unit; the poem you like best. Write a short paragraph for each, telling what you like in the selection.

3. Report on books you have read in the "Read a Book" list. If several of you have read the same book, work out your report together. The report may be (*a*) a talk summarizing the story, (*b*) a dramatization of one scene in the story, (*c*) a talk giving the most amusing part of the story, (*e*) a motion-picture play of a scene in the story.

4. Plan an assembly program from the best reports from books.

5. Reread the poem before this unit. Find the story in this group which best represents the idea in these lines:

> "Joy will dance the whole world through
> But it must begin with you."

6. Change the titles of ten stories or poems in this unit. Remember that a good title tells in a few words what the selection is about. If the selections belong in this unit they illustrate good times. Your titles should bring out that idea. Here are some titles which might be changed:

   1. "The Children's Playmate" might be "Fun with the Children."
   2. "The Glad Song" might be "Sing and Smile."

7. Draw or suggest illustrations for one selection in this unit. Do not name the story you are illustrating. Number the sketches or suggestions and arrange them on the bulletin-board or along the blackboard. Write the name of the story for each illustration or suggestion. See which of you have made your sketches or suggestions tell the story well enough to have it easily recognized.

8. Make an original fun poem. Reread the ones given on pages 211–217 before you begin. Try writing a limerick. Here is an example:

I

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

II

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
"A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

Can you add some funny lines to this rhyme?

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese,
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.

9. Choose a committee to select the best of your original poems and put them in a poetry booklet for your reading table.

10. Choose a committee to plan a pageant of the months. Each month may be represented in the pageant through some festival scene, a scene from nature, or typical sports of the month.

AS THE BEAST STARTED TO REAR UP, ADH RAISED HIS CLUB

[*See p.* 274.]

SECURING SAFETY

Still the world needs brave deeds and true hearts many,
Not yet are all the noble battles won!
We too, we too may yet do deeds as great as any
That ever yet were done.

—E. NESBIT.

SECURING SAFETY

In the long ago each person had to look to himself for protection. He depended mainly on his own strength to meet the dangers that threatened him on every side. He used his own wits and skill to conquer the wild beasts of the forest and to overcome the perils of fire and flood.

Nowadays we do not have to depend on ourselves alone to meet the many dangers that enter our lives. The police and the militia protect us from disorder and crime; firemen fight fires for us; and lighthouse-keepers, coast guards, and life-savers are ready to help us in time of peril upon great waters. Such guardians are provided by the community to protect us from harm and often give their lives while engaged in their duties.

We, too, have a part in making the community safe. By observing safety-first rules, by removing possible dangers to others, by obeying the laws, each of us can help to make the work of firemen and policemen easier and pleasanter. By so doing we can also make our own lives happier and better and, at the same time, can promote the safety of the neighborhood in which we live.

READ A BOOK

1. *The Fairy Detective,* by Rupert Hughes. Harper.
   The story of a fairy detective who disguises himself as a squirrel, a fish, a mouse, and an eagle and helps to right wrongs against birds and animals.
2. *Safety First,* by Lillian M. Waldo. Scribners.
   Dorothy, the lame girl, the wheel chair, and—safety first!
3. *Boys' Book of Firemen,* by Irving Crump. Dodd.
   The training of firemen, the hardships they suffer, and their heroism at fires.
4. *Work-a-Day Heroes,* by Chelsea C. Fraser. Crowell.
   The lives of firemen, policemen, and others who work in places of danger.
5. *American Heroes and Heroism,* by William A. Mowry and Arthur M. Mowry. Silver.
   Firemen, policemen, soldiers, and sailors and their deeds of heroism in behalf of others.
6. *Victors of Peace,* by Frederick J. Gould. Harper.
   Stories of people who have won victories in organizing relief for suffering, in building tunnels, and in promoting peace among nations.
7. *Heroes of Everyday Life,* by Fanny E. Coe. Ginn.
   Stories of the work of firemen, life-savers, divers, and engineers.
8. *Fire Fighters and their Pets,* by Alfred M. Downes. Harper.
   Perils of firemen, work of the fire-boats, rescues, modern aids in fire fighting.
9. *First Aid for Boys,* by Norman B. Cole and Clayton H. Ernst. Appleton.
   What to do in time of injury; how to treat sunstroke; first-aid treatment of burns, frostbites, poisoning, and broken bones.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "The Fountain of Youth," L. B. Evans, *America First,* 15–18.
2. "William Penn and the Quakers," *ibid.,* 63–67.
3. "How the Pumpkins Saved the Family," *ibid.,* 260–264.
4. "Clara Barton and the Red Cross," *ibid.,* 409–414.
5. "Conquering the Yellow Fever," *ibid.,* 423–427.
6. "Junior Home Guard," Carolyn S. Bailey, *Stories for Every Holiday,* 46–55.
7. "Through Flame and Smoke with Fire Fighters," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* 3:1257–1260.
8. "How We Can Aid in Fire Prevention," *ibid.,* 3:1260–1262.
9. "What to Do till the Doctor Comes," *ibid.,* 3:1266–1267.
10. "One of America's Greatest Conquerors," *ibid.,* 4:1490.
11. "Brave Guardians of Law and Order," *ibid.,* 7:2865–2866.

V. SECURING SAFETY

1. ADH'S FIRST FIGHT

FREDERIC A. KUMMER

Adh was a caveman. He had to depend upon himself for safety. Read the selection as rapidly as you can without missing the story and its details. Do not start until the signal to begin is given.

Wherever he went, Adh carried a club with him. He had found a new one, short and heavy, with a great hard knob on the end, as big as his two fists. He had broken it from the limb of a tree, and had rubbed and polished it on the rocky floor of the cave until it was hard and smooth. In addition to the club, Adh had made himself a long straight spear, with the end rubbed to a point against the rocks. He used the spear for getting fish, and had become so skilful in its use that he hardly ever missed them.

One night, when the cold rains were over and the trees in the valley were covered with fresh leaves, Adh was sitting on a flat rock in front of his cave, eating a fish.

He was thinking how good the fish tasted, when his quick ears heard a sound. Looking up he saw a great beast, like a bear, covered with hair, making its way slowly up the rocky hillside toward him. The huge,

clumsy animal was much larger than himself. It walked on all fours, snuffing the air as though it smelt the fish Adh was eating.

Adh had never seen such a creature before. Very much frightened, his first thought was to run away as fast as his legs would carry him. But he remembered his wife and child, asleep inside the cave, and instead of running away, he picked up some heavy stones and threw them at the oncoming enemy.

One of the stones hit the beast on the shoulder. Instead of stopping, the bear gave a growl of rage and came on faster than ever, straight toward the cave.

Adh picked up his club from the rock beside him and stood before the door of the cave, chattering and screaming with anger and fear. Awakened by the noise, his wife came out of the cave with the baby in her arms, and, standing just behind him, added her shrill cries to his.

The creature's black snout and fiery red eyes came slowly forward until Adh could feel its breath. Then, just as the beast started to rear up on its hind legs, Adh raised his club, sprang forward, and struck the animal across the nose with all his might.

Adh was very strong; his blow was terrible. The great beast gave a howl of pain, reared up, and tried to reach Adh with its claws. But Adh's fear had left him, his eyes gleamed, and his mouth foamed with

rage. Raising his club he struck again and again, until the bear, the blood streaming from its crushed snout, turned tail and ran down the rocky hillside. There was a deep wound in Adh's breast, where the claws of the beast had torn him, but he hardly felt the pain in his joy at winning the fight. He pounded his clenched fist on his chest and uttered shrill cries of victory, until the sound echoed through the valley.

His wife came up to him and stroked and patted him proudly, chattering all the time with pleasure. This made Adh very happy; he pounded his club on the rocks and exclaimed with delight. The thought that he had made the great beast fear him filled him with pride.

That night, as Adh lay on the floor of the cave, a terrible fear came over him. What if the bear should come back, while he was asleep, and carry him off. He got up and crouched for a long time in the door of the cave, his club ready in his hands. After a while he grew sleepy and wished that he could place something across the cave door to keep out the beast in case it returned. The thought worried Adh so much that at last he went out, and rolled four or five large stones to the mouth of the cave. Then crawling inside, he fixed the stones so that the hole by which he had entered was almost blocked. After that he went to sleep without feeling afraid.

From that time on, Adh often had to fight for his

life and the lives of his wife and child, but he was not afraid. As the years went by, his boy grew strong like his father, and very bright and quick. When the lad was old enough, Adh took him along when he went down the valley to fish, or to gather fruit or nuts. The boy carried a spear like his father's, and used the weapon very skilfully, so that the family never wanted for food.

In time other children were born, and later on, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Adh made the cave larger by scraping away the soft rock of the walls. Each year, with the coming of the warm Spring, the rains ceased, and all the trees and bushes in the valley were soon covered with bright new leaves, and later, with blossoms and fruit. Adh and his family were very happy.

Adh called the oldest boy Kee, because when very young he had always said, "Kee-Kee," when anything pleased him. Before long the cries or grunts they used for the things they saw about them, such as bears, or tigers, or fish, or the sun, the rain, or the cave, came to be used over and over; in this way they began to have words for things. Although men did not have many words at first, they had invented speech, which enabled them to act together and protect themselves better than before.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

RATE OF READING

To find your rate of reading divide 933, the number of words in "Adh's First Fight," by the number of minutes you needed to read the story; the result will be the number of words you read per minute. Test the thoroughness of your reading by answering the following questions.

QUESTIONS

1. Where did Adh get his club?
2. What use did Adh make of his spear?
3. What was Adh doing when the bear appeared?
4. Why did Adh not run away from the bear?
5. Where did Adh strike the bear with his club?
6. How was Adh wounded during the fight?
7. What did Adh do during the night after the fight?
8. Why did Adh call his oldest boy Kee?
9. According to the story how did words originate?
10. How did speech help men secure safety?

READING SCORE

Read the story a second time to see if your answers to the foregoing questions are right. Give yourself one point for each correct response. Keep the record of your rate and thoroughness in your note-book, using the form you copied earlier in the year (see page 15).

DRAWING PICTURES

Suggest three pictures, or sketch three scenes, an artist might use to illustrate "Adh's First Fight."

2. HEROES OF PEACE

GUSTAV KOBBÉ

As you read this selection, think of six words that describe the qualities needed by a member of a life-saving crew.

I

To no life-saving crew does the term "heroes of peace" apply more than to the crew of the station at Evanston, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. With the exception of the keeper, the crew is composed of students of Northwestern University, who, when not on duty at the station, pursue their studies.

One Thanksgiving morning the life-saving crew received word that a steamer had been wrecked off Fort Sheridan, twelve miles distant. Putting the lifeboat on a truck, the crew made their way to the scene of disaster. From the high bluff they could see the vessel on the breakers, a thousand yards from shore. A fierce gale was raging, the thermometer was below the freezing-point, and the air was thick with sleet.

A wild ravine, covered with ice, led down to the shore. Finding it impossible to take the boat down through the steep ravine, soldiers and civilians, armed with picks and shovels, hewed out steps on the side of the bluff and mowed a path through the brush. The beach was a mere strip, exposed to the

full fury of the waves. Three times the attempt to launch the boat failed, for the vessel filled with water.

On the fourth trial the men succeeded in getting under way. The watchers on the bluff held their

THREE TIMES THE ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH THE BOAT FAILED, FOR THE VESSEL FILLED WITH WATER

breath as the frail-looking vessel left the beach. Once the boat nearly upset; once it half filled with water. The crew pulled with the strength of desperation, however, and slowly forced the boat toward the wreck in the very teeth of the gale. The clothing of the men was frozen stiff and the vessel was covered with ice, but the crew at last pulled the boat under

the steamer's lee, and took six men ashore. Three times they forced their way to the wreck, and when they finally finished their task, they were in almost as weakened a condition as the men whom they had saved.

II

The rescue of the crew of the British schooner *H. P. Kirkham,"* by the crew of the Coskata life-saving station, Nantucket Island, was one of the most daring feats ever performed by the service. Twenty-six hours passed between the launching of the life-boat and the rescue of the crew of the wrecked vessel—twenty-six hours of exposure in an open boat, amid snow-squalls, with an icy gale from the North with the thermometer close to zero.

On the morning of the wreck both wind and sea were rising. Keeper Chase carefully swept with his long glass as much of the coast as he could bring within range; but he could see no vessel. Then came a ring at the station telephone. The lighthouse keeper at Sankaty Head reported that, just before dawn, he had seen torch-flashes off-shore, and thought he could discern the masts of a vessel on Bass Rip, ten miles out.

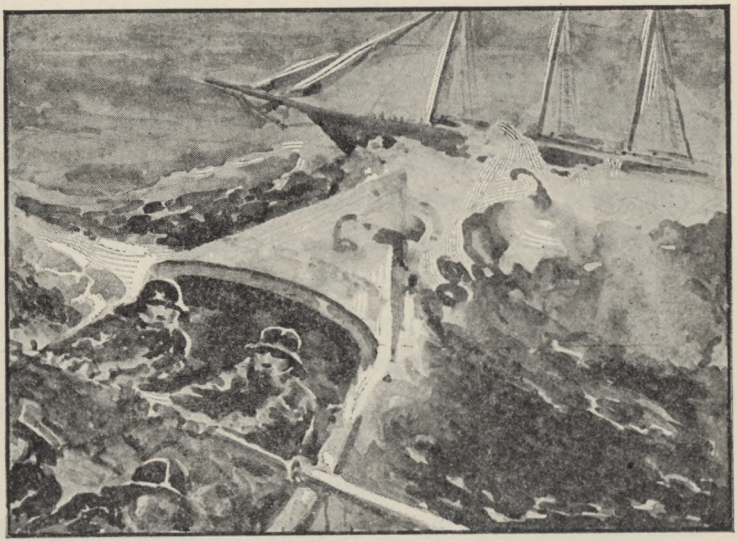
Keeper Chase again made a careful search, but he could see no vessel. He concluded that the ship must be outside of Bass Rip. He quickly mustered the crew and then called up Sankaty Head.

"Is the vessel still there?"

"Yes; still there."

"All right. We will launch and go to her at once."

Every man in the crew knew the meaning of a run



THEY SLOWLY FORCED THE BOAT TOWARD THE WRECK IN THE VERY TEETH OF THE GALE

before a gale on Nantucket Shoals. The storm must moderate, some vessel must pick them up, or seven more men would share the fate of the people on the wreck. But these descendants of the old-time whalers did not speak of danger to one another. The motto of their fathers had been, "Dead whale, or smashed boat"; that of the sons was, "Rescued crew, or drowned life-savers."

Quickly making sail, the crew reached Bass Rip in a short time. Then they saw the vessel, five miles farther out.

"On the Rose and Crown Shoal!" exclaimed Keeper Chase.

This is the most dangerous shoal of all. Nothing daunted, the keeper headed the boat straight for the wreck. When the life-savers drew near enough to see clearly, they made out seven men clinging to the rigging of a three-masted schooner, the hull already so deep in the water that the sea broke again and again over both deck and stern.

They anchored the life-boat and fastened a heavy rope to the bow. Then, carefully steadying the boat with the oars and the long steering sweep, they lifted their anchor and dropped down with the current toward the wreck. Intent upon the keeper's every command, whether by word or gesture, they carefully worked in between seas and were able to hurl into the rigging a heaving-stick with a small line attached. A heavier line was then fastened to the stick by the schooner's crew, drawn aboard the life-boat, and made fast. Next two of the boat's crew began to haul in carefully toward the wreck.

Then occurred one of the most dramatic incidents of the rescue. Thinking only of saving their own lives, the frightened sailors began pulling rapidly on their end of the line, at the danger of swamping the life-boat.

"Make that line fast!" shouted Keeper Chase. But the schooner's crew was so terrified that they paid no attention to the command.

Keeper Chase drew his knife. "Pull this boat another foot nearer the wreck," he shouted, "and we'll cut the line!"

Keeper Chase stood six feet four inches in his boots. He also had a six-foot-four-inch voice, and his command rang in the ears of the sailors above the roar of the storm. Realizing that the wave-tossed boat at the end of the line was their only hope of safety, the sailors made the rope fast, and the life-savers worked in as close to the wreck as was safe. Then one after another, the seven men were taken off the wreck, where for fifteen hours they had faced almost certain death.

Keeper Chase knew that the rescued men, hungry, cold, and worn out with their long struggle, were worse than useless as oarsmen—mere dead weight in the boat. No help could come from them on the hard pull to shore. The mast and sail of the life-boat, useless now against a head wind and sea, were cast overboard, and the crew headed for shore.

Then began a desperate fight for life. Battered by the waves and faced by a strong wind, the men seemed almost helpless. At sunset, six hours after leaving the wreck (which had split up an hour after the rescue), the boat had made only one mile of the

fifteen toward shore. Rolling and pitching, it shipped water with almost every wave. The utmost exertion by the men was necessary to prevent the vessel from being swamped with water.

Worn out by the struggle, one of the life-savers, Perkins, at last exclaimed, "Captain, let me sleep ten minutes, and I'll be all right." Accordingly the members of the crew were allowed to sleep in turn, but only for a few minutes at a time, lest they freeze to death.

After midnight the tide changed, the wind and the sea lessened somewhat, and with sunrise another pull was made for shore. At ten o'clock, twenty-six hours after the crew had left Coskata, they hauled their boat on the southeastern shore of Nantucket, eight miles across the island from their station, too weary to return until the afternoon. When they reached the station, Keeper Chase made but one remark. Turning to his crew,—his voice a bit husky—he called out:

"Now, boys, stow away the boat, and get your suppers. It's 'most time for the sunset patrol to be out." With these words the work of the life-savers was quietly resumed.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Give six words that describe the qualities that are needed by a member of a life-saving crew. "Strength" is an

example. Talk over suggestions in class. Then vote, each pupil listing the six qualities he thinks most important. Choose a committee to report the result, arranging the qualities in the order of votes.

2. Which of the two rescues was the more difficult,—the rescue made by the Evanston crew or that made by the Coskata crew? Give reasons.
3. Find the most critical moment in the rescue of the sailors of the *H. P. Kirkham.* Explain the danger that threatened.
4. *Research problem for a volunteer.* Give a port on the work of the U. S. Coast Guard Service. See F. E. Coe, *Heroes of Everyday Life,* 74–103. Ginn.

A MATCHING GAME

Find for each group of words in List I a group of words in List II which means the same or nearly the same. Write on your paper the numbers and the letters of the matching phrases. For example, "a wild ravine" and "a hollow place between rocky hills" mean nearly the same. You many show this by writing 1-b on your paper.

LIST I	LIST II
1. a wild ravine	*a.* to get a gang together
2. to hew out	*b.* a hollow place between rocky hills
3. to launch a boat	*c.* to see distinctly
4. the steamer's lee	*d.* to grow milder
5. a daring feat	*e.* side of the ship away from wind
6. to discern	*f.* not disheartened
7. to muster a crew	*g.* a brave deed
8. to moderate	*h.* to slide a boat into the water
9. descendants of whalers	*i.* offsprings of whale fishermen
10. nothing daunted	*j.* a hoarse tone
11. to anchor a boat	*k.* the greatest possible effort
12. dramatic incident	*l.* an occurrence of intense interest
13. a desperate fight	*m.* a hard battle
14. the utmost exertion	*o.* to fasten a boat on the shore
15. a husky voice	*n.* taken up again without display
16. was quietly resumed	*p.* to cut out

3. FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Forest fires, once under way, soon get beyond control and often destroy barns, farm houses, villages, and even entire towns before they are stopped. Read the story rapidly. Find the persons who played a part in stopping the fire.

Sylvia and Molly rode along rapidly in the shining car. On the side of the mountain, as they turned the corner of a densely wooded road, they saw a wild-eyed man in overalls leap from the bushes and yell at them.

Sylvia was startled. Her first impression was one of fear—a lonely road, a strange man, excited, perhaps drunk. But Molly, without an instant's hesitation, ground the car to a stop in a cloud of dust. "What's the matter?" she shouted, as the man sprang on the running-board.

He was gasping, purple, and for an instant could only beat the air with his hands. Then he broke out in a hoarse shout—"Fire! An awful fire! Hewitt's pine woods—up that road!" He waved a wild, bare arm—his shirt-sleeve was torn to the shoulder. "Go and get help. They need all the men they can get!"

He dropped from the running-board and ran back up the hill through the bushes. They saw him lurch from one side to the other; then they heard the

bushes crash and saw them close behind him. He was gone.

Sylvia's eyes were still on the spot where he had

"FIRE! AN AWFUL FIRE! HEWITT'S PINE WOODS!"

disappeared when she was thrown against the seat in a great leap forward of the car. She caught at the side, at her hat, and saw Molly's face.

"Where are you going?" she shouted.

"To get help," answered Molly. The first plunge over, the car settled down to a high speed, purring softly its song of strength.

In three minutes from the time the man had left them, they tore into the nearest village, two miles from the woods. During the three minutes Molly had run the car at top speed and had formed a plan. Slackening speed only enough to turn a street-corner, she shouted an inquiry to a passer-by. Following the wave of his hand, she flashed down a side-street to a big brick building with the sign, "Peabody Brush-Back Factory."

The car stopped. Molly sprang out and ran as though the car were a rifle and she the bullet leaving it. She ran into a large, comfortable office, where several girls lifted their fingers from typewriter keys to stare at the girl who had burst in at a door marked "Manager."

"There's a fire on the mountain—a great fire in Hewitt's pine woods," she cried in a voice that sounded like that of a young captain leading a charge. "I can take nine men on my car. Will you come with me and tell which men are to go?"

A dignified man, with smooth gray hair and a black alpaca coat, sat motionless behind his desk and stared at her in astonishment.

Molly stamped her foot. "There's not an instant to lose," she said; "they need every man they can get."

"Who's the fire-warden of this township?" said the man foolishly, trying to assemble his wits.

Molly seemed to raise him from his chair by her excitement. "Oh, they need help NOW!" she cried. "Come on!"

The next moment they stood together on the steps of the office.

"Those men unloading lumber over there can go," said the manager, "and I'll get three more from the packing-rooms."

"Don't go yourself! Send somebody to get them!" pleaded Molly. "Telephone anybody in town who has a car. There'll be sure to be one or two at the garage."

"Yes," replied the manager. He was now thoroughly aroused. Over his shoulder, in a quiet voice that carried like the crack of a gun he said: "Henderson, get three men from the packing-room to go to a forest fire. Shut down the machinery. Get all the able-bodied men ready in gangs of seven. Perkins, telephone Tim O'Keefe to bring my car here at once. And get Pat's and Tim's and the two at the hotel."

"Tools?" said Molly.

He nodded and called out to the men advancing with a rush on the car: "Hoes and shovels are inside the power-house door. Take some axes too."

In four minutes from the time they had entered the village (Sylvia had her watch in her hand), the girls were flying back, the car packed with men in overalls and clustered thick with others on the running-board. Back of them the whistle of the factory

shrieked. Women and children ran to the doors to stare up and down, to cry out, to look, and to see with dismay a great cloud of gray smoke pouring up from the side of the mountain. There was no one in the village who did not know the meaning of a forest fire.

In a flash the car had left the village and was rushing along the dusty highroad, the huge pillar of smoke growing nearer. The men stared up at it with sober faces. "Pretty hot fire!" said one uneasily.

They reached the place where the man had yelled to them—ten minutes since they had left it. Molly turned the car into the steep side-road which led up the mountain. The men shouted out, "Hey, lady! You can't get a car up there. We'll have to walk the rest of the way. They never take cars there."

"This one is going up," replied Molly, going into second speed.

The sound of the laboring engine jarred loudly through the still, hot woods; the car shook and trembled under the strain. Molly dropped into low. A cloud of smoke rose from the exhaust behind, but the car continued to advance. Coughing and choking, up the steep grades it bumped heavily, smoking, rattling, quivering.

They were eight minutes from the main road now, and near the fire. Over the trail hung a cloud of smoke, and, as they turned a corner, they saw that they had arrived.

Sylvia drew back and crooked her arm over her eyes. She had never seen a forest fire. Her first feeling was one of terror. Then she dropped her arm and looked at the glorious, awful sight which was to furnish her with nightmares for months to come.

The fire was roaring down one side of the road toward them. To the right it was eating its way into the heart of the forest. They stopped a hundred feet short, but the blare of heat struck their faces like a blow. Through the masses of smoke, came glimpses of fierce, clean flame—a dead stump burning like a torch, a tree standing helpless like martyr at the stake, suddenly changed into a pillar of fire.

Along the front of this whirlpool of flame toiled four lean, powerful men. As they raised their blackened faces and saw the car with its load of men, they gave a shout of relief, although not for an instant did they stop the plying of their picks and hoes. The nine men sprang out, their tools in their hands, and scattered along the fighting-line.

Molly backed the car around, and plunged down the hill into the smoke. Through the choking fumes Sylvia shouted at her, "Molly! Molly! You're great!"

Molly shouted in answer, "I could scream, I'm so happy!" As they plunged down the mountain road, she said: "Oh, Sylvia, you don't know—I never was any use before—never once—never! I got the first load of help there! How they shouted!"

At the highway, a car was discharging a load of men with rakes and picks. "*I* took my car up!" screamed Molly, leaning from the steering wheel but not slackening speed as she tore past.

The driver of the other car flushed at the challenge and, motioning the men back into the car, started up the hill.

The two girls passed cars now, many of them, streaming south rapidly, filled with men in working clothes, bristling with long-handled implements. As they drove down the street to the factory they saw, waiting still, twenty or more men in overalls drawn up, ready, armed.

While the men were swarming into the car, the gray-haired manager came out and said, "I've telephoned to Ward and Howe's marble-works in Chitford; they've sent fifty men. Seventy-five have gone from this village. I suppose all the farmers in that district are there by this time."

"Will they ever stop the fire?" asked Sylvia despairingly.

"Oh, yes," the manager replied, looking up the valley at the great volume of smoke, "with a hundred and fifty men there, almost at once, they'll have it under control before long. Everything with a forest fire depends on getting help *quickly*. Ten men there almost at once do more than fifty men an hour later. That's why your friend's promptness was so

important. It might have been pretty bad if they'd had to wait for help till one of the men could have run to the village. A fire, a bad fire like that, goes so fast that in an hour you can't stop it—can't stop it till it gets out where you can place a furrow around it. That's a terrible place for a fire up there. Lots of brush left."

Molly called over her shoulder to the men climbing on the car, "All ready?" and was off.

Once more the car toiled up the steep side-road. In the twenty minutes since they had been there the tide had turned. Instead of four workers, struggling against great odds, a long line of men, working with orderly haste, stretched away into the woods. The smoke and swift flames towered above them, leaping up into the sky and darkening the sun. Bent over their rakes, their eyes on the ground, a crew of men drew away the dry leaves, while others who followed them tore at the earth with picks and hoes.

Already, near the road, the fire had burnt itself out. As far as the girls could see into the underbrush, a narrow line of freshly turned earth marked the limits to which the fire could come.

Bewildered, Sylvia's eyes shifted from the toiling men to the distance, where the fire still tossed its crest of flames into the forest. She heard, but she did not believe the words of the men in the car, who cried out expertly as they ran forward, "Oh, the

worst's over. They're shutting down on it." How could the worst be over, when that whirling horror of flame and smoke was still beyond them?

After the men had gone, the girls, relieved, turned their heads to the other side of the road. There, very silent, leaped and glittered a little ring of flames. An hour before, it would have looked a pretty, harmless sight to the two who now sat, stricken by horror into a momentary frozen stillness. The flames licked at the dry leaves and sprang up into a clump of tall dry grass. The fire was running swiftly toward a bunch of dead alders standing at the edge of the forest. Before it had spread further, the girls were upon it, screaming for help.

In an instant their cries had been heard. Three or four smoke-blackened fire-fighters from beyond the road ran forward with rakes, and in a moment the danger was past.

"Just like a fire in the woods!" said one of the men, drawing a long breath. "It's so terribly *quick!* It's either all over before you can catch your breath, or it's beyond you for good."

It evidently did not occur to him to thank the girls for their part. They had done only what everyone did, the best they could. He looked back at the burned tract on the other side of the road and said: "They've got the best of that all right, too. Nothin' to do now but watch it. 'Twas a close call. I've been to a lot of fires, but I've never seen a closer call!"

A LONG LINE OF MEN, WORKING WITH ORDERLY HASTE, STRETCHED AWAY INTO THE WOODS

"It can't be *over!*" cried Sylvia, looking at the light across the road. "Why, it isn't an hour since we——"

"Land! No, it isn't *over!*" he explained. "They'll have a gang of men here watching it all night—and maybe all to-morrow—unless we have rain. But it won't go further than the fire-line, and as soon as there are men enough to draw that all round, it's *got* to stop!"

Then the old man added, " 'Twas the first load of men did the business. 'Twas nip and tuck down to the last foot if we could stop it on that side. I tell you ten minutes of that kind o' work takes about ten years off a man's life. We'd just about given up when we saw them coming. I bet I won't be any happier to see the pearly gates than I was to see those men with hoes."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Make a list of the people who played a part in stopping the fire. Who deserve the most credit?
2. Tell how people fight a forest fire. Why do they not use the same methods that are used in a city?
3. Why is the saving of a few minutes of great importance in fighting a fire?
4. Point out the main differences in Molly and Sylvia. Which girl would you prefer for a friend? Give reasons for your preference.
5. Tell about a fire that you helped to put out.

4. FIREMEN TO THE RESCUE

IRVING CRUMP

What kind of men are needed in a fire company? Read the selection carefully. Keep the preceding question in mind.

Fireman Larke, now Lieutenant Larke, knows what it is to see a man trapped behind iron-barred windows, surrounded by flames and smoke, with no way of escape except to have the iron bars cut. Larke knows, too, the feelings of a man fighting against time, trying madly to sever the iron bars with two or three flimsy steel saws. He knows because he faced the situation once, fighting a stubborn and determined battle. His bravery earned him a promotion from engineer to lieutenant, a medal of honor, and five hundred dollars in gold.

One wintry morning, when the mercury stood close to zero, every downtown engine and truck company in Manhattan was called to a fire in Broadway. A half hour later the news spread the length and breadth of New York City that the huge Equitable Building was being destroyed by flames. It was a tremendous fire. The morning newspapers stopped the presses on the city edition and waited for a story of the conflagration. By telephone, telegraph, and word of mouth news of the great fire spread; and,

although it lacked an hour or more of dawn, a great crowd gathered in lower Broadway. Police reserves from several stations were called to keep the spectators out of danger.

Somehow a man in citizen's clothes managed to get through the line of police. Dodging the hurrying firemen and the network of hose sprawled across the street, he ran through the broad doors of the big building and down into the basement where the great safe deposit vaults were located. He was a man from the company that maintained safe deposit vaults in the Equitable Building. At the risk of his life he plunged into the story below the street level of the threatened structure, to see that the books and other valuable documents of his company were not exposed to danger.

When he entered, the blaze had been raging nearly an hour, and the entire north side of the structure was a mass of flames. Scores of hose lines had been stretched up the broad stairway, and scores more were being played from the street and from the tall buildings across the way. The streams of water, which flowed from windows and doorways, froze into giant icicles. Indeed, the whole outside of the building was draped in ice. The wind-driven spray from the streams of water was frozen into steel-like particles which cut the faces and hands of the firemen. All the "blue shirts" on the fighting line were frozen

into their rubber coats and their leather helmets. Covered from head to toe with ice, they were forced to work madly to keep from freezing. The bad fire and zero weather made a combination that only the most stout-hearted fireman can face.

When these facts are considered, it is apparent that the man from the safe deposit company had his share of grit too. Perhaps, if he had known what was in store for him, he would have hesitated before plunging into the basement below the roaring flames. Although he saw how terrible the fire was and how hard the firemen were working to master the situation, he rushed through the thick smoke into the hallway of the building and down the broad marble stairway that led into the anteroom to the big steel vaults. The trip was difficult, because the smoke had worked its way into those depths before he arrived. Everywhere a yellow haze swirled round and round, blinding him and making him cough and gasp.

On he pushed. Soon he reached the bottom of the stairway. His progress then was a matter of feeling and groping his way foot by foot. Blinded by the thick smoke, his eyes smarted so that the tears flowed.

At first he thought he had lost his way. Soon, however, his hand met a marble wall. Steadying himself and guessing the direction, he moved cautiously forward, feeling for a door. Soon he reached

one just under the stairway, the entrance to the anteroom for which he searched. Hastily taking out his keys, he inserted the right one, turned the lock, and opened the door. Inside there was scarcely any smoke. The door, the only entrance to the room, fitted closely, and there were no draughts to draw in the smoke. It was cool there, too, and in the light of the gray dawn that came through the iron-barred window from the street, he could see the objects in the room. The chairs, tables, his desk containing papers he wanted, and——

Crash!

The jar shook the building, hurling him to the floor. He was dazed for a moment, but discovering great volumes of yellow smoke rolling into the room, he quickly roused himself. What he saw made him gasp. There, where he had stood but a moment before, were piled tons and tons of marble, iron, and woodwork. The great heavy stairs that reached from the basement to the top floor had given away in the heat of the flames. Flight after flight had fallen and piled up in the basement, tearing out the walls of the anteroom, shattering the heavy mahogany door, and cutting off all ways of escape.

For a few moments the imprisoned man grew faint with horror. Clouds of smoke worked in among the ruins; here and there he could see ugly, dull red flashes, showing that the fire had followed the crash

and was now devouring everything in sight in the basement.

For only a moment did he allow himself to be panic-stricken. He knew now that he must find a way out of the room, and quickly too, or he would be too late. One way only was left to the open air and that through the window into Cedar Street. But alas! that was crossed by heavy bars of iron!

Madly he rushed toward the window. The glass in the frame had been shattered by the crash of the falling stairway. Hoping that one or two had been jarred loose, he shook the bars with both hands, but to no avail; the bars were rooted in the stone work of the building! At this discovery he groaned aloud, for he realized that he was at the mercy of the smoke and flames!

Twenty feet away, in the street, a hose crew was directing a stream through a second-story window. These men could help him! They must help him! At the top of his voice he shouted to them. The terror in his voice reached above the noise of the water and the roar of the flames, and drew the attention of the firemen to his ashen face pressed against the iron bars.

Enginemen dare not leave their hose line under any conditions, but while they still battled with fire they signalled for aid. Soon other firemen, armed with axes, sledges, and crowbars, were at hand. But

such tools were of no avail against the inch-thick irons that held the man a captive. Striking the bars till the sparks flew, the firemen pried and hacked until they realized that their tools were useless, for still the iron rods resisted. All the time the imprisoned man watched them through the smoke, his heart growing heavier with every failure.

"A saw! A saw! Can't you get a saw?" he groaned. "It's my only hope!"

As if in answer to his question two men appeared, in their hands a half dozen tiny steel saws used to cut through iron. The men had been sent by an officer to bring all the iron saws they could secure from the engineers and janitors of the surrounding buildings, and were just returning with their supply. Eagerly they bent to their work, a task that seemed hopeless, for the smoke poured into the room in thick waves, almost suffocating the imprisoned man as well as the men who tried to work at the barred window. A saw was passed inside to the prisoner to enable him to work also.

With shaking hands he attacked one bar while the firemen sawed away at another. Painfully slow was the work! Seconds seemed like minutes, minutes like hours. Back and forth went the tiny blades of steel, rasping loudly but seeming to make little impression on the solid iron. When one fireman, coughing and choking with smoke, was driven from the task,

another reached down and took up the work where he left off.

The man inside worked too. Slowly, but surely, he forced his saw through one iron bar, while the men outside kept at the others. One after another the men were driven away from the low, narrow window, some of them staggering from the cold and smoke.

But Fireman Larke stayed at the task longest of all. In spite of the smoke he sawed and sawed. The cold drip of the hose splashed over him, freezing a film of ice over his hat and rubber coat. Still he worked, while thousands of spectators beyond the fire lines watched him anxiously. By this time the building was a mass of flames, nearly all of the upper floors having given way. Fortunately the flaming timbers had not fallen all the way to the basement, or Larke's task would have been impossible.

On he worked. A half inch of iron remained to be severed; now a quarter of an inch. The flesh was worn from his fingers, three broken saws lay at his feet, but still he strove to rescue the prisoner in the basement. Now only an eighth of an inch remained to be cut. The doomed man was all but unconscious. Long since he had ceased to saw, but with both hands gripped the window sill to keep from falling backward into the room.

At last the bar fell away, leaving an opening large

enough for the limp form of the man. Strong hands reached in, seizing him by the arms and shoulders. Then, amid the cheers of thousands, he was dragged from his prison and given to the care of a waiting surgeon.

Larke's show of grit won him many honors, but his act resulted in something of far more importance. From that day plans were made to organize a company of trained men to take care of just such work. At last the first rescue company in the world, Rescue Company No. 1, was established in New York City.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Name four qualities shown by Lieutenant Larke in his rescue of the imprisoned man. Mention three other qualities needed by firemen.
2. Why do policemen usually form a line around a great fire? Tell about the most dangerous fire you ever saw. What caused it?
3. Why could the man in the basement not leave the building in the same way that he entered? Why was it necessary to cut the iron bars?
4. Describe a rescue from a fire that you once saw or read about.
5. Name other characters in this book who are like Lieutenant Larke; who resemble the man who ran into the basement.
6. Tell about the fire-fighting equipment in your community. What provisions are made to rescue persons trapped in a fire?

5. THE LIVE WIRE

ROY R. BAILEY

Find the "three keeps" of the Scout Law as quickly as you can. When you find them raise your hand. Then read the selection carefully from the beginning. Play fair, and do not look for the "three keeps" until you hear the signal, "Go."

The moment the Safety Scout laid eyes on Bob and Betty, he saw that they had made up their minds to earn a magic button that day.

"Where shall we go for to-day's adventure?" was the first question.

The Safety Scout laughed. "We probably shan't have to go far. Once a Scout's eyes are really open, danger signs other folks wouldn't notice begin to mean something, and adventure walks right up to him. Danger walked right up to you two yesterday, but you didn't read the signs until too late. Being a Scout means doing the right thing at the right moment. Now let's start out and walk a few blocks, and see what danger signals we come across that other folks are overlooking."

As they opened the gate, Mrs. Dalton came to the door. "Bob! Come here a moment, please. I want you to take a note over to Mrs. Hoffman. Their telephone is out of order."

She lowered her voice as she handed him the letter,

and added, "Who is that out there with Betty?"

"Oh, that's one of the Scouts. We're going out for a little practice scouting."

Mrs. Dalton knew how eagerly Bob had been awaiting the day when he could become a Boy Scout. She trusted the Scouts and was glad to have Bob and Betty spend their vacation time in scouting. She did not know that the three friends were to start an order of Safety Scouts which even fathers and mothers would join.

Bob hurried back to Betty and the Safety Scout. "Can you wait while I run over to Mrs. Hoffman's with this? All right, I'll be back in no time!"

Hurrying though he was, he looked both ways before he crossed the streets and at the car tracks, for already the habit of "thinking safety" was growing on him. He reached Mrs. Hoffman's in record time, delivered the note, and raced back towards home.

As he slowed down to catch his breath, he met a crowd of boys "playing Indians." Several of them wore Indian suits; others were dressed as cowboys. One of the cowboys tried to rope him as he passed. This gave the Indians an idea, and they came howling after Bob, waving their tomahawks and promising to scalp him. Two yelping dogs joined in the chase.

With a grin Bob broke into a long easy run which soon shook the redskins off his trail. At a sudden

delighted whoop from the enemy he stopped and looked back.

"Hi-yi!" yelled the biggest Indian. "Look at that telephone wire on the ground! Come on, let's chop it off and use it to bind the palefaces to the stake."

Pellmell across the street swarmed the little fellows, each eager to reach the wire first. But Bob was too quick for them. Hatless and breathless, he threw himself between the Indians and the swaying wire. "Get back!" he shouted. "That's no telephone wire —it's alive! Keep back, I say! You'll be killed!"

To stand between the youngsters and the deadly wire was not easy. They were laughing and yelling so hard and the dogs were barking so wildly, that at first Bob had trouble in getting the idea of danger into their heads. He had to knock two or three of them down to keep them from hacking at the wire with their hatchets. Would they never understand? "I won't forget this time, anyway!" muttered the boy, gritting his teeth as he thought of the "three keeps" of the Scout Law.

Up ran one of the dogs, capering around with sharp barks, and trying to get hold of Bob's ankle. When Bob tried to drive the dog away, the Indians and cowboys yelled harder than ever. Suddenly the dog stumbled and fell across the electric wire, gave one yelp of pain, and lay kicking and struggling, unable to jerk loose. Worst of all, he had landed in a puddle

of water, and the electric current was passing straight through his twitching body into the wet earth.

With difficulty Bob managed to drive the boys out of harm's way only to see one of the cowboys rush for the dog with a cry that tore at Bob's heart.

"It's Tige! Oh, Tige!—poor old Tige! Let me go! I've got to save my dog!"

Bob grabbed the little fellow and held him tight. "Too late, old scout," he said, with tears in his own eyes. "Tige's killed, I'm afraid. Keep back, there —that wire will get you too!" For the boys were again crowding near the wire.

"Who has a telephone at home?" asked Bob.

"We have," said one of the larger boys.

"Then run home quick, call up the Electric Light Company, and have them send their repair crew. Tell them a live wire has killed Tige and may kill the boys if they don't hurry. Tell them it's at the corner of Broad Street and Center Avenue. Run!"

While Bob waited for the repair wagon, he managed to form the boys into line so that they could mount guard over the dangerous wire. Then he stood guard with the rest. So well did they do their work that they succeeded in keeping all teams and passers-by from running into danger until the repair men came.

It seemed a long while before the clatter and rumble of heavy wheels told Bob that the rescue

"IT'S ALIVE! KEEP BACK, I SAY! YOU'LL BE KILLED!"

party was coming at last. He jumped with surprise when the wagon dashed around the corner and pulled up beside the curb. Beside the driver sat the Safety Scout! Puzzled by Bob's long stay and hearing the gong as the wagon hurried up, he had decided to come along.

Ten minutes later the live wire was back in place, the repair crew had clattered off again, and a little band of mourning Indians and cowboys had carried poor Tige's body over to his master's back yard, where they buried him after a solemn service. Only a dog! But the tears they dropped on his grave were real and sincere, for he had been a jolly playmate and a loyal friend.

Bob was very sober as he walked home with the Safety Scout. "I wish," he said, "I could have saved Tige, somehow."

The Safety Scout laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Bob, you did just right. You remembered the 'three keeps' this time—you kept wide-awake, kept cool, and kept your mind on one thing at a time. No Scout could have done more. If you had touched that wire, it would have cost a good deal more than the life of a dog. It's important to know what not to do, sometimes. Robert Dalton, I'm proud of you! Here—you've earned it this time!"

He reached into his pocket, pulled out a safety button, and fastened it in Bob's coat lapel. The boy

flushed with pride as he lifted the magic button to his ear. Never had words thrilled him more than those which greeted him now—for two of them were words which his own quick wits had earned.

"Safety First!" whispered the button, clear as a bugle call. "Good Work!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

FINDING FACTS

How long did it take you to find the "three keeps" of the Scout Law? Tell just what you did to find them.

TRUE-FALSE TEST

Copy the numbers before the following sentences. Place a T before the sentences that are true and an F before those that are false.

1. Being a Scout means doing the right thing at the right time.
2. Mrs. Dalton trusted the Safety Scouts.
3. Bob carried his mother's note to Mrs. Hoffman very slowly.
4. On his way home Bob met a crowd of girls playing "drop the handkerchief."
5. Bob crossed the car tracks without looking to the right or to the left.
6. The wire on the ground was a telephone wire.
7. Bob put the wire on a high post so that the children would be safe.
8. Under Bob's leadership the children kept passers-by from danger until the repair wagon came.
9. A Safety Scout keeps wide-awake, keeps cool, and keeps his mind on one thing at a time.
10. Bob earned a safety button.

Make your reading record. See page 15 for directions.

6. SAFETY ON THE HIGHWAYS

JESSIE L. HODGES

As you read, think of pupils who are fitted to take the different parts in this play.

CHARACTERS

KING HIGHWAY.
TRAFFIC OFFICER.

Service Scouts, dressed as Brownies:
STOP. LOOK. LISTEN.
TURN-TO-THE-RIGHT.
STREET-CAR SCOUTS.
RAILROAD SCOUTS.
PEDESTRIAN PILOTS.

Two well-dressed little boys:
I. B. WARE.
U. B. WARE.

ORGAN MAN.
POPCORN VENDER.
BALLOON PEDDLER.

ACT I

SCENE: KING HIGHWAY *is seated on his throne. He blows his bugle.* SERVICE SCOUTS *appear, headed by* TRAFFIC OFFICER.

TRAFFIC OFFICER. King Highway, we salute thee! Your Scouts of Service are here to do thy bidding.

KING. My Service Scouts, your king needs you.

Word has been received that two small boys have run away from home and are at large on our highway. Their parents are frantic about their welfare. Do everything in your power to protect these children. Last year, in spite of our combined efforts, 12,000 people were killed and 350,000 were injured. You remember that at least one-fourth of these were children.

TRAFFIC OFFICER. What are your orders, King Highway?

KING. See that every scout is at his post. Let us prove to the citizens of this commonwealth that the taxes paid are well spent.

TRAFFIC OFFICER. We are yours to command.

KING. The railroad crossings must be guarded. Stop, Look, and Listen, take your places there at once. See that the scouts in charge of the gates keep the children off the tracks.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN (*in unison*). It shall be done. (*They salute and withdraw.*)

KING. Traffic Officer, station members of your squad at the intersections of the busiest streets. Make your signals, "Go" and "Stop," protect the public from collisions and accidents.

(TRAFFIC OFFICER *salutes and withdraws.*)

KING. Turn-to-the-Right, you and your assistants must control the motor cars. Arrest all speeders and those who disregard your orders.

TURN-TO-THE-RIGHT. My men and I will attend to this at once. (*He withdraws.*)

KING. Street-Car Scout, place a man on every one of your cars. See that foolish heads are kept inside, and rash, hasty feet held back until cars stop.

STREET-CAR SCOUT. We will do our duty on the run. (*Withdraws.*)

KING. Pedestrian Pilot, look after your safety zones. Teach the public that "crowded is the way that leadeth to destruction." Remember, I am depending upon you and your fellow-scouts to protect the two runaways, I. B. Ware and U. B. Ware, while they are on the highway.

(*Curtain falls.*)

ACT II

SCENE: *Streets of a town. Pedestrians on the sidewalks, and the usual vehicles, automobiles, trucks, carts, and horses in the streets.* (*These are all represented by children. A row of desks will serve as a street car.*) SERVICE SCOUTS *are seen at their respective posts.*

(*Enter small boys,* I. B. WARE AND U. B. WARE.)

I. B. WARE. I am so glad there is nobody here to say "Don't!" Now that we've run away, we can do just as we please.

U. B. WARE. Yes, and won't we have fun? Come

on, let's run across that railroad track. I've wanted to do that all my life, but nurse was always sticking around to keep me back.

(*Children start to run, but, hearing voices, they stop.*)

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN (*in unison*). U. B. Ware! Oh, U. B. Ware!

U. B. WARE. I. B., did you hear anybody call?

I. B. WARE. Yes, it must have been those funny little men over there.

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN (*in unison*).

"Stop, Look, and Listen," is what we say
To all good people who pass this way.
Those who heed our triple warning
Never will have cause for mourning.

U. B. WARE. Well, Mr. Stop, Mr. Look, and Mr. Listen, I'm not going to pay any attention to you; so there! This is my chance to run across a railroad track, and I am going to take it. Come, I. B.

(*The running children are stopped again by railroad gates.*)

I. B. WARE. Look! Look, U. B.; long arms are coming down in front of us. Let's slip under and go on.

(*Children start under, but are stopped by same cry.*)

R. R. SCOUTS. U. B. Ware! Oh, U. B. Ware!

U. B. WARE. Somebody is calling my name again.

R. R. SCOUTS.

These arms of ours are to hold you back.
See! the train is coming down the track.
Stand still and wait! Don't ever skip through.
For that might be the end of you.

I. B. WARE. Well, I declare, there are some more of those queer little men. There's the train, too! If they hadn't stopped us, we might have been killed.

(*Train rushes by.*)

U. B. WARE. The little fellows are raising their arms now, so we can pass.

(*Children run merrily across the tracks.*)

I. B. WARE. Let's try the street car next. Won't it be jolly to ride where we please?

STREET-CAR SCOUT (*tipping his hat*). Did you say you wanted a car? I'll be glad to get you one.

I. B. AND U. B. (*together*). Yes, but what do you know about cars?

STREET-CAR SCOUT. Oh, a great deal, for I belong to the street-car service. (*Scout steps out and hails a car. Boys try to get on before car stops. Scout takes them by the arm and holds them back.*)

STREET-CAR SCOUT.

Before you step into a car,
Be sure it's standing still,
Else it may hold and drag you far,
And serve you very ill.

I. B. AND U. B. Thank you, Mr. Scout: we'll remember. Good-bye! (*Boys step on car.*)

U. B. WARE. Come over here, I. B.! Let's look out the window. See the beautiful things passing by. The houses are just running away. Yonder is the organ man with the monkey.

I. B. WARE. I see a man with lots of balloons. I wish I had some!

U. B. WARE. And there's a glass box just full of pop corn. Look at the automobiles and all the big crowds.

(SECOND STREET-CAR SCOUT *appears and touches them on the arm.*)

STREET-CAR SCOUT (*No.* 2).

If out of the window you poke your head,
You're in danger of spending many weeks in bed,
Another car may pass you by
And take off your head, or bruise your eye.

U. B. WARE. There's always something to spoil our fun. Those little men are *everywhere*. I don't like their advice, do you?

I. B. WARE. Well, one saved us from getting run over by the train back yonder.

(*Enter* STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.)

CONDUCTOR. Tickets, young men.

U. B. WARE. Please, sir, we haven't any tickets.

CONDUCTOR. Give me the money then.

I. B. WARE. We haven't any money either, sir.

CONDUCTOR. You can't ride on my car without paying your fare. I'll put you off at the next corner. (CONDUCTOR *passes on.*)

I. B. WARE. Say, isn't he horrid, U. B.?

U. B. WARE. I don't care! It's no fun riding in a street car if you can't put your head out the window.

(*Car stops.* CONDUCTOR *places boys in care of a* PEDESTRIAN SCOUT.)

CONDUCTOR. Pedestrian Pilot, take these chaps safely across the street. See that no harm comes to them in your safety zone.

(PEDESTRIAN PILOT *conducts boys to the scout,* TURN-TO-THE-RIGHT. *Boys start off in wrong direction.*)

TURN-TO-THE-RIGHT. Here, youngsters, you are going the wrong way.

Except in England
The whole world round
Turns to the right
On public ground.

I. B. WARE (*in a whisper*). Can't we slip away? These tiresome men are worse than nurse. They are always telling us what we must and can't do.

U. B. WARE. I say so, too. Here's the very idea. See that big store on the corner? When this man gets busy turning his old cars to the right, you slip in

one door, and I'll go in the other. He'll never find us in the crowd.

I. B. WARE. Good!

(*Boys carry out plan, while* TURN-TO-THE RIGHT *is busy with his duties. Later, when he is safely out of sight, the boys come out of the store.*)

U. B. WARE. Didn't we get rid of him nicely? I hope we've seen the last of those hateful scouts. Let's run just as hard as we can so they won't catch us. Oh, I see one chasing us now. Run! Run!

TRAFFIC OFFICER (*pursues them shouting*). U. B. Ware! Oh, U. B. Ware! don't cross the street. You'll get hurt.

If you will watch the traffic cop,
You'll always know just when to stop;
For the traffic cop is a wise old man
Who says "Stop" when you must,
And "Go" when you can.

BOYS (*waving to scout*). Ta! Ta! old scout. You can't catch us. (*They run wildly into the street.* I. B. WARE *falls at the curbing and is picked up by a passerby, but* U. B. WARE *is knocked down by an automobile. His arm is broken, and his leg and face are bruised and scratched.*

TRAFFIC SCOUT *arrives on the scene, puts in ambulance call for* U. B. WARE, *who is taken to the hospital. He tries to console* I. B. WARE, *who is weeping.*)

TRAFFIC OFFICER. Your father has been looking everywhere for you. I shall put you in my car and take you home. You see what happens to little boys who do not heed the traffic scouts.

If I. B. Ware and U. B. Ware
And children everywhere take care,
Then safety on our streets we'll find
And bring our parents peace of mind.

(*Curtain falls.*)

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DRAMATIZATION

Choose pupils who are well fitted to take the different parts in this play. Pupils who are chosen make careful preparation and then give the play before the class.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Do the names of the characters fit? Explain. Suggest other characters who might take part in the play.
2. Which of the seven four-line jingles is the most important safety guide? See how quickly you can learn it.
3. Make up a four-line jingle about playing on the streets.
4. Name safety signs you have noticed in your neighborhood. Mention any place where such signs are needed.

7. MY SHARE IN MAKING THE HIGHWAYS SAFE

THEODORA POOLE

This selection won first honors in a national safety essay contest in which 400,000 papers were submitted. The author, a thirteen-year-old girl, received as a reward a gold watch and a trip to Washington, D. C., with all her expenses paid.

Read the essay slowly and thoughtfully. Select the five rules which are most often forgotten or broken by the pupils of your school.

Each person has his part to play in a game. Let us think of the task of making a nation safe as a game in which each has his place to fill and his bit to do.

One might suppose we children have very little to do with the safety of our Nation, but we are the coming generation, and in our time shall uphold better and safer highways.

As in a game, there are rules to follow. These things we must do:

Always observe traffic before crossing a street.

When walking on a road keep to the left to meet oncoming vehicles.

Learn automobile signals to know what a motorist means to do.

When alighting from a street car stand until sure of a safe way to the curb.

Help those in need.

Keep close to the curb when riding a bicycle, and give correct signals when turning.

Thus we shall spread our safety interest and information.

Now come the things we must not do, rules just as important if we are to play the safety game.

Don't hurry! Most accidents are caused by the desire to save a few seconds.

Never play in the streets nor dash before moving vehicles.

Never "jay-walk."

Never steal rides.

Never make a blind dash across a thoroughfare.

Never stand in the street while waiting for a car —you are safer on the curb. One cannot always stand on his rights.

A child's part in this Safety Game is to keep from being "tagged" by an automobile. In the many automobile accidents in which the driver is blameless, a pitifully large number of children are victims.

Then there are always drivers who consider that responsibility ceases with the tooting of the horn. Since we stand less firmly than a telephone pole we would better be out of their way.

Our Code is a Code of Honor. Nobody can make us play fair. Our schools foster athletics to encourage clean effort. More important than ordinary athletics is the game in which we save the sorrow of

accidents and loss of life. If I could feel that by joining this Safety Team I had saved one little child, I should consider my effort better spent than if I had won the highest honors or the highest rewards in athletic contests.

These things children can do. It is because of the splendid foresight of our elders that we are having these things laid before us while we are of an age when it is easy to learn. Much time, money, and thought are being spent to teach us safer ways. And if we become men and women who think safety and act sanely we shall have a nation of happier and safer people.

ALWAYS BE CAREFUL

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What five rules given in the essay are most often forgotten or broken by the pupils of your school? Hand in your list to a committee which will score the results and report to the class.
2. Give any rules for safety on the highways omitted from the selection.
3. Which of the safety rules in the essay are also suggested in the preceding selection?
4. Give reasons for these rules: "Never play in the streets"; "Never 'jay-walk' "; "Keep close to the curb when riding a bicycle."
5. Tell about an accident that was caused by an effort to save a few minutes.
6. Explain the following: "Our Code is a Code of Honor."

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF SAFETY

1. Make a list of dangers to life and property in your community. Make a second list of the safeguards against the dangers you have named. Copy the following form in your notebook and put your answer in columns, as shown below. See No. 2 for an explanation of the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth columns.

DANGERS AND SAFEGUARDS

LIFE				PROPERTY			
DANGERS	NO. OF SELECTION	SAFEGUARDS	NO. OF SELECTION	DANGERS	NO. OF SELECTION	SAFEGUARDS	NO. OF SELECTION
1. Traffic	Nos. 5, 6, 7	1. Police	Nos. 5, 6	1. Fire	Nos. 3, 4	1. Fire Department	No. 4

2. Which of the dangers and safeguards listed in your answer to No. 1 are illustrated by selections in this unit? In each instance put the number of the selection in the narrow column to the right of the danger or safeguard.
3. Here are fifteen safety rules that were made by children in the elementary schools under the leadership of Mrs. Myrtle A. Roe. Which of the rules have been touched on in this unit? Select the three most important.

a. Keep to the right on sidewalks and crosswalks.
b. Keep to the left on highways without sidewalks so as to see approaching traffic.
c. Cross the streets at intersections between white lines. Cross the roadway at right angles, never diagonally.
d. Watch and obey the traffic officer's signals.
e. Look to the left and to the right before leaving the curbing.
f. Enter a street car on the right side facing toward it. Use right hand and left foot.

g. Get off car with face forward. Hold on firmly until you reach the ground. Use left hand and right foot.

h. On alighting from a car observe traffic before moving.

i. Keep your eyes open at all times when on the streets or sidewalks.

j. Watch for traffic when it is necessary to pass behind cars.

k. Keep out of railroad yards.

l. Cross crossings cautiously.

m. Keep hands off cars and trucks when riding a bicycle.

n. Play on playgrounds and in home yards.

o. Play safe for the other fellow's sake as well as your own.

4. Make a safety slogan or a safety rhyme. Here are examples:

   Safety slogan: Better be late than not at all.

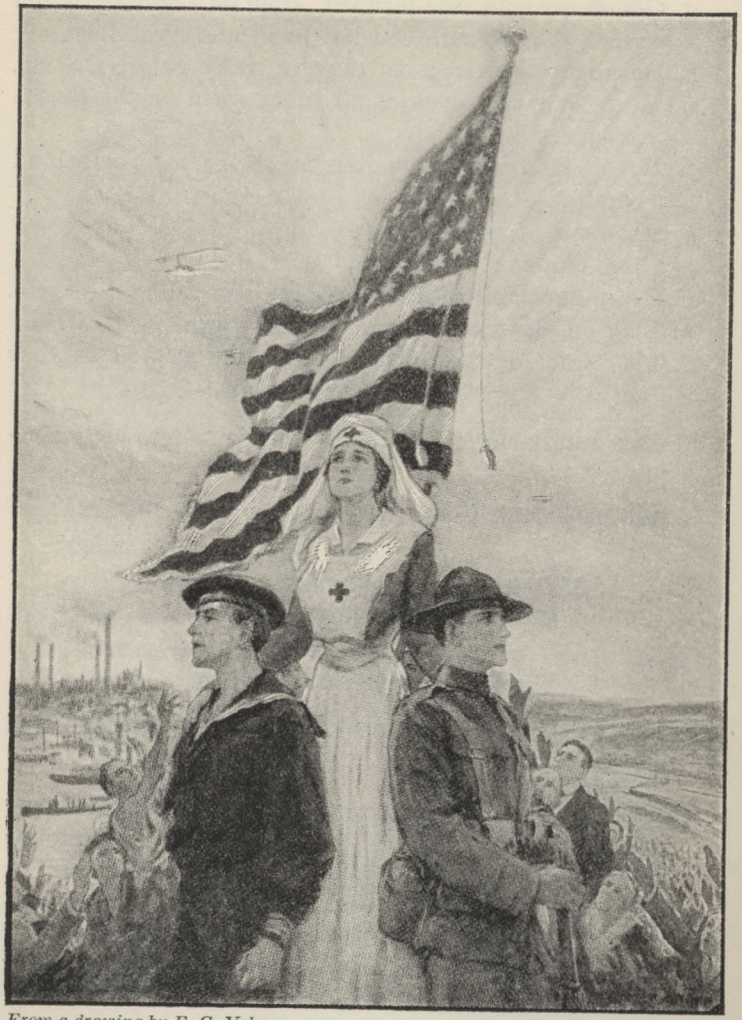
   Safety rhyme:

   This little rule will take you far
   If you will only mind it;
   Don't cross before a trolley car—
   You'll find more room behind it.

5. Bring pictures and newspaper clippings that show the need for safety first.

6. Tell about fire drills in your school. How often do they occur? Find how long it takes to empty the building. Plan a visit as a class to your nearest fire station or police station. Choose a committee to call at the station to find what hour is convenient. Make a list of questions covering what you would like to see and what you want to find out.

7. Make a list of ten safety rules for your school. Use rules in this unit or prepare others. Put the rules in large print on cards where all the pupils will see them.



From a drawing by F. C. Yohn

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, WITHOUT COUNTING THE DANGER, THEY GO STRAIGHT TO THEIR DUTY

[*See p.* 328]

BRAVERY

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

BRAVERY

We usually think of a brave person as one who pays no attention to danger. Entirely without fear, a football player may dash into the line, a sailor may rescue a drowning man, a soldier may charge the enemy. Without a moment's hesitation, without counting the danger, they go straight to their duty.

Another kind of bravery, even more worthy of praise, is the courage of the boy or girl, man or woman, who overcomes fear. A frightened Indian boy goes into the dark woods in spite of his fear. A woman who shrinks from bloodshed forces herself to become a Red Cross nurse; a cautious man who dislikes criticism and abuse performs an unpopular act because it is right. The bravery which overcomes fear is illustrated by a famous French general. He said to his knees, which he felt trembling under him before he went into the battle:

"Knees, you'd tremble much worse, if you knew where I am going to take you to-day."

READ A BOOK

1. *Spinning-Wheel Stories,* by Louisa May Alcott. Little.
   Stories of boys and girls, Indians, war, and hunting.

2. *Cap Fallon: Fire Fighter,* by John A. Moroso. Appleton.
   A tale of faithful horses, dogs, and men, who answer alarms, perform rescues, and save lives.

3. *American Book of Golden Deeds,* by James Baldwin. American.
   Short stories of courageous and heroic deeds, many of them by American boys and girls.

4. *Stories of Brave Dogs,* Marion H. Carter (Editor). Century.
   Tales of Dandy Dash, Bomb Shell, Pedro, Snow King, and many other dogs.

5. *The Iron Horse,* by George C. Hoskins. Harper.
   A story of the thrilling experiences and courageous deeds of the railroad service.

6. *Gay-Neck, The Story of a Pigeon,* by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Dutton.
   The brave deeds of a carrier pigeon in the World War.

7. *Pioneers and Patriots in American History,* by Marguerite S. Dickson. Macmillan.
   The courage of Nathan Hale, Mad Anthony Wayne, Francis Marion, and of other heroes of the Revolution.

8. *Billy Topsail with Dr. Luke of the Labrador,* by Norman Duncan. Grosset.
   A boy's experiences with a physician among the ice floes of Newfoundland and Labrador.

9. *Real Stories from Our History,* by John T. Faris. Ginn.
   Stories of famous characters and interesting events in the pioneer days of our nation.

10. *Courageous Girls,* by Charles L. Barstow. Century.
    Stories of heroic deeds performed by girls in the pioneer days of the western part of the United States.

CLASS LIBRARY

1. "The Colonel of the Rough Riders," Frances J. Olcott, *Good Stories for Great Birthdays,* 61–71.
2. "Captain Molly," *ibid.,* 218–220.
3. "David and Goliath," The Bible, *Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories,* 345–351.
4. "The Story of an Outlaw King," Sir Walter Scott, *ibid.,* 352–360.
5. "Stephen Decatur and the Barbary Pirates," James Fenimore Cooper, *ibid.,* 376–382.
6. "Dr. Kane's Rescue of His Companions," Elisha Kent Kane, *ibid.,* 383–391.
7. "Captain Christy's Thanksgiving," Carolyn S. Bailey, *Stories for Every Holiday,* 67–75.
8. "Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning," *ibid.,* 157–166.
9. "Mercury's Brave Flight," *ibid.,* 267–277.
10. "The Star-Spangled Banner," Francis Scott Key, *Highdays and Holidays,* 196–198.
11. "Christopher Columbus," Annette Wynne, *ibid.,* 212–214.
12. "Hannah Dustin," Lawton B. Evans, *America First,* 87–90. Bradley.
13. "The Heroes of the Alamo," *ibid.,* 317–320.
14. "Heroic King of the Belgians," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* 1:81.
15. "When Liberty Was First Proclaimed," *ibid.,* 3:975–976.
16. "Saint Joan of Arc," *ibid.,* 5:1893–1894.
17. "John Paul Jones, Born Fighter," *ibid.,* 5:1900–1901.
18. "Lafayette, Hero of Three Revolutions," *ibid.,* 5:1956–1957.
19. "The Pigeon that Won a War Medal," *ibid.,* 7:2806.
20. "The Valor of the Mother Bear in Fighting for her Offspring," *Book of Knowledge,* 3:866–871.
21. "The Heroism of Grace Darling," *ibid.,* 3:1035.
22. "Out of the Depths of the Earth," *ibid.,* 9:3066.
23. "The Brave Little Dog of the Wood," *ibid.,* 9:3079–3080.
24. "A Brave Girl," *ibid.,* 14:5121–5122.

VI. BRAVERY

1. THE RESCUE

STELLA BOOTH

At the end of this story, Doctor George says that "everything was all right,—right as rain." Some people might not agree with him. Read the story to see whether you agree.

On Christmas night the thermometer dropped several degrees and the lake was frozen over. The Ice Queen seemed to have decided to give holiday skating to the children for a Christmas present. Jimmie was among the number who could hardly wait to try his new skates.

"Better look the ice over carefully," warned his father. "Sometimes the sudden freezes are tricky."

"I want to go skating too," announced Mary Gay, Jimmie's younger sister, coming in at the door with her brother's outgrown skates over her arm. "I'm going with you. Mother says I may go if you'll take me."

"Oh, I suppose so," Jimmie answered unpleasantly. He did not want her to go with him; he wanted to find some of the boys.

"James!" Doctor George spoke quietly; the edge in his voice brought Jimmy sharply to realize his rudeness.

"Why—yes—come along if you want to." Jimmie strove lamely to be more cordial.

Mary Gay stood in the doorway, her red coat buttoned close to her throat and her sturdy legs warm in snugly fastened leggins.

"Are you ready?" she asked, as she pulled her white cap over her ears and twisted her red scarf around her neck. She knew that Jimmie did not care to take her. But she wanted to go. Besides, she knew that she could skate as well as any boy of her age, and better than most of the girls; that was why she wanted to go with Jimmie.

Silently they trudged over the snowy fields to the small lake at the edge of the town. At the lake Jimmie looked for a good place to put on their skates, but before they started to put them on he remembered his father's warning and examined the ice.

"Guess we'll have to stay near the edge," he said shortly. "When you get out a little way the ice doesn't look very strong."

He stopped for a moment and watched some boys skating toward them, then dropped down beside Mary Gay. The children sat on a log and slipped their skates off the straps. The two boys were skating nearer, cutting wide figure eights as they came. Jimmie recognized Sam and Joe and shouted to them, "Watch out for the middle—the ice doesn't look good!"

"Oh, we'll look out for ourselves, old Carrot-top,"

Joe called back, balancing with his arms as he cut a sharp corner.

"Where's your doll, Little Red Riding Hood?" Sam jeered as he swept by.

Jimmie's face turned scarlet. He stood up, dropping his skates. Mary Gay gave him a startled glance.

"Fraidy cat—safety bat," shouted Joe for good measure.

Jimmie stood still, clinching his hands, his face burning with rage.

"I dare you to come here and say that," he shouted.

But his tormentors only skated in wide figure eights to the rythm of their taunts.

"Fraidy cat—safety bat!"

Indifferent to Jimmie's warning, Sam made a swooping circle that carried him too near the center. The ice cracked, he gave one frenzied glance around, threw up his hands, dropped through a hole, and disappeared into the icy water.

"Oh—oh!" screamed Joe, wavering back and forth helplessly on his skates.

Sam's head appeared. His hands clutched desperately at the rough edge of the broken ice.

In the first terrifying moment, Jimmie had raced forward, tearing off his coat as he ran. Mary Gay ran after him. Jimmie threw his coat toward Sam. "Grab it!" he shouted, but it was beyond Sam's fingers.

"Go for help!" cried Mary Gay to the terrified Joe.

Jimmie ventured nearer. The ice cracked loudly. Stretched out flat on the ice, he began worming his way forward, pushing the coat in front of him.

Sam was able to grasp it, but his hands were numb and his teeth were chattering violently.

"Hold on!" gasped Jimmie. "Can you climb out? Try it!"

Sam made a desperate attempt, but the ice broke under him. His wet clothing and his skates weighed him down. His hands were numb and his lips were blue.

"Hang on, Sam! Hang on!" urged Jimmie.

"Let me crawl out," begged Mary Gay. "I'm not heavy."

"Too risky," Jimmie answered her in a choked voice and began to crawl out to the edge of the ice.

Mary Gay, guessing his plan, stretched herself full length on the ice and grasped his ankles. Slowly she crawled along on her elbows, never letting go her grasp but trying not to hold Jimmie back.

Sam's face was white. His breath was coming in sighs and his eyelids fluttered as if he could hardly hold them open.

"Hold on, Sam, hold on!" pleaded Jimmie. If he could reach Sam in time! His heart thumped as if it would break the ice with its pounding. His breath choked; the cold cut into his chest. Mary Gay crept after him, gasping little prayers.

JIMMIE DUG HIS FINGERS INTO SAM'S COAT

At last Jimmie reached the edge and dug his fingers into Sam's coat showing above the jagged rim of ice just as Sam's head fell forward and he sank into unconsciousness.

"Oh, why doesn't somebody come?" sobbed Mary Gay. "Can you pull him?"

Jimmie made an effort, but the ice only broke around Sam and cracked back to the place where Mary Gay lay stretched upon it. A bubble forced its way through the crack with a weird sound. Jimmie gritted his teeth and tried again. The result was the same. He was getting desperate; his hands were so cold that only by force of will could he keep his hold on his limp burden. He made a third effort; this time he was able to pull Sam part way over the icy rim, but he could budge him no further. Then he discovered that the belt of Sam's jacket was caught on a point of ice.

"Mary Gay," he panted, "I've got to go forward. His belt——"

Mary Gay loosened her hold on his leg. Jimmie shifted his right hand to Sam's collar and they moved forward again. With his left hand he managed to work the belt free.

"All right," he gasped, his strength almost gone as he clutched the back of Sam's collar with both hands. Mary Gay began to move backward, using all her strength to help Jimmie pull the heavy weight to which he clung.

Finally they were safe.

"Is he dead?" gasped Mary Gay.

"I don't know," Jimmie answered in a strangled voice.

They turned Sam over. He was still breathing with shallow, sighing breaths. His lips and hands were blue and his face looked pinched and drawn. Keeping him flat on his back, they frantically rubbed his hands, arms, and legs.

"Oh, why doesn't somebody come?" sobbed Mary Gay.

"If we only had a sled," Jimmie muttered.

At last Joe came in sight with two men. He had gone out to the road, which always seemed to be swarming with trucks and wagons. But to-day not a person was in sight. Beside himself with fear, he had run madly on and had finally found two men coming from the town. They had driven toward the lake as fast as they could. They passed a sleigh and shouted to the people to telephone for the doctor; then they had left their truck to dash to the lake.

The men picked up the unconscious Sam and hurried across the fields toward the truck. When they started to town, Jimmie and Mary sat on the floor beside Sam, trying to keep him covered with the robe as they rubbed his hands and legs.

When they neared town, they met Doctor George in his car. He halted with a shove of the brakes that

caused his car to skid. His face was white and deep lines were in his cheeks. He carried the boy to his car and laid him on the bottom of the tonneau, placing the foot warmer near him.

"Watch him," said the doctor over his shoulder, "and keep him quiet."

Mary Gay and Jimmie bent over Sam, who opened his eyes for a moment, looked vaguely about, then closed them again. They moved the foot warmer to make sure it was not too near. "A shocked patient is easily burned," the doctor warned them. They crouched over Sam for what seemed to be an endless ride, when suddenly the car stopped.

"Tell his mother that he's not seriously hurt, but that he must have attention at once," ordered the doctor. Jimmie obeyed as fast as his stiff legs permitted.

The doctor was right; Sam needed attention. What was more, he needed attention for a long time afterward, for he developed pneumonia and tossed about muttering in delirium for five days.

Reluctantly Jimmie told the story. Even in his most detailed accounts he skimmed certain parts. Mary Gay, however, was more exact. She told the story just as it happened, to her mother, who in turn told her father. Even if Doctor George had not heard the story that way, he would have learned it from Sam, who called out incessantly, "Red Riding Hood

—where's your doll—I'll take it all back—fraidy cat —safety bat—I was just joking, honest—I can't hold on—I'm slipping—I'm going to die—Carrot-top—fraidy cat—" His voice would trail off. "I didn't mean it—honest—I take it back." Then he would sink again into a restless sleep.

The first day Sam's mind was clear again he tried to explain to Doctor George, who hushed him gently and told him everything was all right,—"right as rain."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Do you agree with Dr. George that *everything* was all right at the end of the story? Explain.
2. Why does the writer of the story have Mary Gay go skating with her brother? How does this help the story?
3. How does the writer show us on the first page that Jimmie was not a goody-goody? How does this help the story?
4. Tell how the children used Jimmie's coat in the rescue. How did Mary Gay help? Why could Jimmie not move more rapidly toward Sam?
5. These youngsters were brave, but they were afraid too? Explain how that can be true.
6. Tell the story as Jimmie might have related it.
7. Tell the story as Mary Gay might have told it.

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read one of the books in "Read a Book" list on page 328, trying to find an incident which tells of a brave act of rescue. Tell the story to the class. If you prefer, ask some man or woman to tell you such a story. Retell it to the class.

2. HOW AN INDIAN BOY CONQUERED

MILDRED P. FORBES

What did the boy in this story conquer? How was he taught to win his victory?

Many years ago, in the Minnesota woods, there lived a tribe of Indians, big braves, squaws, and many little children. The children did not go to school as boys and girls do to-day. They learned their lessons from the woods and flowers and sky, as did Hiawatha.

> Then the little Hiawatha
> Learned of every bird its language,
>
> Learned their names and all their secrets,
> How they built their nests in summer,
> Where they hid themselves in winter,
> Talked with them where'er he met them,
> Called them Hiawatha's chickens.

The children were very happy in learning their lessons, and proud of their big chief, Black Hawk. Black Hawk, himself, however, was not so happy as he might have been; he longed for something more than all the world beside and it had not yet come to him. But one day a little baby boy came to live at Black Hawk's wigwam. Then he thought he was the happiest Indian chief in all the world.

"WATCH THE SKY! WATCH IT!"

Every one loved the baby and wanted to teach him, but the chief taught him one new lesson every day. As he grew bigger, Black Hawk taught him how to fish. He taught him how to paddle his big canoe and how to shoot with his own great bear arrow.

One day Black Hawk took the boy to a lofty mountain. All day long they traveled to reach the top. When they arrived and the sun was sinking behind the western hills, the father said, "Watch the sky! Watch it!" All night long they slept on the mountain top, and in the morning saw the sun rise over the eastern hills—a great flaming ball of red painting the sky with its brilliant colors. Again the father said, "Watch the sky! Watch it! That is why an Indian paints his face when he goes to a party. He remembers the happy day and paints his face in sunlight colors."

On another day the two went together to the water's edge and the father said, "Tell me what you see." "Oh, Father," said the boy, "I see myself." "Good," said Black Hawk, "but what of yourself do you see?" "I see my eyes," said the boy, "I see my ears, I see my mouth." "Yes," said his father. "Remember that an Indian boy always sees with his eyes and hears with his ears before he speaks with his mouth."

Each day the father taught his son until he grew to be ten years old.

Then Black Hawk knew the time had come when the boy must learn the lesson of bravery. One day the boy saw great logs of wood piled in the center of the clearing. As the day wore on he saw big chiefs from other tribes arrive and greet his father. What could the gathering mean? He asked no question, for he remembered that his father had taught him to see with his eyes and hear with his ears before he spoke with his mouth. He watched and listened. He saw that most of the wood piled in the center was green wood. The fire, then, was meant to last a long time—perhaps all night. What could the big chiefs' council be about?

As the sun sank behind the trees of the forest, and the stars appeared above, Black Hawk set the pile of green wood on fire and all the big chiefs squatted in a wide circle around the blazing logs. The boy, too, drew near to watch and listen, but his mother called to him from the tepee, saying, "It is time for you to go to sleep, my son." Because he was an Indian boy he knew that he must obey; off to the wigwam he went. "Perhaps," he thought, as he lifted the flap of the wigwam, "perhaps if I draw my buffalo robe close to the flap and leave it open I can hear what they say." He found that he could hear every word, for the night was still. The only other sounds were the sounds of wild animals off in the forest, the only light came from the crackling fire.

The Indians around the fire were telling stories. The first told of a boy ten years old who showed great bravery when he was in a cave, alone, with a big black bear. The next warrior told of a boy ten years old who was so brave that he fought to save a little one. Another story was of a ten-year-old boy who carried a message in the dead of night from one Indian chief, through the enemy's lines, to another Indian chief. Around the circle went the stories of brave ten-year-old boys, each more exciting than the story which had preceded, till the listening boy forgot he had been sent to bed—forgot that he was an Indian boy. Out of the wigwam, on his hands and knees he crept, nearer and nearer to those stories.

When he reached the circle he was behind the biggest of the big Indian chiefs. No sooner had he reached the place than the big chief turned and saw him. Picking up a pail from the grass, the chief passed it to the boy, saying, "Go to the spring and bring a pailful of water."

Go to the spring! thought the boy. Why! The spring was half a mile away through the darkest part of the forest. He had never been in the forest alone after dark. Surely his father would not let him go alone! He looked around the circle at his father, but his father's head bent forward, and his father's eyes were on the ground. His father must mean for him to go! Taking the pail he started, but his feet lagged,

and at almost every step he turned to look at the blazing fire. If he could only take some of it with him to light his way and frighten the wild animals!

When he reached the edge of the forest, he heard a wolf howl in the distance. He started to run, but fell over a stump. Picking himself up he ran bump into a tree. A great lump came out on his forehead, but it was not half so big as the lump in his throat. He seemed to be choking.

At last he reached the spring and filled the pail. He must go more slowly now so as not to spill the water. Queer sounds were all around him and shining lights among the trees. He thought, "They are the shining eyes of animals about to spring upon me." When something hit him in the face, he spilled almost all the water! It had been only a bat, but when he reached the circle of waiting Indians, the boy was out of breath and trembling so that he could hardly stand.

Passing the pail to the big chief who had given it to him the boy waited. All that the chief did was to look at the water, grunt, "Ugh," and pass it to the next. That chief, too, looked at the water, grunted, "Ugh." and passed it on. As the boy waited, wondering, he saw the pail passed around the circle from one chief to the next, and heard each chief grunt, "Ugh." When the pail had completed the circle and returned to the Indian who had given it to the boy, he turned

it upside down, spilling all the water out upon the grass and said, "Try again, and do not hurry."

Again? How could he! He could never be as brave as those other ten-year-old boys! But he knew he must; and, taking the pail, he stumbled away. Now the wind was rising and everything seemed alive. The trees creaked and moaned. Suppose he should meet a bear? When he was passing through the darkest place in the forest a terrifying cry sounded close behind him—"Hoo-oo-oo!" It was only an owl, but as he started to run a grapevine cut his face, making him think something was after him. He ran until, weak and faint, he reached the spring.

Filling the pail, he went stumbling back, but the journey was easier than the first time and the pail was two-thirds full. Again the pail was passed around the circle and again each chief, when he saw the quantity of water, grunted, "Ugh." The second time the biggest chief turned the pail upside down and spilled all the water out upon the ground. Passing it back to the boy he said, "Go to the spring and bring a pail *full* of water."

This time the boy did not hesitate. He grasped the pail quickly and turning toward the forest walked straight on with not one look at the light of the fire. This time he did not mind the creaking of the trees, for he knew the sound was only the wind. This time he knew that the lights among the trees were not the

eyes of fierce animals about to spring upon him; they were only the lights of little bugs trying to help him on his way. Now he did not mind the bats flying near his face; and when he reached the darkest place and heard again that call behind him, "Hoo-oo-oo," he cried aloud, "Who's afraid? Not I." He reached the spring the third time, filled his pail carefully to the brim, and said to himself, "I'll walk every step of the way and spill not a drop."

When the biggest chief took the pail the boy passed to him for the third time and saw that it was full, he said, "Ah-haa!" Each chief around the circle likewise took the pail, looked at the water, and said, "Ah-haa!" This time the big chief placed the pail very carefully upon the ground, and, rising, put his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, you have conquered night!" Then the next chief arose, came, and placed his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, you have conquered fear!" The next chief arose, came, and put his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, you have conquered imagination!" All around the circle, each chief in turn arose and came and put his hand upon the boy's shoulder and called him brave.

Last of all came Black Hawk, the boy's own father. He, too, put his hand upon his boy's shoulder, and he said, "Brave boy! Worthy to be the son of Black Hawk! Worthy to grow up and some day be a great

Indian chief. You have conquered what is hardest in all the world to conquer. You have conquered yourself!" And taking the red feather of courage from his own headdress, he put it in the headdress of his boy.

Together they walked to the wigwam. That night the boy slept as only a boy can sleep who has conquered night and fear and all things—even himself.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell the various lessons that Black Hawk taught the boy. What was the most important lesson of all?
2. How old was the boy when the most serious lessons began? Did the warriors at the fire intend that the boy should hear their stories? What makes you think they did or did not?
3. Why was he sent to the spring three times? How did his third trip differ from the first two trips?
4. Why did the chiefs look into the waterpail each time? Tell what they saw after each of the trips. Explain what the water in the pail indicated each time.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Read "Hiawatha's Childhood" in *The Song of Hiawatha* to find other ways in which Indian boys are educated.
2. Read *An Indian Boyhood,* by Charles A. Eastman, to find other ways in which Indian boys learn to be brave.
3. Make up a story telling other ways that the chiefs might have used to teach the boy courage. Read or tell your story to the class.

3. A BOY OF AMERICAN PIONEER DAYS

WILLIAM F. CODY

This is a true story of a boy who lived when the western part of the United States was first being settled. Several acts of his showing great bravery for a small boy are told here. When you have finished reading, close your books and tell his acts of bravery in the order in which they are related.

When Buffalo Bill was a small boy he journeyed with his father's family to Kansas. One night both his father and the guide were away from camp in search of food. Young Bill Cody was asleep. Suddenly awakened by a noise, he saw an Indian untying and leading away his own pet pony. The boy jumped up, grasped his rifle, and said,

"What are you doing with my horse?"

The Indian, not much disturbed at the little fellow's appearance, said he wished to trade horses. Bill said he would not trade. The Indian only laughed at him. Then the boy held his gun ready, and said again that he would not trade. In the end, the Indian, after watching him keenly for a few minutes, quietly mounted his old pony and rode away. That is a good example of the nerve and courage which made the best plainsmen.

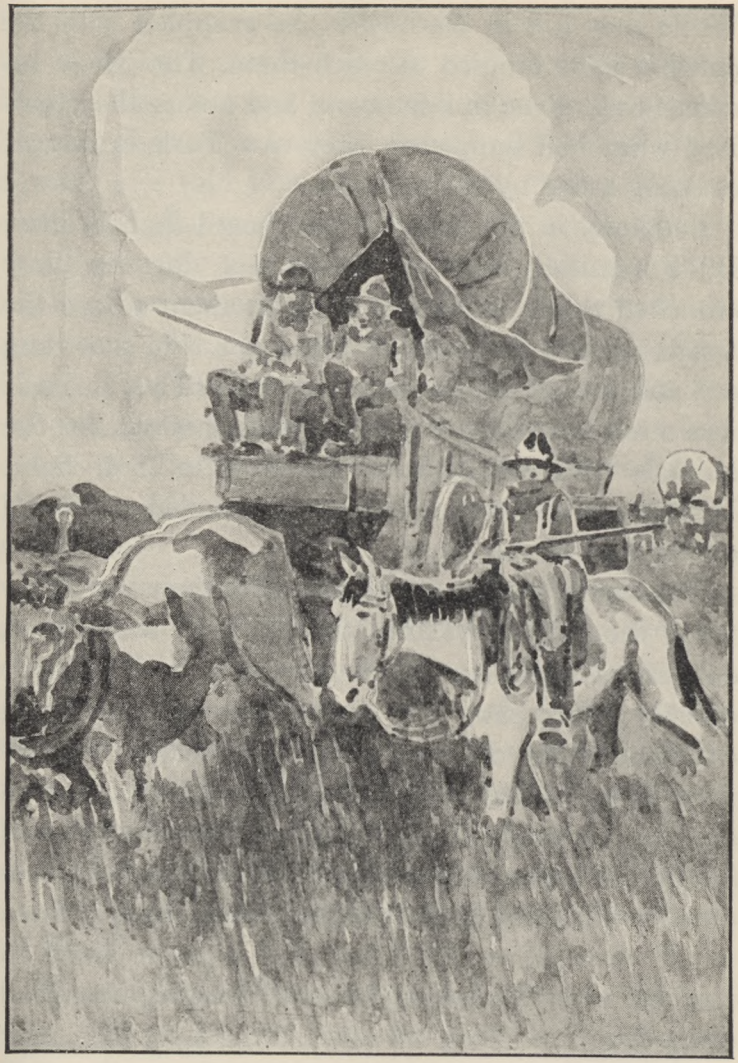
When the California gold rush came in 1849, Isaac Cody, with thousands of other people, made up his

mind to go across the plains to California to look for gold. After he was started he changed his mind and moved toward Kansas, hoping to find some place to settle on the frontier. Instead of taking his wife and children on such a dangerous journey, he left them in Missouri and started out in search of a new home.

Finally, when William was only seven or eight years old, his father settled near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Here the boy grew up in the midst of Indians and the wild life of the plains, in the very thick of the early fights that occurred in the Civil War. Life on the frontier was hard; only those who were naturally fitted for hardship lived through it. Even at the age of seven or eight Bill Cody showed his fitness for this sort of life. He loved adventure. He loved stories of Indians and scouts. He could shoot a rifle accurately almost as soon as he could carry one.

Day after day Bill Cody went hunting with his father, taking his own rifle. He always had with him a famous dog named "Turk." All of the children loved Turk as one of the family. Again and again he gave warning of danger. Many times the dog saved the life of at least one member of the family.

One day, when Bill's two sisters were walking some distance from their home they heard a snarl. Looking up into a tree they saw a panther getting ready to spring upon them. Old Turk, who was with them, was quite as well aware of the danger as they were.



BUFFALO BILL JOURNEYED WITH HIS FATHER'S FAMILY TO KANSAS

While they hid in the bushes, he grappled with the panther as it jumped to reach them. The whole incident took place in a moment, and before they realized what had happened, they saw Turk in danger of being killed by the panther.

Suddenly in the distance they heard their brother Bill's familiar whistle calling his dog. As they crouched there, expecting every moment to see the fight end with the death of the dog, a rifle-shot rang out and the panther rolled over dead. That in itself was a famous shot for a boy eight years old, for the animals were rolling over and over in their fight. Both nerve and accurate aim were needed to hit the one and avoid the other.

The family were scarcely settled in their new home when the father got into trouble with some hard, dangerous neighbors. They were men who got angry quickly; they shot at one another without much cause, and they did not fear death because they always lived in the midst of danger. After a certain excited discussion, Isaac Cody was notified that if he did not leave the country he would be shot. Frequently he had to hide at night, when a body of men would attempt to kill him. For days he lived in thickets near the house, his son bringing him food every day.

One night after a party had come in search of his father and had failed to find him, Bill discovered that

his pony was missing. He found that it was being led away by a member of the raiding party named Sharp. Bill cried out to the man that the pony was his; the desperado laughed at him. Bill called him a coward and told him he would get even with him some day. Suddenly he whistled for Turk, and set the dog on the man. The dog ran to the pony and bit his hind legs, making the horse kick vigorously and buck until he had thrown off the thief. Then began a hot discussion between Bill and Sharp, the one setting the dog on, the other yelling to have him called off. Finally Sharp was obliged to admit defeat. He returned the pony and went away as fast as he could run.

When Isaac Cody was finally obliged to leave the country, one of Bill Cody's first real adventures occurred. The boy was ten years old, when the family received information that the father was coming home to stay for one night. In some way his enemies in the community discovered that he was coming. A party was sent out to capture him as he came through a wooded gulch. His family sat around the hearth, most of them in tears, certain that their father would be killed.

The courage of the young scout came to the surface. Bill proposed to ride his pony to Grasshopper Falls, where his father was staying, and warn him. The boy had been sick with a fever; but he got out

of bed, mounted his pony, and started the thirty-mile ride in the night. He had gone only four or five miles, when he heard a cry of, "Halt!" Instead of stopping, he leaned behind his pony, Indian fashion, so that nothing but one leg showed on the side from which the call came, and hung there as the horse rushed at top speed through the ambuscade. The men began firing at him; he could hear the bullets flying over him. He got through safely, however, and succeeded in reaching Grasshopper Falls just as his father was starting. This ride, taken in the night by a sick boy only ten years of age, was ten miles longer than the famous ride of General Philip Sheridan in the Civil War.

Hard times came to the Cody family. The father died, and the mother had no means of supporting her children and keeping up the farm. Young Bill, eleven years old, made up his mind that he must help to support them. He could not stay at home, because he was not large enough to attend to the work of the farm.

His task seemed almost impossible, because, in addition to their poverty, a mortgage of one thousand dollars lay against their farm. If they did not pay this shortly, their home would be taken away. Mrs. Cody was a brave woman. She felt that, except for the mortgage, she could manage to keep the family alive. The boy told his mother that he would try to earn the money.

This was his idea. A famous firm in the early history of that part of the United States, named Russell, Majors and Waddell, had built up a line of freight wagons running from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco, two thousand miles across the plains and mountains. The wagons carried freight shipped from the East to the West and brought back freight from California to the East. The goods were packed in huge canvas-topped wagons which were drawn, sometimes by ten and sometimes by twenty, teams of oxen.

So great was the danger from Indians and outlaws that the trips never started without several wagons in a caravan, with a guard of frontiersmen armed and ready to repel any attack. Each night they camped in protected places along the trail near water and fuel. They cooked their own meals. They set up their pickets and guards, and started on again in the morning to the next camp. The journey took about a month. Time and again an entire outfit would disappear, all the men killed by the Indians or by the robbers of the plains. Sometimes the next caravan would find the remnants of the wagons and the dead bodies of men and oxen.

Bill Cody's idea was to see if he could get a chance to travel as an "extra" on one of these caravans. He presented himself at the office of the firm in Fort Leavenworth. One of the members of the firm, who had known his father, treated the boy kindly. But

he told him frankly that a boy of his age would be of no use. Bill, however, said that he could ride and shoot, that he could herd cattle and could be useful in many other ways. He wanted to be an "extra." Finally, he was so earnest in his desire, that Mr. Majors gave his consent. An interesting document signed by the two shows what was expected in such dangerous work. This paper reads as follows:

"I, William F. Cody, do hereby solemnly swear before the great and living God, that during my engagement with, and while I am in the employ of, Russell, Majors and Waddell, I will not, under any circumstances, use profane language, that I will not quarrel or fight with any other employee of the firm, and that in every respect I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and direct all my acts so as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."

The "boy extra" began his work. At night he slept in a blanket under a wagon; by day he did whatever tasks he was given to do. Day after day, week after week, their caravan traveled slowly over the plains, the drivers constantly snapping their enormous whips and urging the beasts to move as rapidly as possible. The life was tedious, except when some incident occurred; then the incident was likely to be a matter of life or death, depending on the quickness, accuracy of aim, and alertness of the men in the caravan.

They had gone only about thirty-five miles from Fort Kearney, one of the stations near the Platte River, when Bill saw the three pickets drop flat on the ground; the next moment he heard shots and saw

THE FIRST WARNING HIS FRIENDS HAD OF ANY ATTACK WAS THE SOUND OF A SHOT

a band of Indians riding toward them. Instantly the men in the caravan—all frontiersmen—made a circle of the wagons, got into the circle themselves, and began firing at the Indians. The red men wheeled in a big circle, firing as they went, and then rode off a short distance out of gun-shot and stood watching the white men.

It seems impossible to believe that an eleven-year-old boy saved the lives of the entire outfit, but Bill Cody did just that. While the Indians waited, the men decided that they could not stay where they were. Indians began to come from all quarters and outnumbered them ten to one. They decided to leave the train to the mercy of the Indians and make a dash for a creek where they could hide behind the embankment. They carried out this plan successfully, and started for Fort Kearney, walking in the water and keeping watch over the top of the bank. As night came on the small boy began to get tired and weak. He could not keep up with the others, and in the excitement and darkness they did not miss him as he gradually fell behind.

Bill was trudging along, his rifle over his shoulder, perhaps a hundred yards behind the party, when he saw the feathered head of an Indian poke over the bank before him and behind the others of his party. The Indian did not see him, for he was looking toward the others. Instantly the lad lifted his rifle. The first warning his friends had of any attack in the rear was the sound of a shot, and the crash of a dead Indian rolling down into the creek. The story of the boy who had saved the caravan spread all over the frontier country in a very short time.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Name Buffalo Bill's courageous acts in the order in which they are told in the story. In which was the danger the greatest?
2. Tell the story of Turk's loyalty.
3. Describe a caravan. Tell how the men met an Indian attack.
4. When did Bill Cody show self-control? When loyalty? when honesty? when steadiness of purpose? Mention other qualities you find in Bill?

READING GAME

Arrange the statements which follow in the order in which the events happened in the story. The event which took place first should be numbered 1, second numbered 2, and so on.

Bill Cody began work as a "boy extra" in a freight caravan.

Bill Cody went alone to warn his father of danger.

Isaac Cody moved to Kansas.

The men of the caravan left the wagons and started to walk to Fort Kearney.

Bill's father got into trouble and lived in hiding.

Indians attacked the caravan of freight.

An Indian tried to steal Bill's pony.

Bill saved the caravan of freight by frightening the Indians away.

Bill's father died.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Letters of Polly the Pioneer, by Stella H. Nida. Macmillan.
Pioneers of America, by A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball. Little.

4. PAT'S NEW JOB

GULIELMA ZOLLINGER

In this story Widow O'Callaghan's oldest boy, in order to help support his mother and his brothers, has taken a job that he fears will be unpleasant.

As you read, find out in what ways the unpleasant task brought satisfaction.

"If I'm going, I may as well go," thought Pat as he left his mother's door that April morning. Away he went over the railroad track so rapidly that he did not have much time to think.

General Brady himself answered Pat's knock that had a strange mixture of the bold and the timid. For that knock the General had been listening. He had been wondering what sort of boy was willing to go out by the day to do housework. The knock told him. "He hates to come, but he comes, nevertheless," thought the General as he opened the door.

He looked into the boy's face and saw a determined mouth and pleading eyes.

"Grit," thought the General. But he only said, "Come in, my boy."

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir, will you be telling Mrs. General Brady that I'm here, sir?" was Pat's answer. With flushing cheeks, he stepped awkwardly into the room. What a fine soldierly bearing the General had!

How he must despise a boy who could turn himself into a girl!

"Sit down, Pat," said the General pleasantly. "That's your name, isn't it? I'll tell Mrs. Brady presently."

Pat sat down. He could not imagine the General with an apron on doing housework, though that was just what he was trying to imagine while he waited with cheeks that grew redder and redder.

"Mrs. Brady tells me you are excellent help, Pat," went on the General.

"Yes, sir," stammered Pat.

"Have you come to stay, or just for the day?"

The boy's eyes were almost beseeching as he answered, "I've come to stay, sir." What would the General think of him now?

"I suppose you like housework, then?"

"No, sir," came the answer in a low tone. "But father's gone, and I must help mother and the boys! There's no work for boys in Wennott unless they turn themselves into girls."

"Better turn into a girl than on the streets, Pat," said the General heartily, as he rose from his chair. "I'll tell Mrs. Brady you are here." Pat's head lifted a little. There was comfort in what the kind master of the house had said. Perhaps the General did not despise him after all.

"I've good news for you, Fannie," said the General

as he entered the dining-room. "Your boy has come, and come to stay."

"Oh, has he? I'm so glad." She smiled her pleasure. "He's such a nice boy."

"He's a brave boy," said her husband with emphasis. "That boy has the grit of a hero. He may come into our kitchen for a time, but he will not stay there long. I know what he will have to endure from the street boys for doing the best he can for his mother and younger brothers! He knows it, too. I saw his face just now. The boy who has the moral courage to face insult and abuse deserves to rise. But, bless me! I'm getting rather excited, I see." And he smiled.

"Perhaps, Tom, you can shield him a little in the street," suggested Mrs. Brady.

"I'll do my best, dear." Then the General went away to his bank, and Mrs. Brady went into the kitchen to see Pat.

Pat was sensitive. Something in the General's manner as he said good-by, something in Mrs. Brady's tones as she directed him, restored his self-respect.

"If only I never had to be going on the street till after dark, 'twouldn't be so bad," thought Pat. "But there's school, and there's Jim Barrows. I'll just have to stand it, that's what I will. Mother says I'm brave, but I am not feeling so very brave inside. I'd run if I could." But Pat was to learn some day, and learn

from the General's lips, that the bravest men have been men who wanted to run and *wouldn't*.

At General Brady's a light lunch was served at noon and dinner at five, an arrangement to which Pat was already accustomed from doing his own family cooking for the last six weeks. He was accustomed to hurrying home the moment the afternoon session of school was over to prepare the meal of the day for his hungry brothers and his tired mother. On Monday, therefore, he came flying into the Brady kitchen at fifteen minutes of five. The dinner was cooking with no one to watch it. Where was Mrs. Brady? Pat did not stop to inquire. His own experience told him that the dinner needed immediate attention.

Down went his books. He flew to wash his hands and put on his apron. He turned the water off the potatoes in a jiffy. "Sure and I just saved 'em, and that's all!" he thought, as he put them to steam dry.

"I'll peep in the oven," he said. "That roast needs basting, so it does."

He heard the General come in the front door.

"There's a pudding in the warm oven," he continued, "but I don't know about that. It's long since we've had pudding at home. I'll just dress the potatoes and whip 'em up light. I can do that anyway, and give the roast another baste. It's done, and I'll be setting it in the warm oven along with the

pudding. How do I know how Mrs. Brady wants her gravy? Where is she, I wonder."

"Why, Pat," said a surprised voice, "can you cook?"

"Not much, ma'am," answered Pat with a blush. "But I can sometimes keep other people's cooking from spoiling."

"Well said!" cried the General, who was determined to make Pat feel at ease. "Fannie, give me an apron, and I'll make the gravy. I used to be a famous cook in the army."

Pat stared. Then such a happy look came into his eyes that the General felt the tears in his own eyes.

"How that boy has been suffering!" he said to himself.

"I was detained by a caller," explained Mrs. Brady. "The dinner would have been spoiled if Pat had not come just when he did."

Then Pat's cup was full. He blushed, he beamed. Here was the General, the man whom his mother had held up to his admiration, with an apron on, cooking! And Mrs. Brady said that Pat had saved the dinner.

Dinner was over and Pat was alone in the kitchen.

"But the General's making the gravy was fine, and sure I never tasted better gravy. I wish I could just be letting 'em know at home. Mike may have to be turning into a girl, too, one of these days; it might

ease him a bit if he could know the General isn't above cooking. Mother said I'd be coming to visit 'em when my work was done, if Mrs. Brady could spare me."

A half-hour later a trim-looking boy presented

"I USED TO BE A FAMOUS HAND AT IT IN THE ARMY"

himself at the sitting-room door. "Come in, Pat," invited the General, looking up from his paper with a smile.

Pat smiled back again, and turned to Mrs. Brady. "Mrs. Brady, ma'am," he said, "the dishes are done and the kitchen made neat. Will you have me to be doing something more for you this evening?"

"No, Pat," replied Mrs. Brady kindly. "Your work for to-day is done. You may take off your apron."

"Yes, ma'am. Would you kindly be letting me go home a little while then?"

Pat's look was eager.

"Certainly, Pat," was the reply. "Take the kitchen key with you."

"Thank you, kindly, ma'am," returned Pat gratefully. With another smile for the General, who had not gone on with his reading, the boy left the room, and, shortly after, the house.

"Listen!" cried Mrs. O'Callaghan, with uplifted finger. The jolly talk about her ceased on the instant.

" 'Tis Pat's step I hear outside, and here he is, sure enough. Now, b'ys, don't all of you be on him at once. Let him sit down in the father's chair."

Pat felt the honor paid him, and, showing that he felt it, sat down. The little boys crowded around him with their news. Jim and Andy got as near to him as they could, while Mike looked at him from the farther side of the tiny room with a heart full of admiration. They had not seen Pat since Saturday morning except at school that day, and that was not like having him at home with them.

"How does your work come on?" asked his mother as soon as she could get in a word.

"Fine," said Pat. " 'Tis an elegant place." Then, with an air that tried to be natural, he added, "The General himself made the gravy to-day."

"What!" exclaimed his mother. "The General!"

"He did," said Pat. "He put on one of Mrs. Brady's aprons, and 'twas fine gravy, too."

The widow looked her astonishment. "Do you call that fine?" she demanded at last. "The General having to make his own gravy? What were you a-doing, Pat?"

"I was helping Mrs. Brady with the pudding sauce. 'Twas behind we all was, owing to a caller, and Mrs. Brady said if it hadn't been for me the dinner would have been spoiled sure. I got there just in time."

"The General," said Mrs. O'Callaghan, "is the handsomest and the finest gentleman in the town. And he's not above putting an apron on him and making gravy!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell why Pat did not want to think on his way to his job.
2. How do you suppose Pat's first knock at the door sounded? Try to show the class. Show how he would knock at his mother's door when he returned home.
3. Tell about Pat's first error in judgment about the General. Tell what you like about General Brady.
4. Did the General and Mrs. Brady stay out of the kitchen *on purpose?* Why might they have done so?
5. What honor was shown Pat at home?

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Find out more about Pat and his family. Read *The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys,* by Gulielma Zollinger, and tell the class more about Pat.
2. Make up a story about Pat and "the street boys."
3. Make up a story about the General trying to "shield" Pat on the street, as Mrs. Brady suggested.

5. BALTO: THE DOG THAT SAVED NOME'S CHILDREN

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Two kinds of bravery were named in the foreword, page 328: that which faces danger as if quite unconscious of it, and that which faces danger fully understanding the cost of failure. Which kind of bravery is found in this story?

Balto was a dog of the United States Postal Service in far-off Alaska. One black morning in Nome he stepped into the world's story-book of shining deeds. That book opened wide and took him in forever.

In midwinter, an epidemic of diphtheria had broken out in Nome. Diphtheria was considered sure death for white man or Eskimo. They called it the "Black Death" up there. The disease carried off the children, and their fathers and mothers as well. Whole families were swept away.

If the disease could not be stopped, it would spread over all the territory of which Nome was the center, to the east one thousand miles and northward as far as the Arctic Ocean. In this region lived eleven thousand people. To care for them there was but one doctor in Nome, with his little band of nurses. To make matters worse, the doctor's supply of the antitoxin which cures diphtheria had given out. Knowing that far away in the United States there was plenty of antitoxin, the doctor sent a frantic appeal for help.

Twenty pounds of the precious medicine would save the children, the families at Nome and the surrounding territory from the black death.

Immediately the serum was rushed toward Nome on the Bering Sea, where every day more and more children were dying of the dread disease. Every hour's delay meant more deaths; every hour the plague spread from house to house until the one doctor and his nurses were almost powerless in their fight against suffering and sorrow.

Without loss of time the railroad carried the package of serum to Nenana, the end of the Government Railroad. Steam transportation could take it no farther. Dog-teams must continue the journey by trail six hundred sixty-five miles to Nome. The journey from Nenana to Nome had never before been made in less than nine days. The heroic drivers of the relays of dog-teams risked their lives by taking cross-cuts never till then attempted in such weather. They rushed the serum to Nome in five and one-half days.

All their efforts, though, would have been wasted but for the glorious courage of Balto in the last sixty miles of the dash for Nome. After his driver had lost all sense of direction and was utterly bewildered, Balto found his way through the darkness, over trackless ice, in a blizzard with the temperature fifty degrees below zero. Early next morning he arrived at Nome with his team, his driver, and the serum.

We must not forget that, except for the work of other heroic dog-teams and their drivers, black Balto would not have had his chance to put his great intelligence to the supreme test. Here are the names of the drivers in that great relay race with the diphtheria at Nome: Leonard Sepalla, Gunnar Kasson, Titus Nicolai, Eskimo Pete Olsen, John Folger, Jim Kalland, Tom Green, and Bill Shannon, all heroes.

Leonard Sepalla chose to cross the entrance to Norton Bay, instead of following the long shore line around the bay. He had twenty dogs. Togo and Scotty were his leaders. One of his friends said about Scotty:

"He knows what you want before *you* do!"

People warned Sepalla not to try the short cut across the bay because a hurricane was raking and the ice was breaking up and drifting out to sea. Even so, he remembered the map with the long bay stretching up into the land. To follow the shore line would mean days of travel, and children were dying at Nome.

In that frightful storm, the man and his dogs crossed the bay. Scotty and Togo were in the lead. Sepalla admitted to the next driver, Eskimo Pete Olsen, who took the package of serum, that he had had a bad trip across the bay.

At a village called Bluff, Eskimo Pete Olsen found Gunnar Kasson waiting for him. The cold increased

and the wind was blowing so hard that the men feared the serum might freeze. They took it in a cabin to warm it and there Gunnar Kasson waited, hoping the wind would go down. Instead, the wind blew faster and the cold grew more severe.

Finally, after two hours of waiting, the wind blew harder than the men had ever known it to blow before, and the temperature went down to twenty-eight below zero. Gunnar Kasson decided that he must not wait any longer. He must go.

The dogs were hitched and he started, hoping to reach Safety, thirty-four miles away, before the trails were too deeply buried under the fast-falling snow. He started at ten o'clock on Sunday night, dressed in sealskins from top to toe, but the wind was blowing so hard he felt it even through the fur.

At Safety a fresh relay was waiting to carry the serum the remaining twenty-one miles to Nome. The driver of the team sent word to Nome that the wind was blowing eighty miles an hour and the snow was coming down in such heavy drifts that no man or dog could keep the trail.

Meantime Balto, the best lead dog in Alaska, was struggling through the drifts with Gunnar Kasson. Six hundred feet up on the Topkok Hill he and the other dogs climbed in the storm, and then went down the other side in the teeth of a terrific wind. They reached a spot where for six miles the traveling was

hard in any weather. That night, in the storm and darkness, the spot was a place of terror. Gunnar Kasson could not see his dogs, not even the one nearest to him. He could hardly see his hand before his face. He knew that he was lost. He could not even guess where he was.

Balto alone knew in what direction to continue the frightful journey. The dog picked up the trail on the windswept ice and led his team on and on regardless of darkness, cold, and blinding, whirling snow.

Twenty-two miles from Bluff they reached a station called Solomon. There a message was waiting for Balto's driver warning him to stop until the storm was over. The night was so cold and the storm was so terrible that every one believed man and dogs would surely perish in the blizzard, if they tried to go on.

Balto knew no reason for stopping at Solomon and his driver didn't even know when they passed the place. They missed the message from Nome. On and on they went in the face of the worst wind Gunnar Kasson had ever known. Many times the sled tipped over and spilled everything in the soft snow. Again and again the man straightened the sled and begged Balto to go on through the black darkness where no human being could have found the way.

At last the trail turned so that the wind was behind

HE HAD CARRIED THE SERUM SAFELY THROUGH TO SUFFERING NOME

the travelers and helped instead of hindering them. By the time they reached Safety, it had died down.

The distance from Safety to Nome was twenty-one miles. The trail along the sea was heavy with the drifted snow. It was no longer so dark, though, and the man could see the trail. At 36 minutes past 5 o'clock of the wild dark morning, the half-frozen man and dogs arrived at Nome with the life-saving serum for the children.

No wonder the driver almost wept as he knelt in the snow and began pulling slivers of ice from Balto's torn and bleeding feet. No wonder the wide world echoed his thankfulness for what Balto had done. Balto alone had known the trail that awful night. He had carried the serum safely through to suffering Nome.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Did the characters in this story count the cost of their brave acts? Read lines to support your reply.
2. Does the author give Balto too much credit? Did he deserve more credit than the men? more than the other dogs?
3. Which man and dog team had the longest run? Which the most dangerous? Which could have been left out of the mission of mercy?
4. Mention other qualities besides bravery that you find in the men and the dogs. Explain your reply.
5. Tell the high spot in the story, the point of greatest interest, called the climax of a story?
6. Guess the nationality of each of the drivers named in the first paragraph on page 370.

7. Get a map of Alaska, and note the general route of the 665-mile journey from Nenana to Nome.

GAME WITH WORDS

The words in this list are taken from the story you have just read. See whether you can choose the correct word from the list for each of the blanks in the sentences which follow.

territory	relay
antitoxin	bewildered
diphtheria	hurricane
appeal	perish
slivers	

1. A preventive of or a cure for diphtheria is called .....
2. A large tract of land may be spoken of as a .....
3. A violent storm is a .....
4. A set of fresh men held ready to relieve a tired set is called a .....
5. To seek sympathy is to .....
6. Long, slim pieces of a hard substance are called .....
7. The name of a disease of the throat is .....
8. To be destroyed is to .....
9. When a person does not think clearly, he is .....

Check up your work by looking up the foregoing words in the glossary of this book. Reread the sentences in this story which contain words which you did not know.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Draw a diagram showing how Sepalla shortened the journey, as told on page 370.
2. Make a rough sketch of another picture which you might ask an artist to draw showing Balto and Kasson.
3. Tell the class a true story you have heard showing the bravery of a dog.

6. EVERY-DAY HEROES

GUSTAV KOBBÉ

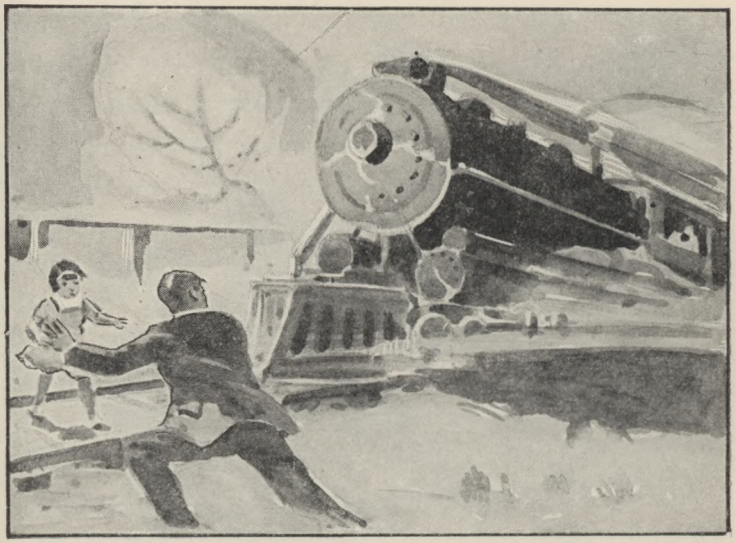
Read the selection rapidly; then write answers to the following questions and be prepared to defend them.

1. Which of the four men ran the greatest risk?
2. Which man performed the most difficult rescue?
3. Which man had to think most quickly in order to meet the situation?

The soldier, the fireman, and the policeman are often called upon to risk their lives in doing their duty. Indeed such men are ever on the alert to distinguish themselves by acts of daring as part of their work. They know that heroism is the sign of honor and advancement in their callings. But there are heroes who wear no uniforms, whose occupations are peaceful and who are not trained to face danger. They are the every-day heroes who, without forethought, risk their own lives to save their fellow men.

Such a hero was Thomas Hovenden, the artist. One day in 1895 he was returning to his home in Morristown, Pennsylvania. He had just alighted at the station when a fast freight train came thundering down the track. A little girl, who failed to see the train, pulled away from her mother and ran squarely upon the track. Terrified by the blast of the whistle, she became dazed and stood as if rooted to the spot.

Hovenden rushed out and snatched her up. But before he could make the leap that would have saved them both, the engine struck them and hurled them many feet. They lay side by side. The child died as



HOVENDEN RUSHED OUT AND SNATCHED HER UP

she was lifted from the ground. The artist was dead. His desperate chance was of no avail, except to prove that in supreme moments a strain of heroism shows in hearts of men like Thomas Hovenden.

Scott Brown was another every-day hero who received a medal from the national government for heroism. One day, as Brown was passing a busy

corner in Montgomery, Alabama, two girls about five years old were crossing the street. At that moment, a run-away horse dashed toward them, and was almost upon the children before Brown noticed their

HE TOOK THE BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE STRUCK HER

peril. Instantly, he sprang to their rescue. Pushing one child out of the way of the horse, he deliberately shielded the other with his own body. He took the blow that would have struck her. Although severely injured, he escaped with his life. The feeling of the city toward the modest Brown was expressed by a prominent citizen who said to him, "Mr. Brown, I'd rather shake your hand than the President's."

A few years ago, John Anderson, a coal miner of Pennsylvania, saved forty-eight of his fellow workmen. His courage was all the more heroic because, unlike Hovenden, he had plenty of time to realize fully the consequences of his acts. Anderson and two other workmen were half-way down a shaft repairing some of the machinery. Flames from one of their lamps set fire to the woodwork of the shaft. The men endeavored in vain to get the flames under control. When they realized that the fire was certain to spread, the two other men fled to safety.

Not so Anderson. Down the burning shaft he went, through the tunnels he dashed, warning the men in the seams to flee for their lives. He gathered about him forty-eight men, but they were unable to escape through the shaft cut off by the flames. Anderson knew of another shaft lately sunk and thus was able to guide his fellows to safety.

The manager of the company wrote, "It is hard to make any one, who does not know mining, understand young Anderson's courage. He had to pass through nearly a mile of dark passages, warning one group of men here and another there of the danger above them. He did not know that either they or he could get out alive. Had any of the air currents blown toward him, carrying with them the deadly gas fumes, his death would have been certain." That Anderson's heroism undoubtedly saved the men who heeded his warning

and followed him to the second shaft is proved by the fact that five men who did not follow his lead were killed by the gas and fire.

When the first tunnel under the Hudson River between Jersey City and New York was dug, the enterprise was very dangerous. What would protect the workmen, who were extending the extreme end of the tunnel under the middle of the river? Engineers were trying for the first time the use of compressed air to hold up the shell of silt and mud and ooze, a little at a time, until the steel walls of the tunnel could be put in place. If their shell gave way, the Hudson River would pour in upon the workmen and drown them all.

Into the narrow tube of brick and iron under the river, workmen descended in shifts of twenty-eight, and went out to the extreme end, to work under the untried protection of compressed air. They knew, and the public knew, that they took their lives in their hands.

One midnight twenty-eight men, under Peter Woodland, entered the tunnel. At four-thirty in the morning they heard a sound like the blowing off of steam. Woodland sprang to the spot, crying—

"Back, men, and stop the leak!"

But the small leak rapidly became larger. Beneath it stood Woodland. Upon him began pouring ooze

and slime from the foul bottom of the Hudson. He felt the water rising about his feet. A few steps would have taken him safely into an air-lock, a place made secure by steel and compressed air for just such danger as this. To the air-lock he was nearest of all the men. But he did not move.

"Quick, boys; get into the lock." Woodland did not lead the retreat. As each man approached, Woodland pushed him through the rising water to the air-lock. Seven men passed him. While he was helping the eighth man the iron roof-plates gave way. Seven men were saved. Woodland and twenty others were drowned. A plain workman, was Woodland; in rank he was only a little above his own men. But he was a hero.

We are accustomed to call people like Woodland, Brown, Anderson, and even Hovenden, the artist, "every-day people." Like most citizens, they lead simple lives. Even their friends may not suspect that they have in them a strain of heroism. But any man or woman may prove that in our common human lives we have a spirit that waits only for a crisis to rouse us to heroic action.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Talk over the answers you wrote for the questions on page 376.

2. Which of the every-day heroes lived after their heroic acts? Does this fact, in your opinion, render their courage less heroic?
3. Explain the situation in which Anderson saved his men.
4. Describe Woodland's heroic actions.
5. Tell about an "every-day hero" whom you know.

TEST IN JUDGING

A committee count the votes of the class, and decide which of the four heroes in the selection receives the first award. Decide by the number of times a name is mentioned in the answers.

MATCHING GAME

Find for each group of words in List I a group of words in List II which means the same or nearly the same. Write the numbers and letters of the matching phrases on your paper. For example, "fearless deeds" matches "acts of daring." You may show this on your paper by writing 1-d.

LIST I	LIST II
1. acts of daring	*a.* filled with fear at the explosion
2. terrified by the blast	*b.* their danger
3. desperate chance	*c.* well-known resident of the town
4. of no avail	*d.* fearless deeds
5. in supreme moments	*e.* results of behavior
6. consequences of his acts	*f.* of no use
7. deadly gas fumes	*g.* reckless attempt
8. their peril	*h.* at times of greatest stress
9. a prominent citizen	*i.* the point farthest away
10. the extreme end	*j.* vapor or smoke which kills
11. to inspire	*k.* to fill with ideas
12. accustomed to	*l.* a time of great danger
13. a crisis	*m.* familiar with

READING GROUPS OF WORDS

Place the edge of a sheet of paper beneath the groups of words "1. acts of daring" and "*a.* filled with fear at the explosion," in the lists given above. Close your eyes. Open them

and look at one of the two groups for about the time of two winks; then close your eyes. Can you *see* "1. acts of daring" after your eyes are closed?

Move the sheet down to expose the second groups of words. Try to *see* all the words in one group in the time between two winks of the eyes. Can you succeed?

ADDITIONAL READINGS: BRAVERY, HEROISM

"Two Little Captives," M. B. Pumphrey, *Stories of the Pilgrims,* 197–201. Rand.

"Alone in the Woods," A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball, *Hero Stories from American History,* 22–25. Ginn.

"Gray-Neck's Heroism in War Service," Dhan Gopal Mukerji, *Gray Neck, a Carrier Pigeon,* 139–145. Dutton.

"A Snowball," E. de Amicis, *Heart, a School Boy's Journal,* 64–67. Crowell.

"A Lad of Spirit," G. W. Gerwig, *Washington, The Young Leader,* 13–15. Scribners.

"Clara Barton," Mary H. Wade, *The Light Bringers,* 64–111. Little.

"Rolf Gets Lost," Ernest Thompson Seton, *Rolf in the Woods,* 228–237. Doubleday.

"In the Cab," Irving Crump, *The Boy's Book of Railroads,* 24–37.

"Joe Miller Saves the Fort," A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball, *Pioneers of America,* 16–21. Little.

"Put to Flight by Friends," A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball, *Short Stories from American History,* 86–91. Ginn.

"Betty Merrill and the Big Clock," A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball, *The Child's Book of American History,* 71–76. Little.

"Brave Polly Merrill," A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball, *Log Cabin Days,* 83–89. Little.

"Tony's Birthday and George Washington's," Agnes Repplier, *Children's Book of Patriotic Stories,* 138–144. Doubleday.

7. THE BOY OF MONT ST. MICHEL

CHARLES E. A. WINSLOW

As you read, try to see the happenings in this story as if they were shown in a motion picture.

In France there is a high and steep rock called Mont St. Michel with a church on the top of it. Once upon a time, in the midst of a bitter war, this rock was captured by the enemy, and the leader of the invading army made his headquarters in the chapel. He ordered brought to him the citizens who had been taken prisoners. Among them were one of the principal men of the village, de Bretteville, and his son, Louis. The cruel captain threatened to throw de Bretteville from the wall over the rock to punish him for his loyalty to his own people. De Bretteville would not yield; neither he nor his son showed any fear.

"I have a good mind to throw you after him," said the captain to the boy.

"You would not make me a coward if you did," said Louis; "I would gladly leap off the wall, if I could save my father's life by doing so."

One of the officers whispered to the captain, who turned quickly to the boy. "We shall see how brave you are," he said. "There is a narrow ledge of rock outside the wall. If you can walk around the rock

on that ledge, I will set both you and your father free."

"No, no," cried de Bretteville, "I will not have it. I would rather a hundred times be killed myself."

HE COULD KEEP FROM FALLING ONLY BY CLINGING TO ROOTS AND BRANCHES OF BUSHES GROWING BETWEEN THE ROCKS

"It shall be so, whether you like it or not," replied the captain, "or I will have both you and the boy thrown over."

"Will my father be freed if I make the attempt, whether I get round safely or not?" asked Louis.

"He will; you have my word for that."

"Then I am ready," said Louis.

He took off his shoes and stockings and was lifted over the wall so that he stood on the narrow ledge outside, with hundreds of feet of steep jagged cliffs

below. The shelf of rock on which he had to walk was in places only a few inches wide. He could keep from falling only by clinging to bits of projecting stone or roots and to branches of bushes growing between the rocks. Step by step he made his way onward, never looking downward into the terrible chasm, but carefully and skilfully selecting the places to put his feet and to hold on with his hands. Even the soldiers watched every step with eager anxiety, hoping that the lad would succeed.

Louis came at last to a place where he seemed to have no hope of getting farther. The ledge became narrower and narrower. He could see that ahead it disappeared entirely, leaving only a smooth wall of rock. To turn back was impossible; he was already on a ledge only a few inches wide.

Slowly the boy looked downward along the face of the cliff. About three feet below, he saw a jutting point of rock from which another ledge extended on around the corner of the cliff. He measured with his eye the distance downward and forward, saw that a holly bush was there growing out from the rock so as to give a handhold,—and then he jumped.

He landed safely with his feet on the ledge and the holly branches in his hand. The rest of the way was easier. At last, after what had seemed an endless time, but was really only fifteen minutes, Louis was again clasped in his father's arms. They were both saved by the courage and devotion of a boy.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. What other picture might you suggest to illustrate this story? Describe what you would put in the picture.
2. Has any single act of bravery in any of the preceding selections equalled the bravery of the boy in this story? If not, which act most nearly equals it?

VOCABULARY GAME

Choose the correct endings for these sentences:

1. Invading means (winning, losing, entering as an enemy).
2. A ledge is (a shelf, a tool, an animal).
3. Jagged means (smooth, irregular on the edge, hard).
4. Projecting means (standing still, sticking out, turning in).
5. A chasm is (a mountain, an island, a gap).
6. Jutting means (extending out, running, pointing upward).
7. Devotion means (hatred, anger, strong affection).
8. A cliff is (a high steep rock, a body of water, a cloud).

Check your work by looking up these words in the glossary of this book. Reread the sentences in the story which contain the foregoing words to see whether the meanings are clear.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—MYTHS AND HERO STORIES SHOWING BRAVERY

The Princess and the Goblin, George MacDonald. McKay.

A Little Boy Lost, W. H. Hudson.

"Wind an' Wave an' Wandherin' Flame," by Anna C. Tyler, in *Twenty-Four Unusual Stories.*

"The Enchanted Cave," by Edmund Leamy, in *The Golden Spears and Other Fairy Tales.*

"The Princess and the Glass Hill," by Andrew Lang, in *The Blue Fairy Book.*

8. SERGEANT YORK

LAWTON B. EVANS

Of all the brave deeds of American soldiers during the World War, none surpassed the exploit told in the following narrative.

In his home among the mountains of Tennessee, Alvin York had learned to be very expert with rifle and pistol. His aim was certain, his fire was rapid; when he pulled the trigger, his shot meant death. He had won many prizes shooting at turkeys and targets. Once he showed his skill to a man who was quarreling with him by deliberately shooting the head off a lizard running on a tree. In a contest with an officer, York repeatedly hit a penny match-box at forty paces. He had worked as a farm hand and as a blacksmith, and had developed a powerful body. He was six feet in height, weighed over two hundred pounds, and had a mop of red hair.

On October 8, 1918, the chance came for Sergeant

York to show the stuff of which he was made. His battalion was in the Argonne section, in France. The men left their position on Hill 223, in order to attack the enemy at the Decauville railroad, nearly two miles to the westward. The battalion had to pass through a valley, on both sides of which were hills from which the enemy's machine-guns poured a deadly fire into their ranks. In front was another hill filled with machine-guns. Thus the battalion was caught in a fire from three directions.

York's platoon was on the extreme left. The line of men seemed to melt away before the enemy's bullets. The squad to which York belonged was ordered to put the machine-guns out of action.

The men, sixteen in all, leaped to their task and advanced toward the hill. Sergeant York and the others rushed up the steep slope, under cover of bushes, slipping behind trees and hiding in the ditches. The enemy's fire was fierce and dangerous. Fortunately, the men escaped observation, and pursued their way back of the enemy lines.

They dropped for protection into an old trench, formerly used by the French. The trench led over the hill, behind the nest of machine-guns. York and his men crept along, single file, and cautiously. now in the trench and now under the bushes, keeping a sharp lookout for Germans. At last they reached a small stream on the other side of the hill, and ran into

a party of twenty or thirty Germans, holding a conference and getting ready to eat.

With a yell the Americans opened fire as if a whole regiment had arrived. The astonished Germans, not expecting an attack, and being unprepared, held up their hands, shouting "Kamerad," in token of their surrender.

"Who are you? Are you English troops?" shouted the German Major.

"No. We are Americans," was the reply.

Before arrangements could be made to secure their prisoners, machine-guns not thirty yards away opened fire. The Americans had been discovered. The valley became a bedlam of shrieking sounds, as the rain of bullets whistled by. The German prisoners dropped to the ground, and hugged the earth for protection from the fire of their own guns. The Americans followed their example, but not before several of their party were killed.

By this time, the sixteen men had been reduced to eight—Sergeant York and seven others. All seven were needed to guard the prisoners who were lying down, and afraid to move for fear of the machine-gun fire passing overhead. York alone remained to fight the enemy. He was lying in a narrow path leading toward the guns, the prisoners directly before him, the gun-fire barely missing him where he lay. The enemy could not lower their fire without

THE ENEMY'S FIRE WAS FIERCE AND DANGEROUS

killing their own men. York was as cool as though taking part in a shooting-match in the Tennessee mountains. He began shooting at the enemy in their fox-holes, from behind the trees, and under shelter of the logs. With every shot, he brought down a man. His fire was deadly.

"If I had moved, I should have been killed. The prisoners saved me, for the Germans had to fire high to keep from hitting their own men," said York afterward.

Finally, a Lieutenant and seven men rose from a machine-gun, and charged down the hill toward the place where York lay. He shot all eight of them before they ran half-way. As soon as the Germans saw the Lieutenant and his men drop, the battle quieted down, for they were amazed at the way their men were being killed, and did not know what force was attacking them. They had no idea York was doing all the firing.

The Major of the prisoners called out, "Don't shoot any more, and I'll make them surrender." With that, York lowered his pistol, and the Major raised his hands.

The Germans came down the hill in droves. Their arrival made a list of ninety prisoners. York and his seven comrades placed them in columns, and marched off toward the American lines.

"How many men have you in your command?"

asked the Major. "I have plenty to hold you prisoners," answered York. "Drop your guns and equipment and move on." The Germans obeyed promptly.

On the way back, York's men ran into other machine-gun nests. Using their prisoners as screens, the Americans made the Major demand the surrender of the Germans as fast as they were discovered, under penalty of having his men shot by their own machine-guns. The march back to the trenches soon became a procession.

In this way, York and his few companions added to their captives as they went along, until, when they turned over their prisoners in the American trenches, they had one hundred and thirty-two! The German Major was the gloomiest man in Europe when he found out that he had surrendered to a handful of Americans. York himself had killed twenty men with his own pistol, and thirty-five machine-guns had been put out of action!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Debate the question: Does this story of York's exploit portray caution more than it portrays bravery?
2. Tell the class about stories and poems you have read or heard which portray acts of great courage in time of war.
3. Do you think that York showed greater courage than was shown by Anderson and Woodland as told in the selection on page 376? Explain your decision.

9. ROLL CALL

NATHAN G. SHEPHERD

Do you think that this poem belongs in the unit, Bravery?

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried:
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near,—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillside was splashed with blood
And down in the corn where the poppies grew
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him a drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it, and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear,—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The final stanza says that twenty men answered "Here." How many of the twenty survivors are mentioned in the poem?
2. What three incidents in the battle are told in the poem?
3. What acts of courage are mentioned in the poem?

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF BRAVERY

1. From page xvi copy the titles of the selections in this unit. Recall the stories, and write after each title the chief characters in the story who probably thought of danger; write also those who probably did not.
2. Look through other middle grade readers that may be in your room or in the school library to find stories and poems that portray bravery. If you find several such selections, write on the blackboard directions which will tell your classmates exactly how to locate them.

For example:

"Quentin," by Elwyn A. Barron, in *Bobbs-Merrill Fifth Reader,* pages 314–323.

3. *Book Talks.* Tell the class about the book you selected from the list on page 328. Explain how the book illustrates bravery.
4. *Discussion.* Of all the characters in this unit, which was the bravest? You have dogs, horses, boys, girls, men, and women to choose from. Make a list of three characters, naming the bravest first. Compare results. Make a Roll of Honor; include the ten bravest characters.
5. *Motion Pictures.* Dramatize one of the following paragraphs for the class.

   a. William Tell's only chance for his own life and that of his son depended upon his shooting an apple from his son's head. The boy stepped out to have the apple placed upon his head. He stood unmoving, with his eyes upon his father's face, as if saying, "Shoot, father, I'm not afraid." William Tell tried to smile confidently at his son, in spite of his fear. At last the order to shoot was given. William Tell lifted his heavy bow, fitted in the arrow, took careful aim, and

let the arrow fly. Anxiously he watched the arrow's flight. He sprang forward in relief as the arrow cut the apple in two. He joyously took his son in his arms.

b. Betty listened eagerly at her mother's door. She was alone with her sick mother who had become suddenly worse. The doctor who lived in the village a mile away must be summoned at once. Betty went to the window and looked anxiously out into the darkness. She turned quickly as she heard another groan from the sick room, hurried to the closet, and put on her wraps. She crossed the room and opened the door quietly. She listened for a moment to see that her mother had not heard her, then ran quickly into the dark night.

c. Columbus stood alone at the prow of his boat looking out over the waters. Several sailors stood near by, talking and gesturing angrily. Soon the sailors moved toward the captain. Columbus turned to greet them and smiled wearily. He showed by his gesture that he knew their request. He firmly shook his head and pointed ahead toward the hoped-for land.

8. *Preparing paragraphs for motion pictures.* Select scenes from stories in the "Read a Book" list and in the "Class Library" list and write paragraphs for motion pictures. Choose a committee to select the best paragraphs from the group and prepare copies of them for the class. Act these scenes as in exercise 7.

"THE PROUD BISHOP IS IN THE FOREST; HE'S AFTER ME WITH ALL HIS MEN" [*See p.* 426]

LOYALTY

And thou, my country, write it on thy heart,
Thy sons are they who nobly take thy part;
Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine,
Wherever born, is born a son of thine.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

THE SPIRIT OF LOYALTY

We have no more beautiful word than loyalty. It makes us think of our national heroes, men who led the United States through the storm into the sunshine of a true national life. The word loyalty reminds us also of countless lesser heroes, soldiers and sailors and the citizens who stand back of them. These people have borne the burden of conflicts on land and sea. Many of them have been unknown; as a people, we honor them all when with uncovered heads we stand before the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery.

But loyalty is not limited to soldiers, sailors, statesmen, and the men and women who support them in time of war. Loyalties are also manifested in times of peace and in the round of our daily lives. A banker who guards the people's savings faithfully, and a clerk who serves his employer honorably, both show loyalty. Similarly, the spirit of loyalty among all the members is the crowning excellence in family life, in school life, and in all organizations like the Girl Reserves and the Boy Scouts.

READ A BOOK

1. *Patriotism and the Flag,* by Charles L. Barstow. Century.
   Stories of American patriotism and of loyalty to our flag.
2. *Tawny, A Dog of the Old West,* by Thomas C. Hinkle. Morrow.
   The loyalty of a great dog, through hunger and cold and danger.
3. *Betty-Bide-At-Home,* by Beulah Marie Dix. Holt.
   A girl who was loyal to her home and through that loyalty came to success.
4. *The Man Without a Country and other Patriotic Stories,* by John M. Foote (Editor). Winston.
   Great loyalty to our country told in many interesting stories.
5. *Makers of Our History,* by John T. Faris. Ginn.
   Short stories of patriotic citizens in various periods of our nation's history.
6. *Pep, The Story of a Brave Dog,* by Clarence Hawkes. Bradley.
   Pep wins a ribbon, saves a little girl, serves on a battle-field, and rescues his master.
7. *Polly's Secret,* by Harriet A. Nash. Little.
   Polly is given a secret which she keeps loyally, and is rewarded.
8. *Rowdy,* by Robert J. Diven. Century.
   The story of a wolf-dog that returned to his wolf-pack, but finally came back with great loyalty to save his man friend.
9. *Our Holidays: Their Meaning and Spirit,* by James Otis. Century.
   Stories showing the meaning of all our holidays.
10. *The Little Book of the Flag,* by Eva M. Tappan. Houghton.
    The story of the flags of the American colonies, of the first flag of the United States, and of our present national flag.
11. *Three Little Daughters of the Revolution,* by Nora Perry. Houghton.
    Stories of three Boston girls whose loyalty was severely tested during the Revolution.
12. *Nimble-Legs, A Story for Boys,* by Luigi Capuana. Longmans.
    The tale of an Italian boy whose heroism won him a medal.

CLASS LIBRARY

1. "The Slacker," Carolyn S. Bailey, *Stories for Every Holiday,* 149–158.
2. "Earning the Flag," *ibid.,* 237–246.
3. "Nathan Hale," Lawton B. Evans, *America First,* 161–164.
4. "The Green Mountain Boys," *ibid.,* 154–156.
5. "Supporting the Colors," *ibid.,* 192–195.
6. "Kit Carson, a Heroic Pathfinder," De Witte C. Peters, *Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories,* 396–401.
7. "Clara Barton, Angel of the Battlefield," anonymous, *ibid.,* 403–409.
8. "The Seven Sheepfolds," C. Armfield, *Wonder-Tales of the World,* 79–97.
9. "The Clever Companions," *ibid.,* 99–113.
10. "Why the Chimes Rang," Raymond M. Alden, *Why the Chimes Rang,* 1–9.
11. "The Boy Who Discovered the Spring," *ibid.,* 23–34.
12. "The Palace Made by Music," *ibid.,* 77–89.
13. "The Elves," German Folk Tale, *The Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories,* 166–168.
14. "Moni and His Goats," Johanna Spyri, *ibid.,* 325–332.
15. "The Inspired Maid of France," Boutet De Monoel, *ibid.,* 368–375.
16. "O Captain! My Captain!" Walt Whitman, *Highdays and Holidays,* 32–33.
17. "Crown Our Washington," Hezekial Butterworth, *ibid.,* 43–44.
18. "For You, Mother," Hilda Conkling, *ibid.,* 123–124.
19. "Which Loved Her Best," Joy Allison, *ibid.,* 132–133.
20. "Our Colonel," Arthur Guiterman, *ibid.,* 227–228.
21. "The Flag," Edward A. Horton, *ibid.,* 170–171.
22. "The Defender of America," Frances J. Olcott, *Good Stories for Great Birthdays,* 75–92; 101–103.
23. "The Boy Soldier," *ibid.,* 238–248.
24. "The Orator of the War for Independence," *ibid.,* 317–323.
25. "Loyal to the Chief," *ibid.,* 418–420.

VII. LOYALTY

1. FLAG O' MY LAND

T. A. Daly

Read the poem through twice silently. Then stand and read "Flag o' My Land" in unison.

Up to the breeze of the morning I fling you,
  Blending your folds with the dawn in the sky;
There let the people behold you, and bring you
  Love and devotion that never shall die.
Proudly, agaze at your glory, I stand,
  Flag o' my land! Flag o' my land!

Standard most glorious, banner of beauty,
  Whither you beckon me there will I go,
Only to you, after God, is my duty;
  Unto no other allegiance I owe.
Heart of me, soul of me, yours to command,
  Flag o' my land! Flag o' my land!

Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean,
  Though of strange nations we get our increase;
Here are your worshippers one in devotion,
  Whether the bugles blow battle or peace.
Take us and make us your patriot band,
  Flag o' my land! Flag o' my land!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Talk over the meaning of the last three lines. How can bugles "blow peace"?
2. Why do we celebrate Flag Day?
3. Why is "Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean" a strong line? Tell where your State and city are located with reference to that line?
4. Does pride in your own flag mean disrespect for the flags of other nations? Explain.
5. Turn back through the pages of Unit VI, Bravery, and find all the heroes of peace whom you have met. Is their loyalty to the flag as worthy of praise as is the loyalty of soldiers? Explain your decision.

THE STAR OF YOUR STATE

Do you know that your State has her own official star in the national flag? In 1912, President William Howard Taft, by an executive order, arranged the stars in six rows of eight stars each. Each row runs from left to right, and the stars corresponding to the states are named in the order in which the states ratified the constitution. Find the star of your State on the national flag.

Del.	Penn.	N. J.	Ga.	Conn.	Mass.	Md.	S. C.
N. H.	Va.	N. Y.	N. C.	R. I.	Vt.	Ky.	Tenn.
Ohio	La.	Ind.	Miss.	Ill.	Ala.	Me.	Mo.
Ark.	Mich.	Fla.	Tex.	Ia.	Wis.	Cal.	Minn.
Ore.	Kan.	W. Va.	Nev.	Neb.	Colo.	N. D.	S. D.
Mont.	Wash.	Idaho	Wy.	Utah	Okla.	N. M.	Ariz.

6. Find and read aloud lines which suggest pictures; lines which suggest colors; lines which suggest sounds.
7. Find and read aloud all the names given the flag in the poem.
8. Explain to what places the flag has "beckoned" different patriots.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Find another poem about the American flag, and read it to the class.
2. Find pictures of flags of several other nations in any large dictionary.
3. Find out the meaning of the stars and the stripes in our flag and explain to the class. For material see the reading given below.
4. Write out a motion-picture paragraph about the flag, following the examples of such paragraphs given on page 396. Choose one or more classmates to help you dramatize your paragraph for the class.

VOLUNTEER READING

1. "An Hour with Betsy Ross' Granddaughter," Grace Humphrey, *St. Nicholas,* Vol. 50, 796–797.
2. "Mechanical Fingers Make Flags," George H. Dacy, *St. Nicholas,* Vol. 51, Part 2, 841–843.
3. "The Flags of Our Army and Navy," *National Geographic Magazine,* Vol. 32, 305–420.
4. "A Pageant of Our Flag," Fannie M. McLane, *St. Nicholas,* Vol. 52, Part 2, 974–979.
5. "The Origin of the Flag," Parmelee McFadden, *Patriotism and the Flag,* 38–46. Century.
6. *How the Flag Became Old Glory,* Mary L. Scott.
7. *Our Flag in Verse and Prose,* Robert Haven Schauffler.
8. *The Stars and Stripes,* Charles W. Stewart.

2. PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This is probably the most famous poem about loyalty in American literature. Learn the last stanza.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset,* British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar

Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,

The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

THROUGH THE GLOOM AND THE LIGHT
THE FATE OF A NATION WAS RIDING THAT NIGHT

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gazed at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and barnyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—

A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK

Do "you know the rest" as Longfellow says? Look up "the rest," and recount the facts to the class, as you find them in an American history.

MEMORIZING

Read the last stanza through thoughtfully twice.
Notice the two parts, the first ending with the sixth line.
Think the thought through in the order given; for example:

rode Paul Revere
cry of alarm
to village and farm
defiance not fear

Think through the thought with your eyes closed.
Say the lines through in a whisper with the open book.
Hear the sound of your own voice as you say the lines.
See the lines, as you read through the verse again.
Notice the rhymes:

First and fourth lines	Revere—fear
Second and third "	alarm—farm
Fifth and sixth "	door—more

Say the whole stanza, looking away from the book.

3. CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The battles of Lexington and Concord were fought on April 19, 1775. On April 19, 1836, a monument was erected in Concord in honor of the Americans who there defended the liberties of their country. Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem was sung at the dedication of the monument.

Read the poem three times slowly and thoughtfully.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive[1] stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find the stanza in "Paul Revere's Ride" that refers to the same event as the first stanza in "Concord Hymn."
2. Point out lines you are not sure you understand. Find the subject and predicate of the sentence in each instance and see if you then understand the passage.
3. Tell how the shot fired at the bridge was heard round the world.
4. Does the bridge where the Battle of Concord was fought still stand? Read the line that answers the question.
5. Are there any "votive stones" in your community? What are they for?
6. How can memory redeem a deed? Tell about deeds your school redeems.

[1]*votive* (vō'tĭv), given or consecrated by a vow.

4. MOLLY PITCHER

LAWTON B. EVANS

Select the parts of this story which show why the heroine was called "Captain Molly."

The British left Philadelphia, and were in full retreat across Jersey on their way to New York. Washington was right behind them, the front ranks of the American army engaging the rear ranks of the British in a long, running fight. Finally, at Monmouth, a battle was begun. General Charles Lee, in charge of the American forces, acted so badly that the issue of the fight was long in doubt.

When Washington saw the disorder of the troops, he rebuked General Lee so harshly that the officer turned as white as a sheet. He was afterward tried by court-martial and dismissed from the army.

Then Washington took charge himself. His orders flew thick and fast. Aids hurried in all directions, putting cannon in position, and getting ready to meet the renewed attack which was sure to come. Soon the guns roared, the heat of the battle became terrible, and smoke covered the entire field; the dust and dirt were blinding. The men were suffering for lack of water. Then Molly Pitcher, the wife of one of the gunners, called out, "Go on with the firing. I will fetch water from the spring."

As the men waved their hands to her, she ran down the hill, drew water in a bucket, and carried it back and forth to the soldiers. She passed from cannon to cannon, while the men drank and kept on with their firing.

How many times she went to the spring no one knew, but, as she was returning once with her supply

SHE CARRIED IT BACK AND FORTH TO THE SOLDIERS

of water, a shot from the enemy struck her husband in the breast, and he fell beside his smoking cannon. Molly ran to him, and knelt down by him; one look was enough to show her that he was dead.

As she sat there in speechless grief, with the dead man's head in her lap, an officer rode up, and said to some soldiers, "Take this cannon to the rear; we have no one to serve it."

Molly sprang to her feet, and cried out, "Stop! That cannon shall not leave this field for lack of some one to serve it. Since they have killed my husband, I will take his place."

She seized the rammer from the hands of her husband, sprang to the muzzle of the piece, rammed home the powder, and stepped back, saying, "Ready!" Then the cannon blazed again, carrying dismay to the ranks of the enemy.

Molly Pitcher stood at her post as long as the battle lasted. Black with smoke, covered with dirt and dust, blinded by heat, she did the work of a man. She never flinched for a moment, nor did she stop until the order came to cease firing.

Then she sat down on the ground by the side of her husband, took his head again in her lap, and gave way to tears and grief.

Washington, who had seen her with her cannon during the battle, admired her courage and patriotism, and sent for her to come to headquarters. He praised her heroism and conferred on her an officer's commission. After that, she wore an epaulet, and everybody called her "Captain Molly."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell in a few words why Molly Pitcher was called "Captain." What parts of the story are not needed in your explanation?
2. Describe three pictures that might be drawn to illustrate three parts of the story.
3. Compare Molly's deeds with the acts of Revere, and with the acts of Alvin York as told on page 388 and following pages.

5. THE BLACK-EYED REBEL

WILL CARLETON

The town in this story was Philadelphia, captured and held by the British, while Washington and his army were wintering at Valley Forge in 1777–1778. Why is the girl called a rebel?

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly,
Was watching for his coming, from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse and rough;
But there was one who watched him, who a long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted, long and loud;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd:
But from all the people round him came no word of a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find:
And she paused awhile and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said:
And the brown face flushed to scarlet; for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she;
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!
Carry back again this package, and be sure that you are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak;
And "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel with a twinkle in her eye.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Why is the girl called a rebel? Tell the story of the poem.
2. Why does the poet say "a shrewdness fired her eye"? Why say, "she resolutely walked up to the wagon"?
3. What tells you that she deceived the crowd looking on?
4. Why did the maiden say, "There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try"?
5. Describe a picture you would draw to illustrate any part of the story.

STORY TELLING

1. Suggest another way by which the rebel might have secured the letters without being caught by spies.
2. Imagine the rebel distributing the letters. Tell one scene.

6. MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY

JAMES MONTGOMERY

The following poem is one of the best known poems of loyalty in the English language. Try to picture the scene vividly as you read.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!—
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear.
So dense, so still the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.

Opposed to these a hovering band
Contended for their native land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords.

While yet the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
The line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

All Switzerland is in the field;
She will not fly,—she cannot yield,—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination[1] deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face.

[1]*Rumination:* deep thought.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus DEATH made way for LIBERTY!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Who were the opposing forces? Describe the differences in their appearance. Exactly what was the situation Winkelried faced? Tell what he did. Explain how his comrades took advantage of his sacrifice.
2. Suggest another way, if possible, by which the Austrians might have been defeated.
3. Which of the three preceding poems tells of the greatest act of loyalty? Explain your reply. Which act involved the least danger? Explain.

7. ROBIN AND THE MERRY OLD WOMAN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

This Robin Hood story falls into four parts. Read it through silently to see the story as a whole. Then read it slowly to find where to place the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4, to mark the parts.

Monday I wash and Tuesday I iron,
Wednesday I cook and I mend;
Thursday I brew and Friday I sweep,
And baking day brings the end.

So sang the merry old woman as she sat at her wheel and spun. When she came to the last line she could not help pushing back the flax-wheel and springing to her feet. She held out her skirt and danced a gay little jig as she sang,—

"Hey down, down, and a down!"

She curtsied to one side of the room and then to another, and before she knew it she was curtseying to a man who stood in the open door.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the merry old woman. "Whatever shall I do? An old woman ought to sit and spin

and not be dancing like a young girl. It's Master Robin. Glad am I to set eyes on you, Master Robin. Come in, and I'll throw my best cloak over the little stool for a cushion. Don't be long standing on the threshold, Master Robin."

"Perhaps I'll wish I had something to stand on," said Robin, grimly, "for the proud bishop is in the forest; he's after me with all his men. Night and day he's been following me, and now he's caught me surely. You've no meal chest, have you, and you've no press, and you've no feather bed, that'll hide me? There's but one wee room, and not even a mousehole to hide in."

The little woman's heart beat fast. What could she do?

"I mind me well of a Saturday night," said she, "when I had little firewood and the cold was bitter; you and your good men brought me fine logs, such as the great folk at the hall have. Then you came in yourself and gave me a pair of shoes and some brand-new stockings, all soft and fine and woolly; I don't believe the king himself has such a pair. Master Robin, I've thought of something. Give me your mantle of green and your fine gray tunic; do you put on my kirtle and jacket and gown and tie my red and blue kerchief over your head. You gave it to me yourself, you did, one Easter Day in the morning. Do you sit down at the wheel and spin. See, put your

foot on the treadle *so*, to turn the wheel; twist the flax with your fingers *so*. Don't you get up, but just turn the wheel and grumble and mumble to yourself."

Not long after, the bishop and his men came riding up to the little old woman's house. The bishop thrust open the door and called:

"Old woman, what have you done with Robin Hood?" Robin sat grumbling and mumbling at the wheel and answered never a word to the proud bishop.

"She's mayhap daft," said one of the bishop's men. "We'll soon find him." In a minute he had looked up the chimney and behind the dresser and under the wooden bedstead. Then he turned to the corner cupboard.

"You're daft yourself," said the bishop, "to look in that little place for a strong man like Robin." All the time the spinner at the wheel sat grumbling and mumbling. The spinner was winding a queer thread on the spool, but no one thought of that. They wanted Robin; they cared little about the thread an old woman in a cottage was a-spinning.

"He's here, your reverence," called the man who had opened the lower door of the corner cubboard.

"Bring him out and set him on the horse," ordered the bishop. "See to it that you treat him like a wax candle in the church. The king's bidden that the outlaw be brought to him, and I well know he'll hang the rogue on a gallows so high that it will show over

the whole kingdom. The king has given orders that no one shall have the reward, if the rascal has but a bruise on his finger, save that it came in a fair fight."

So the merry old woman in Robin's tunic and Robin's green cloak was set gently on a milk-white steed. The bishop himself mounted a dapple-gray, and down the road they went.

The party was the cheeriest that one can imagine. The bishop went laughing all the way for delight that he had caught Robin Hood. And as for the merry old woman, she had the gayest time of all, though she had to keep her face muffled in her hood and couldn't laugh aloud the least bit, and couldn't jump down from the white horse and dance the gay jig that her feet were fairly itching to try.

While the merry old woman was riding off with the bishop and his men, Robin sat at the flax-wheel and spun until he could no longer hear the beat of the horses' hoofs. No time had he to take off the kirtle and the jacket and the kerchief of red and blue, for no one knew when the bishop might find out that he had the wrong prisoner, and come galloping back to the cottage.

"If I can only reach my good men and true!" thought Robin.

He sprang up from the wheel with the distaff in his hand, and ran out of the open door.

All the long day had Robin been away from his

bowmen. As the twilight drew near, they were more and more fearful of what might have befallen him. They went to the edge of the forest, and sat with troubled faces.

Something came flitting over the moor. The gray mist hid the lower part of it, but the men could see what looked like the upper part of a woman's body, scurrying along through the fog in a mysterious fashion. The arms were tossing wildly about, and seemed to be beckoning. The head was covered with what might have been a kerchief, but the evening was too dusky to see clearly.

"Don't shoot till it's nearer," whispered William Scarlet. "They say if you hurt a witch and don't kill her outright, you'll go mad forever after."

Nearer came the witch, but still Much the miller's son waited with his bent bow and the arrow aimed. Then the witch ran under the low bough of a tree, the kerchief caught on a broken limb, and——

"Why, it's Master Robin!" shouted Much, the miller's son. "It's Master Robin himself." So it was.

Meanwhile the bishop was still telling stories of what he did before he was a bishop. His men were laughing at them, and the merry old woman was having the gayest time of all, even though she dared not laugh out loud.

Now that the bishop had caught Robin Hood he had no fear of the greenwood rangers. As the forest

road was much shorter than the highway, down the forest road the happy company went. The merry old woman had sometimes sat on a pillion and ridden a farm beast from the plough; but to be on a great horse like this, one that held his head so high and stepped so carefully where the way was rough, and galloped so lightly and easily where the road was smooth—why, she had never even dreamed of such a magnificent ride. Not a word did she speak, not even when the bishop began to tell her that no gallows would be high enough to hang such a wicked outlaw.

"You've stolen gold from the knights," said he, "you've stolen from the sheriff of Nottingham, and you've even stolen from me. Glad am I to see Robin Hood—but what's that?" the bishop cried. "Who are those men, and who is their leader? And who are you?" he demanded of the merry old woman.

Now the little old woman had been taught to conduct herself reverently to all her betters. Before she answered the bishop she slipped down from the tall white horse and made a deep courtsey to the great man.

"If you please, sir," said she, "I think that is Robin Hood and his men."

"And who are you?" he demanded again.

"Oh, I'm nobody but a little old woman that lives in a cottage alone and spins," and she sang in a lightsome little chirrup of a voice:

Monday I wash and Tuesday I iron,
Wednesday I cook and I mend;
Thursday I brew and Friday I sweep,
And baking day brings the end.

I fear that the bishop did not hear the song, for the arrows were flying thick and fast. The little old woman slipped behind a big tree and there she danced her:

"Hey down, down, and a down!"

to her heart's content, while the fighting went on.

Soon the great bishop was Robin's prisoner. Before he could go free, he had to open his leather wallet and count out more gold than the moon had shone on in the forest for many and many a night. He laid down the gold-pieces one by one. At every piece he gave a groan that seemed to come from the very bottom of his boots.

"That's for all the world like the cry I heard from the black pond to the westward," said Little John. "The cry wasn't like a bird's and it wasn't like a beast's. Now I know what it was: the soul of a stingy man, who had to count over and over the money that he ought to have given away while he was alive."

As for the merry old woman, she was a prisoner, too, and such a time as she had! First, Robin gave her a bigger feast than she had ever dreamed of before; every man of Robin's followers was bound that

she should eat the bit that he thought was nicest. They made her a throne of soft green moss, and on it they laid their hunting cloaks. They built a shelter of fresh boughs over her head, and they sang songs to her. They set up great torches all round about the glade. They wrestled and they vaulted and they climbed. They played every game that could be played by torchlight, all to please the little old woman who had saved the life of their master.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Compare your placing of the numbers to indicate the parts of the story.
2. What sort of an "outlaw" was Robin Hood in this tale? Give reasons for your reply. Why did the little old woman want to save Robin?
3. If you had been in Robin's place, would you have trusted the little old woman's plan? Give reasons for your answer.
4. Suggest the report the bishop might have made to the king about his experiences in this story. Have him tell the truth.

DRAMATIZATION

1. Let three committees prepare to dramatize three scenes: (*a*) In the old woman's hut. (*b*) In the forest when Robin rescues her. (*c*) The scene in which Robin's men entertain her. Some of the boys will need to serve on two of the committees.

8. CAP, THE RED CROSS DOG

GEORGENE FAULKNER

Read this story to discover the several acts of loyalty performed by Cap. Notice the order in which the acts of Cap are told.

"Cap" did not have a long pedigree; he was just plain dog. But one look into his honest brown eyes would tell you that Cap was to be trusted. He had character; he could always be depended upon.

From the time that he was a small puppy he had tried to help every one upon the farm. He guarded the baby as though he were responsible for the child. As the baby toddled about, Cap walked proudly to his side as much as to say, "I will watch him and see that no one harms him." Sometimes, as they lay side by side in the sunny dooryard, the baby would bury both fat wrists in Cap's soft coat and try to pull out handfuls of fur, but Cap never growled.

Once the baby fell face downward into the duck-pond and would have drowned; but faithful Cap pulled him out of the water. Then, seizing baby's muddy hat in his mouth, he plunged away to the farm house, barking and calling for help. "Yere-ere-ere-rrr-yere-ere, come here, ere-ere," barked Cap. The frightened family followed at his heels and soon brought the half-drowned child into the house.

"That puppy is truly a captain," said his master, "He knows just what to do." So, from that day, the dog was named Captain and called "Cap."

The whole family loved the bright little dog, but his special friend was Pierre. Pierre, who was twelve years old on the day that Cap was born, felt that Cap was his birthday present. Pierre trained Cap to come at his call and to go out with him to watch and guard the sheep. Every day the boy and his dog wandered across the hills together. Then, when the sheep were ready to come home, Cap barked at their heels and not one of them dared to disobey his sharp command. "Yere-yere, come here-here!" He was like a captain calling his orders to his soldiers, "Fall in! Forward—March!" The sheep would scurry before him down the dusty road.

One day, when they were far up on the hillside, a lamb fell over the rocky side of the ravine and dropped on the ledge below. "Ma-ma-ma," bleated the lamb, as it cried for its mother.

The mother sheep answering, "Baa-baa-baa-aaa-aa," rushed to the side of the hill. The poor mother sheep, however, not knowing how to reach her frightened baby, called loudly for help.

The day was very warm and Pierre, lying down under a tree, had fallen asleep, while the faithful Cap, stretched out at his side, was resting as he watched the sheep grazing peacefully on the hillside.

Suddenly Cap sat up, and his ears pricked forward as he heard the call of distress. He ran quickly over the rocks and when he saw the lamb down below he gave a loud sharp bark, as much as to say, "Hold on, we will help you."

He knew that he could not reach the lamb, but he knew that his young master could do so. He ran back under the tree and tugged at Pierre's coat until the sleepy shepherd-boy was wide awake.

From Cap's actions, the boy knew that some lamb was in trouble. Seizing his shepherd's staff, he climbed up over the rocks, following the excited dog. Cap led him on with sharp barks until they reached the ledge from which the lamb had fallen.

When Pierre looked down, the ledge was so steep that to think of climbing down made him almost dizzy. What could he do? He must not leave the lamb to die.

Cap looked at his master with eager eyes. Pierre would think of some way, he knew, and he, Cap, would help him. Suddenly, remembering a long, strong rope which the boy had brought with him, Cap rushed back. With one end of the rope in his mouth and the rest trailing along behind him, he came back to his young master.

"Good dog, Cap!" said Pierre. "The rope—why, of course, that is the only way."

Then, tying one end of the rope to a tree on the

top of the hill and the other end around his own body, he lowered himself over the side of the rocks. He took the staff in his hand because he saw that he could not reach the lamb without it. At last he reached the end of the rope and then, leaning far over, he put the staff under the lamb and lifted it up. But, as he looked over the rocky ravine, he wondered how he could climb back with the lamb in his arms. A misstep would mean sure death for them both. Cap was barking wildly overhead and the mother sheep was bleating mournfully. The boy shut his teeth, and, looking up toward the sky, he prayed, "Oh, God, help me!"

Instantly, his prayer was answered, for he knew just what to do. Untying the rope from his body, he tied it around the lamb and leaning against a scrubby pine tree for support, he called, "Hey, Cap! Hey, Cap!" The dog looked down, and realizing at once that he must work with his teeth, he pulled up the lamb. Then he tugged at the rope until he freed the lamb, and the frightened creature curled up safely by his mother.

With the free end of the rope in his mouth, Cap went to the ledge and dropped it over toward the boy. The rope caught in the branches of the pine tree; but Pierre, with his staff, pulled it down and tied it securely around his waist. Then he began his perilous climb up the rocks. The big dog at the top barked his encouragement.

At last the boy reached the top of the rocks. His clothing was torn and his legs and arms were bruised and bleeding, but he was safe and he knew that the lamb was safe also. Weak and dizzy with a sprained ankle, he fell upon the ground, exhausted. Cap licked the face and hands of his young master and then, as he did not get up and walk, became excited again. He said as plainly as a dog can talk, "Lie here and rest, while I go for help."

Cap took his young master's cap in his teeth and ran down into the valley, where the farmer and his older son were reaping. The farmer at once knew that something serious had happened; they followed Cap up the hillside, where they found Pierre. The rope, fastened to him, and tied about the tree, together with his bruised body, told them the story.

"My boy," said the father. "You should not have risked your life for a lamb."

"Why, I did not do it alone, father," said the boy. "Cap knew just what to do and he helped me."

"Good dog, Cap!" said the farmer. He patted the dog on the head, and Cap licked his hand to show that he knew that he was appreciated.

Pierre suffered so much from the sprained ankle and from his bruises that for a time he could not watch the flock. But Cap had proved that he could be trusted to look after the sheep. For a while the shepherd dog went out alone to the hillside. When

the boy was better they went out together to take care of the flock. Many happy days they spent wandering over the hills, for the boy and his dog were inseparable friends.

"Cap is my best friend," said Pierre. "He always understands everything I say to him. I know that he loves me and I love him dearly."

The years went on and war came to the peaceful valley. Pierre was now a young man, eighteen years old, and glad that he was to march away and serve his country.

Across the green pastures, ugly trenches were dug and barbed wire coils were tangled everywhere. No sheep were grazing upon the hillside, now. They had all been sold and killed for food, while the dog, Captain, had been given to the ambulance corps.

"My son has gone to the front," said the father proudly, "and I shall go too, when I am needed. This shepherd dog, Captain, is his dog. I know that my boy will be glad to have his dog in service, also. He is a good dog, Cap."

By the Red Cross Society Cap was soon trained to search out the wounded upon the battle-field and to bring them help. Cap was very proud of his harness, with its relief supplies and tiny canteens, and of his red cross, the badge of service. From the first day, he showed his ability to look after the wounded soldiers.

"That dog is the kindest and most faithful animal

in the whole lot," said the young doctor who trained Cap for the service. "The other day Captain saved thirty lives by his persistent searching on the battlefield. We know when Cap comes back, holding a hat in his mouth, that there is some one out there whom we can help, and he leads us just to the place at once. Why, that dog almost talks, he is so intelligent."

One day during a frightful firing across the trenches the dogs and men suffered from the deadly fumes of poisonous gas. The doctor put a mask over Cap's face to protect him from the gases. Cap seemed to know that the mask was for his own good and, although he had never worn a muzzle in his life, he did not growl but went right on with his work.

When the firing ceased and the fumes had passed away, the mask was removed from Cap. He ran out into the valley of death, into the "no man's land" of the dead and wounded, and sniffed about to find some one to help. At last he was rewarded by finding a young soldier who was alive. As he sniffed the wounded soldier, his tail wagged in joy and he suddenly broke the law of the Red Cross dogs and barked, in his excitement—he had found his own master.

Pierre had fallen upon his face. But Cap soon pushed him over upon his back. The sharp barking of the dog aroused the soldier, who, gazing upward, looked into the eyes of his faithful friend. "Cap—

oh, Cap," gasped Pierre. "Good dog, did you come for me? Too late now, Cap," and Pierre groaned as he closed his eyes.

Cap began to lick Pierre's face with his tongue, as much as to say, "You must keep awake and I will help you." Pierre opened his eyes and looked again at Cap. Then, seeing the flask carried in the harness of the dog, he seized it eagerly and, taking a drink, he said, "You are right, Cap, I will brace up until you bring some one to help me."

The dog took the young soldier's cap between his teeth and ran back to the hospital tent. As he put the hat down, he barked again, sharply, as much as to say, "Do come quickly."

"Now, Cap, none of that," said the doctor. "We will go to your soldier, but you must not command us."

Soon the ambulance men followed the excited dog to the young soldier, who had fainted again. Cap began to lick Pierre's hands and to kiss his face.

"Here, Cap, down," said the young doctor. "You must not be rough with your caresses."

But the wounded soldier boy opened his eyes, and said, "My dog—good dog—Cap—saved my life, when I went for a lost lamb, once—Now, again—just in time—good dog—Cap."

Cap walked slowly behind the ambulance that carried his master to the hospital, where he stretched out by the door, waiting and watching. All night long

he watched and waited; he would not go out in the field again, for his own master might need him.

The doctor, who understood dogs as well as men, would not let them order the dog away. "Look at his big eyes. He is suffering with his young master. No, Cap shall stay here and watch. The other dogs can do the field work." He took off the harness from Cap and let him stay on guard at the door.

Cap watched for several days and nights, and every time the door opened he would look anxiously at the doctor. "All right, Cap, your master will pull through," said the doctor at last.

Sure enough, that day Pierre opened his eyes to the world again. His delirium had passed. He asked for Cap and the dog was brought in. With his paws resting on his master's cot, Cap looked lovingly into his face.

"You saved my life, Cap, and when I am well and strong I will go back into the trenches. We must both fight for France, you and I, and now old Cap, you must go back to the field and look after the wounded. I shall be all right again and will do my part, but Cap, you must go back now. Good-by; good dog, Cap!"

Cap gave his head a shake and then, looking earnestly at his young master, he licked Pierre's face and hands. After this good-by caress, he trotted out and stood at attention before the doctor.

The doctor understood and buckled on Cap's Red

"GOOD-BY, CAP; GOOD DOG, CAP!"

Cross uniform and fitted him out for field work again. Then he bent over the dog and patting him upon his head he said the very words of the young master: "Good-by, Cap; good dog, Cap!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Does the story tell the acts of Cap in the order of their importance? Which act was most important?
2. Some boy explain the meaning of a "pedigree."
3. Mention acts of protection given to children by dogs.
4. What pictures might be drawn to illustrate the four main parts of this story?
5. Tell the class the story of a loyal dog that you know.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Red Cross Stories for Children, Georgene Faulkner. Doubleday.
Puppy Dogs' Tales and Stories of Other Animal Friends, Frances Kent. Macmillan.
Famous Four-Footed Friends, George C. Harvey. McBride.

9. THE MIRACLE

RUTH SAWYER

As you read the story of the clock-maker try to *see* him; make a picture of him in your mind. Try to think as he thought while carrying out his acts of kindness.

Once on a time there lived in Germany a little clock-maker by the name of Hermann Joseph. He lived in one small room with a bench for his work, a chest for his wood, his tools, a cupboard for dishes, and a trundle-bed under the bench. Besides these he had a stool, and that was all, excepting his clocks. Hundreds of clocks he had: little and big, carved and plain, some with wooden faces and some with porcelain faces, shelf clocks, cuckoo clocks, clocks with chimes and clocks without, all hung on the walls, which were almost covered with them. On a shelf in front of his one window, Hermann placed his best clocks to show the passers-by. Often they would stop to look and some one would cry:

"See, Hermann Joseph has made a new clock, finer than any of the rest!"

Then if anybody happened to want a clock, he would come in and buy it.

I have called Hermann a little clock-maker because his back was bent and his legs were crooked, making him look very short and funny. But his was the kindest face in all the city. Children dearly loved him.

Whenever a doll lost an arm or an eye, its careless little mother would carry it straight to Hermann's shop.

"The baby needs something," she would say. "Canst thou do it now for me?" Whatever work Hermann was doing he would always put aside to mend the broken doll; never a penny would he take for the mending.

"Go spend it for sweetmeats, or, better still, put it by until Christmas-time. 'Twill bring thee some happiness then, maybe," he would always say.

At Christmas time in that long ago the citizens were accustomed to bring gifts to the great cathedral and lay them before the Holy Mother and Child. People saved all through the year that they might have beautiful gifts to bring on that day. The saying among them was that when a gift was brought that pleased the Christ-child more than any other, He would reach down from Mary's arms and take it. This was only a saying, of course. Herr Graf, the oldest man in the city, could not remember that the miracle had ever really happened; many laughed at the very idea. But children often talked about the expected miracle, and the poets made beautiful verses about it. Often, when a rich gift was placed beside the altar, the watchers would whisper among themselves, "Perhaps now we shall see the miracle."

Those who had no gifts to bring went to the cathedral on Christmas Eve to see the gifts of the others, to hear the carols, and to watch the burning of the waxen tapers. Among these was the little clock-maker. Often he was asked, "Why do you never bring a gift?" Once the bishop himself questioned him: "Poorer than thou have brought offerings to the Child. Where is thy gift?"

Hermann had answered: "Wait; some day you shall see. I too, shall bring a gift some day."

The truth was that the little clock-maker was so busy helping others all the year that he never had anything left at Christmas-time. But he had a wonderful idea on which he was working every minute that he could spare from his clocks. The work had taken him years and years; no one knew anything about it but Trude, his neighbor's child, and Trude had grown from a baby into a little house-mother, and still the gift was not finished.

His gift was to be a clock, the most wonderful clock ever made. He had fashioned every part of it with loving care. The case, the works, the weights, the hands, and the face, all had taken years of labor. He had spent years carving the case and hands, years perfecting the works. Now Hermann saw that with a little more haste he could finish his gift-clock for the coming Christmas. He mended the children's toys as before, but he gave up making his regular

clocks, so that he had fewer to sell; often his cupboard was empty and he went supperless to bed. That only made him a little thinner and his face a little kinder.

Meantime his gift-clock became more and more beautiful. It was fashioned like a rude stable with rafters, stall, and crib. The Holy Mother knelt beside a manger in which a tiny Christ-child lay, while through the open door the hours came. Three of the hours were kings, three were shepherds, three were soldiers, and three were angels. When an hour struck, the figure representing that hour knelt before the sleeping Child, while the silver chimes played the "Magnificat."

"Thou seest," said the clock-maker to Trude, "Not just on Sundays and holidays should we remember to worship the Christ-child and bring Him gifts, but every day, every hour."

The days went by like clouds before a winter wind. At last the clock was finished. So happy was Hermann with his work that he put the gift-clock on the shelf before the window to show the passers-by. Crowds looked at it all day long. Many whispered, "Do you think this can be the gift Hermann has spoken of, his offering on Christmas Eve at the Church?"

The day before Christmas came. Hermann cleaned up his shop, wound all his clocks, brushed his clothes,

and went over the gift-clock again to be sure everything was perfect.

"My gift will not look mean beside the others," he thought, happily. In fact he was so happy that he gave away all but one penny to a blind beggar who passed his door. Then, remembering that he had eaten nothing since breakfast, he spent that last penny for a Christmas apple to eat with a crust of bread. He was putting these in the cupboard to eat after he was dressed, when the door opened and Trude stood there crying softly.

"Child, child, what ails thee?" He gathered her into his arms.

" 'Tis the father. He is hurt. All the money that was put by for the tree and sweets and toys has gone to Herr Doctor. And now, how can I tell the children? Already they have lighted the candle at the window and are waiting for Kriss Kringle to come."

The clock-maker laughed merrily.

"Come, come, little one, all will be well. Hermann will sell a clock for thee. Some house in the city must need a clock; in a wink we shall have money enough for the tree and the toys. Go home and sing."

He buttoned on his greatcoat and, picking out the best of the old clocks, he went out. He went first to the rich merchants, but their houses were full of clocks. Then he went to the journeymen, but they said his clock was old-fashioned. He even stood on

the corners of the streets and in the square, crying, "A clock—a good clock for sale." No one paid any attention to him. At last he gathered up courage and went to the Herr Graf himself.

"Will your Excellency buy a clock?" he said, trembling at his own boldness. "I would not ask, but it is Christmas and I need to buy happiness for some children."

The Herr Graf smiled.

"Yes, I will buy a clock, but not that one. I will pay a hundred gold pieces for the clock thou hast had in thy window these four days past."

"But, your Excellency, that is impossible!" Poor Hermann trembled harder than ever.

"Poof! Nothing is impossible. That clock or none. Get thee home and I will send for it in half an hour, and pay thee the money."

The little clock-maker stumbled out.

"Anything but that—anything but that!" he kept mumbling over and over to himself on his way home. But as he passed Trude's house he saw the children at the window with their lighted candle and he heard the mother singing.

So it happened that the servant who came from the Herr Graf carried the gift clock away with him; but the clock-maker would take but five of the gold pieces in payment. As the servant disappeared up the street the chimes commenced to ring from the cathedral.

The streets suddenly became noisy with the many people going thither, bearing their Christmas offerings.

"I have gone empty-handed before," said the little clock-maker sadly. "I can go empty-handed once again." Again he buttoned up his greatcoat.

As he turned to shut his cupboard door he saw the Christmas apple and an odd smile crept into the corners of his mouth and lighted his eyes.

"It is all I have, my dinner for two days. I will carry that to the Christ-child. Any gift is better, after all, than going again empty-handed."

How full of peace and beauty was the great cathedral when Hermann entered. A thousand tapers were burning and everywhere was the sweet scent of the Christmas greens. The altar before the Holy Mother and Child was loaded with gifts. The gifts were richer than had been brought for many years: marvellously wrought vessels from the greatest silversmiths; cloth of gold and cloth of silk brought from the East by the merchants; poets' songs written on rolls of costly paper; pictures of saints and the Holy Family. Even the King had brought his crown and scepter; every one had brought rich gifts to lay before the Child. After all these offerings, came the little clock-maker, walking slowly down the long aisle, holding tight his Christmas apple.

When the people saw him a murmur rose, sounded

a moment through the church and then grew clear and loud.

"Shame! See, he is too mean to bring his clock! He hoards it as a miser hoards his gold. See what he brings! Shame!"

The words reached Hermann as he stumbled on blindly, his head dropped forward on his breast, his hands groping the way. The distance seemed endless. Now he knew he was past the seats; now his feet touched the first step; he must climb seven steps to reach the altar. Would his feet never reach the top?

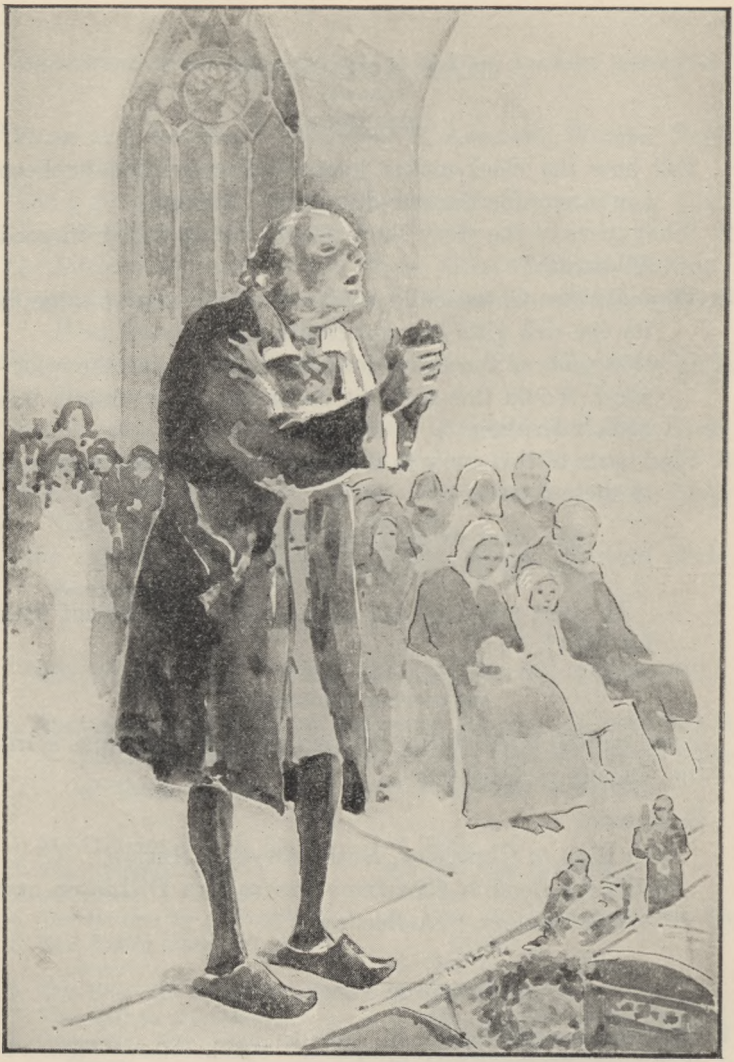
"One, two, three," he counted to himself; then he tripped and almost fell. "Four, five, six." He was nearly there. Only one step more.

The murmur of shame died away. In its place rose sounds of wonder and awe. Soon the words became clear and distinct.

"The miracle! The miracle!"

The people knelt in the great cathedral; the bishop raised his hands in prayer. The little clock-maker stumbled to the last step. Then he looked up through dim eyes and saw the Christ-child leaning toward him, far down from Mary's arms. His hands were outstretched to take the little clock-maker's gift.

Adapted.



"THE MIRACLE! THE MIRACLE!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell how the clock-maker kept Christmas. Did he keep Christmas for the one day only? Explain.
2. What parts of the story show people failing to live in good fellowship?
3. Why did the Christ-child refuse to stretch out his hands for the rich gifts brought to his altar?
4. In what part of the story does the clock-maker show loyalty? Would this story fit under any other unit in this book? Explain.
5. Find parts of this story to illustrate Lowell's idea expressed in these lines:

> Not what we give, but what we share,
> For the gift without the giver is bare.

In what ways did the clock-maker give himself with his gifts?

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

Read and tell other stories showing the true Christmas spirit —the keeping of Christmas.

References:

This Way to Christmas, Ruth Sawyer. Harper.
Children's Book of Christmas Stories, Asa Dickinson and Ada Skinner. Doubleday.

TOPICS FOR FLOOR TALKS

1. Describe the gift clock.
2. Tell how a cuckoo clock works.
3. A Christmas gift that brought cheer.
4. Another story of loyalty to an ideal in spite of difficulty.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.—MYTHS AND HERO STORIES SHOWING LOYALTY

"Fitna and the Cow," Constance S. Armfield, *Wonder Tales of the World.* Harcourt.

"The Ugly Duckling," Hans Christian Andersen, *Fairy Tales and Other Stories.* Oxford.

The Little House in the Fairy Wood, Ethel C. Eliot. Stokes.

"Legend of the Christmas Rose," Wilhelmina Harper, *Story Hour Favorites.* Century.

"The Water of Life," Howard Pyle, *The Wonder Clock.* Harper.

"Beauty and the Beast," Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, *The Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales.* Doran.

"The Old Street Lamp," Hans Christian Andersen, *Fairy Tales and Other Stories.* Oxford.

Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, Howard Pyle. Scribners.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF LOYALTY

1. *Phonograph program on American loyalty.* If you have a phonograph in the school, perhaps you can borrow some of these records, and have a Loyalty Program.

1. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.
2. The American Flag.
3. Arm, Arm, Ye Brave.
4. The Battle Cry of Freedom.
5. The Battle Hymn of the Republic.
6. The Blue and the Gray.
7. The Call to the Colors.
8. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
9. Columbus.
10. The Declaration of Independence.
11. Dixie.
12. The Flag Goes By.
13. The Gettysburg Address.
14. Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death.
15. God, Give Us Men.
16. Hail Columbia.
17. The Landing of the Pilgrims.
18. The Meaning of the Flag.
19. My Homeland.
20. The Name of Old Glory.
21. Paul Revere's Ride.
22. The Rising of Seventy-six.

23. Sheridan's Ride.
24. Soldier, Rest.
25. Stars and Stripes Forever.
26. The Star Spangled Banner.
27. Tenting To-night.
28. A Vision of War.
29. When Johnny Comes Marching Home.
30. When the Boys Come Home.
31. Yankee Doodle.
32. Your Flag and My Flag.

2. From the following verses select the one which seems best to represent loyalty to our country. Memorize it.

a. And thou, my country, write it on thy heart,
Thy sons are they who nobly take thy part;
Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine,
Wherever born, is born a son of thine.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

b. He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray;
And leaves his sons an uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read:
This is the better way.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

c. Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

PATRICK HENRY.

d. Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

3. *Game:* Find one of the selections in this book which best illustrates each of the following verses:

a. There is nothing so kingly as kindness.

b. Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can. JOHN WESLEY.

c. Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

d. Little deeds, like little seeds,
Grow and grow and grow;
Some are flowers and some are weeds,
Giving joy or woe.
Let us sow but happy deeds
Everywhere we go.

e. Little deeds of kindness
Little words of love
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

f. The stars are tiny daisies high,
Op'ning and shutting in the sky,
While daisies are the stars below,
Tumbling and sparkling as they grow.

g. Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, " 'Tis sweet to live";
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.
Was that somebody—you?

4. Copy stanza *g*, "Somebody did a golden deed"; write the lines far apart on a large sheet of paper. Do not let the lines come more than half way across the sheet.

   Try to recall selections in this book that illustrate the meaning of any three of the lines. Look up the exact title of the selections, and copy them after the lines of the verse. Perhaps you can fill in the name of a selection after more than three of the lines.

5. Make a class scrap-book, entitled "Loyalty to our Country." Include pictures of the flag, historical pictures, poems of patriotism, and anything else that represents love for our country.

GLOSSARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in māte	ä as in färm	ĭ as in ĭt	ū as in mūte
ă as in căt	ē as in ēve	ō as in mōte	ŭ as in cŭt
â as in câre	ĕ as in lĕt	ŏ as in nŏt	o͞o as in fo͞od
å as in åsk	ī as in mīnd	ô as in ôr	o͝o as in fo͝ot

abdomen (ăb dō′mĕn): part of the body containing the organs that digest the food
abruptly (ăb rŭpt′lĭ): suddenly
abundant (ă bŭn′dănt): plentiful; many of
abuse (ă būs′): harsh treatment
accordingly (ă kôrd′ĭng lĭ): in keeping with
accosted (ă kŏs′tĕd): spoken to
accounting (ă koun′tĭng): keeping track of
adieu (ă dū′): French word for good-by
advancement (ăd văns′mĕnt): a going forward
aerial (ā ē′rĭ ăl): in the air
affectionate (ă fĕk′shun āt): loving; fond
albumen (ăl bū′mĕn): white part of an egg
Allegheny (ăl′ē gā nĭ): river in Pennsylvania
allegiance (ă lē′jăns): loyalty
ally (ă lī′): associate; partner
aloof (ă lo͞of′): apart or aside
alpaca (ăl păk′ă): cloth made from wool
Ambassador (ăm băs′ă der): a government agent representing his country in a foreign capital
ambulance (ăm′bū lăns): a car or wagon for carrying sick or wounded people
ambuscade (ăm″bŭs kād′): place where enemies are lying in wait
anniversary (ăn ĭ ver′să rĭ): a return of a date after a year or a number of years
antennæ (ăn tĕn′ă): hair-like feelers on the head of an insect
anteroom (ăn′tĭ ro͞om): a small room opening into a bigger hall or room
antics (ăn′tĭks): tricks
antitoxin (ăn″tĭ tŏk′sĭn): something to put in the blood to ward off disease
appreciated (ă prē′shĭ āt ĕd): prized; valued
Argonne (är″gôn′): a region in France
arrested (ă rĕs′tĕd): caught; attracted
art: cunning or cleverness
ashen (ăsh′ĕn): pale; almost white
assuage (ă swāj′): to soften or soothe
astonishment (ăs tŏn′ĭsh mĕnt): great surprise

balancing (băl′ăns ĭng): keeping steady and even
basting (bās′tĭng): putting moisture over roasting meat
battalion (bă tăl′yŭn): a company or group of soldiers
baying (bā′ĭng): crying or barking in a deep tone
bedaubed (bē dôbd′): covered all over with
bedlam (bĕd′lăm): a terrific sound
belfry (bĕl′frĭ): place in a church where the bell is hung
beseeching (bē sēch′ĭng): begging earnestly
bewildered (bē wĭl′derd): confused; frightened

Blackamoor (blăk'ȧ mo͝or): a colored man
bounteously (boun'tē ŭs lĭ): freely; generously
bravado (brȧ vä'dō): a sort of foolish courage
brilliant (brĭl'yănt): very bright
bristling (brĭs'lĭng): sticking out with
bulwarks (bo͝ol' wȧrks): boarding around the sides of a ship

cannon (kăn'ŭn): a large gun
canopy (kăn'ō pĭ): a covering made of skins or cloth
canted (kănt'ĕd): leaned or slanted
canteens (kăn tēns'): flasks for carrying water
capsized (kăp sīzd'): upset or overturned
caravan (kăr'ȧ văn): a company of people in wagons traveling together for safety
carcass (kär'kȧs): the dead body of an animal
caresses (kȧ rĕs'sĕs): acts of affection
cathedral (kȧ thē'drăl): a large church
cautiously (kô'shŭs lĭ): with great care
ceased (sēst): stopped
ceremonial (sĕr''ē mō'nĭ ăl): performed with formalities
chafed (chāft): made sore by rubbing
challenge (chăl'ĕnj): the call to a fight or to a hard task
chant (chănt): song
charcoal (chär'kōl): a form of soft coal
charred (chärd): burned; scorched
chastizing (chăs tīz'ĭng): punishing
Chippewas (chĭp'ē wäz): Indians of a tribe originally living in the vicinity of Lake Superior; also called Ojibwa (ō jĭb'wā)
clearing (klēr'ĭng): open place cut in a grove or forest
clinched (klĭncht): laid hold on; thrown his arms or legs around
combination (kŏm bĭ nā'shŭn): a union; several things going together
comical (kŏm'ĭ kăl): funny; queer-looking
commission (kŏ mĭsh'ŭn): a paper showing officer's rank in the army
commonwealth (kŏm'ŏn wĕlth): a name used instead of nation or state
commotion (kŏ mō'shŭn): disorder; excitement
communication (kŏ mū''nĭ kā'shŭn): passing news from one to another
competitors (kŏm pĕt'ĭ tŏrs): rivals
composure (kŏm pō'zhur): calmness; quietness
compound fracture (kŏm pound' frăk'tūr): the breaking of a bone in such a way as to make an open wound through which, often, the broken bone projects
conference (kŏn'fer ĕns): a gathering together
confidence (kŏn'fĭ dĕns): trust; courage
confidently (kŏn'fĭ dĕnt lĭ): trustfully; without fear
conflagration (kŏn''flȧ grā'shŭn): a terrible fire, usually in a city
continuous (kŏn tĭn'ū ŭs): unbroken; constant
contrivance (kŏn trī'văns): something made
cordial (kôr'jăl): friendly
Coskata (kŏs kȧ'tȧ): the name of a town in Rhode Island
council (koun'sĭl): an assembly or gathering to think over important matters
coursers (kōr'surs): horses
courtesying (kur'tē sĭ ĭng): bowing; bending at the knees
coxswain (kŏx'swān): one who guides a boat
crooning (kro͞on'ĭng): singing softly
crouched (kroucht): stooped down
crunch (krŭnch): crush with the teeth
curiosity (kū''rĭ ŏs'ĭ tĭ): wonder
curious (kū'rĭ ŭs): funny; amusing

dapple-gray (dăpl'grā): spotted-gray color

dastard (dăs'tȧrd): cowardly
daunted (dôn'tĕd): frightened
DeCanville (dē kăn'vĭl): a town in France
declined (dē klīnd'): refused
defiance (dē fī'ăns): courage; brave challenge
delirium (dē lĭ'rĭ ŭm): state of being out of one's right mind
demonstrated (dĕm'ŏn strāt''ĕd): proved; illustrated
derisively (dē rī'sĭv lĭ): mockingly
desperate (dĕs'pur āt): very serious; almost beyond hope
determined (dē tur'mĭnd): resolute; strong; steady
detriment (dĕt'rĭ mĕnt): damage
devotion (dē vō'shŭn): warm love
devouring (dē vour'ĭng): burning completely up
dignified (dĭg'nĭ fīd): quiet; noble in manner
diphtheria (dĭf thē'rĭ ȧ): a serious disease
dirk (durk): a dagger
disaster (dĭz ȧs'tur): a serious accident
disclaimed (dĭs klāmd'): denied
dismayed (dĭs mād'): frightened; shocked
disposition (dĭs pō zĭsh'ŭn): temper
disregard (dĭs'rē gärd): overlook; disobey
distinguished (dĭs tĭng'gwĭsht): very well known and honored
distracted (dĭs trăk'tĕd): confused; puzzled
disturbed (dĭs turbd'): upset; annoyed
doggedly (dŏg'ĕd lĭ); steadily; stubbornly
doughty (dou'tĭ): brave; strong
dramatic (drȧ mă'tĭk): very serious; very critical
draught (drȧft): a long drink; a current of air
drills (drĭls): rows in which beets are planted
drowsing (drou'zĭng): half sleeping
Druids (drū'ĭds): a religious order of Ancient Britain
ducats (dŭ'kăts): a European coin worth about 85 cents

embers (ĕm'berz): live coals in ashes
embryo (ĕm'brĭ ō): a creature still unhatched in an egg
emerald (ĕm'ĕr ȧld): rich green; a precious stone
emerge (ē murj'): come out of
enchanted (ĕn chȧnt'ĕd): charmed
encouragement (ĕn kur'ăj mĕnt): help; assistance
endurance (ĕn dūr'ăns): bearing hardships
enlivened (ĕn lī'vĕnd): made lively
ensign (ĕn'sīn): a flag or banner
enterprise (ĕn'tur prīz): an undertaking of importance or risk
enthusiastic (ĕn thū''zĭ ăs'tĭc): earnest; eager
entrance (ĕn'trȧns): an opening into
epidemic (ĕp ĭ dĕm'ĭk): a widespread amount of sickness
Equitable Building (ĕk'wĭ tȧ bl): name of a huge office building
eternity (ē ter'nĭ tĭ): existence after death
etiquette (ĕ'tĭ kĕt): rules of good society
exertion (ĕg zur'shŭn): hard work
exhaust (ĕg zôst'): spent gas after it has exploded in an engine
exhausted (ĕg zôst'ĕd): worn out
expectantly (ĕks pĕk'tănt lĭ): looking forward to something
expedition (ĕks''pē dĭsh'ŭn): a group of persons banded together for a march, a voyage, or the like
exultation (ĕg zŭl tā'shŭn): great happiness
exulted (ĕg zŭlt'ĕd): rejoiced; exclaimed with delight

famished (făm'ĭsht): half-starved
fantastic (făn tăs'tĭk): very queer; unusual
fatigue (fȧ tēg'): weariness
feints (fānts): pretense of attack; sham movements
feline (fē'līn): a cat
fledglings (flĕj'lĭngs): very young birds
flimsy (flĭm'zĭ): weak; thin
flinched (flĭncht): shrank back
floating (flōt'ĭng): carried; moving gently

foreigner (fŏr'ĭn er): one who belongs to another country
forlorn (fôr lôrn'): hopeless; discouraged
frantically (frăn'tĭk lĭ): furiously; wildly
frenzied (frĕn'zĭd): terrified
frolics (frŏ'lĭks): games; sports
frontier (frŏn'tēr): the edge of the wilderness; the place where settlements stop
full-fledged (fo͝ol'flĕjd): fully developed; entirely equipped
furious (fū'rĭ ŭs): very angry; violent

gaping (gāp'ĭng): wide open
genius (jēn'yŭs): talent; intellect
gholligrampus (gŏl ĭ grăm'pŭs): a name for a purely imaginary animal
glimmering (glĭm'er ĭng): faintly shining
Granada (grä nä'dä): a city in Spain
grenadiers (grĕn''ä dērs'): foot soldiers
grizzled (grĭz'ld): gray-colored
grizzly (grĭz'lĭ): a large, fierce bear
gullies (gŭl'lĭz): channels cut by water

haunches (hänch'ĕs): the hind part of an animal
helter-skelter (hĕl'ter-skĕl'ter): in all directions
hesitation (hĕz''ĭ tā'shŭn): a pause; a halted movement
Highgate (hī'gāt): a part of the city of London
hillocks (hĭl'ŏks): little mounds or hills
hoist: lift
homespun (hōm'spŭn): woven at home; hand-woven
hoodwinked (ho͝od'wĭnkt): blindfolded
hospitality (hŏs''pĭ tăl'ĭ tĭ): entertaining friends or strangers with kindness
hosts (hōsts): great numbers
hovering (hŭ'ver ĭng): slowly moving
hue (hū): color
hurricane (hŭr'ĭ kān): a terrific storm of wind
hurry-skurry (hŭ'rĭ-skŭr'ĭ): in all directions
huzzahing (hŭz zä'ĭng): calling hurrahs; making loud happy calls

imagination (ĭ măj''ĭ nā'shŭn): making things that are not real seem real
impetuous (ĭm pĕt'ū ŭs): eager; anxious
incessantly (ĭn cĕs'sănt lĭ): without stopping
Indies (ĭn'dĭz): islands east of Central America
indifferent (ĭn dĭf'ur ĕnt): paying no attention to
indulgent (ĭn dŭl'jĕnt): over-kind; too kind
inseparable (ĭn sĕp'ä rä bl): not to be parted
instinct (ĭn'stĭngkt): a natural skill to do something
intimate (ĭn'tĭ māt): friendly
inventive (ĭn vĕn'tĭv): clever at planning new things, methods, or the like

jutting (jŭt'ĭng): slightly standing out from a surface

Kriss Kringle (krĭs krĭng'gl): Santa Claus

laurel wreath (lô'rĕl rēth): a gift of flowers as mark of honor
lay (lā): song
league (lēg): a distance of about three miles
ledge (lĕj): a small ridge of rock
lee (lē): the side protected against the wind
luff (lŭf): steer toward the wind
lurch: a sudden pitch to one side
lurked (lurkt): hid

mace (māS): a staff indicating high office
magnifying (măg'nĭ fī ĭng): making to appear much larger
mahogany (mä hŏg'ä nĭ): a reddish-brown hard wood

maintained (mān'tānd): kept
major-general (mā'jur-jĕn'ur l): an army officer
Manhattan (măn hăt'ăn): a part of New York City
mariner (măr'ĭ nur): one of the crew of a ship
martyr (mär'tur): one who dies for his faith
maze (māz): a tangle, as of many trees together
medicine man (mĕd'ĭ sĭn): among primitive peoples, one who professes to drive away evil spirits
menagerie (mē năj'ĕr ĭ): place where wild animals are kept
mettle (mĕt'l): spirit, courage
migrate (mī'grāt): move home from one place to another
military family (mĭl'ĭ tā rĭ făm'ĭ lĭ): the army of the country
miniature (mĭn'ĭ ā tūr): a small likeness of something
miracle (mĭr'ă kl): a wonderful or amazing event
mizzen (mĭz'n): the aftermost sail of a three-masted vessel
momentary (mō'mĕn tā rĭ): very brief
mon dieu (mŏn dū'): a French exclamation
mortgage (môr'gāj): a claim on a piece of property in return for money loaned
motley (mŏt'lĭ): wearing clothes of many colors
muster (mŭs'tur): a gathering together
Mystic (mĭs'tĭk): a small river in Massachusetts

navigators (năv'ĭ gā''terz): sailors
nobility (nō bĭl'ĭ tĭ): high birth or rank; the aristocracy of Europe
nobleman (nō'bl măn): a man of high rank
notions (nō'shŭnz): ideas

observations (ŏb zur vā'shŭnz): examinations; watchings
obstacle (ŏb'stă kl): a difficulty in the way
obvious (ŏb'vĭ ŭs): easily seen or understood
orchestra (ôr'kĕs tră): a group of musicians playing instruments
ovations (ō vā'shŭnz): celebrations; greetings

parental roof (pă rĕn'tăl rōōf): home given one by his parents
pedigree (pĕd'ĭ grē): known line of ancestors
peering (pēr'ĭng): looking closely
pell mell (pĕl mĕl'): head over heels
perplexity (per plĕx'ĭ tĭ): confusion; doubt
persistent (per sĭs'tĕnt): continual; never ceasing
phalanx (fā'lăngks): close battle order
phantom (făn'tŭm): like a ghost
photograph (fō'tō grăf): a picture
pianola (pĭ ă nō'lă): a machine which plays a piano
piazza (pĭ ăz'ză): a porch
pillion (pĭl'yŭn): seat for a rider placed behind the saddle
pneumonia (nū mō'nĭ ă): a disease of the lungs
poll (pōl): head
pondered (pŏn'derd): thought deeply
ponderous (pŏn'der ŭs): very large and heavy
porpoise (pôr'pŭs): a small whale
pranks (prănks): games; jokes
prejudiced (prĕj'ŏŏ dĭst): unfair in opinions; unjustly set against anything
presume (prē zūm'): suppose
proceeded (prō sēd'ĕd): advanced; went forward
procession (prō sĕsh'ŭn): a line of persons in a march
procured (prō kūrd'): obtained; got
proportion (prō pōr'shŭn): relation in size or weight
prospective (prō spĕk'tĭv): expected; planned for
provisions (prō vĭzh'ŭnz): a supply of food
prowling (proul'ĭng): wandering
punctured (pŭngk'tūrd) cut through
pursuit (pur sūt'): the act of following or chasing

quid (kwĭd): a piece of something being chewed

radiant (rā′dĭ ănt): very bright-colored
raid (rād): a sudden attack
ramblings (răm′blĭngs): wanderings
rammer (răm′er): the instrument which pushes the load into a musket or cannon
rampart (răm′pärt): a breastwork; fortification
ravine (rā vēn′): a hollow; a gulley
reel (rēl): a frame for winding a fishing-line
reflectively (rē flĕk′tĭv lĭ): thoughtfully
reflector (rē flĕk′tôr): that which serves as a mirror
refugees (rĕf ū jēz′): people who flee for protection from danger
reliable (rē lī′ȧ bl): trustworthy; dependable
remnants (rĕm′nănts): that which is left
reproachfully (rē prōch′fo͝ol ĭ): with sorrow and disappointment
restocking (rē stŏk′ĭng): supplying with goods a second time
resumed (rē zūmd′): begun again
rollicked (rŏl′ĭkt): frolicked or romped
romance (rō măns′): mystery
Roosevelt (rō′zĕ vĕlt): the name of the twenty-sixth President of the United States
rotating (rō′tāt ĭng): turning around about a center
round about (round′a bout″): round and round; here and there
route (ro͞ot): a road
ruddy (rŭd′ĭ): red or almost red in color
rumination (rū mĭ nā′shŭn): deep thought

safe deposit (sāf dē pŏs′ĭt): a place to keep valuables safely
salmon (săm′ŭn): a kind of fish
San Katy Head (săn kā′tĭ hĕd): a lighthouse station in Rhode Island
scrabbling (scrăb lĭng): moving about rapidly
scupper (skŭp′er): a hole at the side of a ship
scurry (skŭr′ĭ): run with quick, short steps
scuttle (skŭt′tl): hurry; run hastily
sensation (sĕn sā′shŭn): a condition of great excitement, enthusiasm or interest
series (sē′rēs): several in succession
serum (sē′rŭm): a fluid to put in the blood
session (sĕsh′ŭn): the sitting together of individuals for business transaction
shaft (shăft): a place dug or sunk in the earth
sharkskin (shärk′skĭn): leather made of the skin of a shark
sheen (shēn): brightness
shrouds: winding sheet or covering
silver-smiths (sĭl′ver smĭths): men who make jewelry
Sioux (so͞o): one of the warlike tribes of North American Indians; native name Dakota (dȧ kō′tȧ)
skirmish (skur′mĭsh): a slight, brisk fight in war
sledges (slĕj′ĕs): sleds
sober (sō′ber): solemn; grave
soggy (sŏg′ĭ): wet; soaked
solemnity (sō lĕm′nĭ tĭ): seriousness
somber (sŏm′ber): dark
spacious (spā′shŭs): wide; large
spectral (spĕk′trăl): like a ghost
spindly (spĭnd′lĭ): very slender and thin
splint (splĭnt): a piece of wood wound on a broken limb
spruce (spro͞os): a kind of evergreen tree
stalwart (stôl′wert): straight and tall
starboard (stär′bōrd): the right hand side of a ship
stealthy (stĕl′thĭ): silent; secret
steed (stēd): a horse
stock-still (stŏk′stĭl): still as a post
suffocating (sŭf′ō kāt ĭng): killing by shutting off air for breathing
sumach (so͞o′măk): a small tree
summoned (sŭm′ŭnd): called
superstition (sū″per stĭsh′ŭn): dread, fear, of the unknown

surgeon (sur′jŭn): a doctor who performs operations to restore health
surrender (sŭ rĕn′der): yielding oneself to an enemy
suspense (sŭs pĕns′): a state of doubt or uncertainty
swooped (swōōpt): came in huge numbers

tarnished (tär′nĭsht): rusted
tawny (tô′nĭ): yellowish brown
tenement (tĕn′e mĕnt): a dwelling rented by one person from another
Thames (tĕmz): the river on which London is located
thermometer (ther mŏm′ē ter): an instrument that measures how warm or cold it is
thorax (thō′răks): part of the body containing the heart and lungs
thrasher (thrăsh′er): a kind of small bird
ticklish (tĭck′lĭsh): difficult; dangerous
tonneau (tŏn nō′): the body of an automobile
tormentors (tôr mĕn′ters): those who tease or torture others
traffic (trăf′ĭk): trade: interchange of goods
tremendous (trē mĕn′dŭs): very large; great
trifles (trī′flz): objects or acts of little value
triumphal (trī ŭm′făl): victorious
trudging (trŭj′ĭng): moving slowly along
tunic (tū′nĭk): a cloak; a dress
twitching (twĭch′ĭng): wiggling about
Tyrolean (tĭrō′lē ăn): belonging to the region of the Tyrol mountains

unconscious (ŭn kŏn′shŭs): without any thinking
universal (ū nī ver′săl): world-wide
urgent (ur′jĕnt): very necessary

vanished (văn′ĭsht): disappeared from sight
varied (vā′rĭd): changed
vault (vôlt): a place to store things
vegetation (vĕg ē tā′shŭn): plant life
venerable (vĕn′er ă bl): old and wise enough to be honored
vireo (vĭ′rē ō): a small bird
volunteer (vŏl″ŭn tēr′): one who enters into any service voluntarily
votive (vō′tĭv): given by a vow
vowed (voud): took an oath to do something

waif (wāf): a stray or homeless person or animal
warehouse (wăr′hous″): building in which things are stored away
weathercock (wĕth′er kŏk″): a figure like a cock which points the direction of the wind
wreak (rēk): work; inflict
wrench (rĕnch): tear out
wrinkled (rĭng′kld): filled with puckers

Xenil (zē′nĭl): a river in Spain

yap (yăp): bark